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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOL. XVIII.

JULY, 1887, TO JANUARY, 1888.

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Death of a Confessor of the Faith.

THE REV. JOHN BAPST, S. J., for many years attached to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, and late at Providence, R. I., died recently at the Mount Hope Asylum, near Baltimore.

In the spring of 1854, Father John Bapst, a Jesuit, and pastor of the Catholics at Ellsworth, in the State of Maine, asked the school-masters to exempt the Catholic children from reading the Protestant version of the Bible; and he made his request so mildly that the teachers conformed. The school-committee, however, interfered, and ordered the teachers to make the Catholic children read the Protestant Bible under pain of expulsion. The Catholics appealed to the competent tribunal to establish their rights, and this step so exasperated the fanatics against Father Bapst, that the town-meeting, espousing the cause of the school-committee, adopted the following resolution, inscribed on the records of the town on the 8th of July, 1857:

"Whereas, we have reasons to believe that we are indebted to one John Bapst, S. J., Catholic priest, for the luxury of the present lawsuit, now enjoyed by the school-committee of Ellsworth, therefore

"*Resolved*, That should the said Bapst be found again on Ellsworth soil, we manifest our gratitude for his kindly interference with our free schools and attempts to banish the Bible therefrom, by procuring for him and trying on an entire suit of new clothes, such as cannot be found at the shop of any tailor, and that thus apparelled he be presented with a free ticket to leave Ellsworth upon the first *railroad operation* that may go into effect."

This resolution, welcomed with applause, passed without a dissenting voice, and the council, far from blushing at the act, decided that it should be published in the two papers of the place.

Father Bapst, who resides at Bangor, went to Ellsworth, on Saturday, the 14th of October, to celebrate Mass there the next day. In the evening, at a meeting of the two fire companies of Ellsworth, it was proposed and adopted to put in execution the resolution of the council; and about nine o'clock in the evening the mob surrounded the house of Mr. Kent, whose hospitality the missionary was enjoying, and where he was actually hearing confessions. Father Bapst was dragged out of the house, stripped of his clothes, placed on a rail, and borne along amid the taunts and insults of these hellhounds, till the rail breaking dashed on the ground the victim of this outrage.* Then they covered his naked body with melted tar, and rolling him in feathers left him. "It would be impossible," wrote an eye-witness, "to repeat the horrible blasphemies and indecencies of that terrible night; but all that the imagination can conceive short of absolute mutilation and bloodshed was accomplished by the impious wretches. The outrage lasted two hours, a cold rain falling all the while."

When his assailants, weary with tormenting him, left Father Bapst amid the mud, rain, and darkness, he dragged himself alone to the house of his host, and spent a long time in cleansing himself from the filth, tar, and feathers with which he had been covered. In order to calm his moral and physical sufferings, Mr. Kent pressed him to take some food, or at least a drink; but it was past midnight, and the heroic priest, who had come to celebrate Mass on Sunday, preferred to bear the burning thirst rather than break his fast. "Sitio," said his Divine Master. Father Bapst spent the rest of the night sleepless, in the most violent nervous agitation, but in the morning his duties as a pastor enabled him to surmount his suffering, and at the usual hour he celebrated Mass before the horror-stricken Catholics of Ellsworth.*

The outrage excited general indignation tkroughout the United States, and though the grand jury refused to prosecute the well-hnown authors of this horrid wrong, the Know-Nothings generally felt that they had gone too far. The malefactors had robbed Father Bapst of his watch and purse. The Protestants of Bangor made up a subscription to offer the Jesuit a beautiful gold watch, and accompanied the present with an address, in which they eloquently protested gainst the conduct of the people of Ellsworth.

* One at all events assumed the person of the arch-fiend, exclaiming; "So we treated Jesus Christ."

* Father John Bapst was born at La Roche, canton of Fribourg, in 1815, and was brought up at the Jesuit College in that city. There, too, he entered the Society of Jesus, and remained till 1848, when he was sent to Maine. He was at first employed on the Indian missions, and then stationed at Bangor.

Pope Leo's Jubilee.

ROME, Nov. 7.—The programme of the ceremonies attending the celebration of the Pope's Jubilee was made public to-day. On Dec. 31 the Pope will receive the members of the international committee, who will present him with a gift of 1,000,000 lire. On Jan. 1 the Pope will celebrate Mass in St. Peter's. Jan. 2 he will hold a public reception at the Church of San Lorenzo. On the 4th and 5th he will receive foreign deputations. On the 6th he will open the exhibition of the gifts presented to His Holiness. On the 15th the Pope will canonize ten saints.

—1888.—

WITH this issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE we commence the tenth year of its existence. That its course has been approved, no better evidence can be offered than its steady and upward circulation. It is read and patronized by all classes and nationalities, particularly those of the Irish race, who for half a century, with the old *Pilot* and the MAGAZINE, have stood by us through good report and evil report.

We begin the new year with renewed energy, determined to raise our MAGAZINE to greater favor by adding still more to its high standard and excellence. Not only the Catholic press of the country, but the secular press have spoken kindly and encouragingly of the MAGAZINE.

The *Boston Daily Herald*, one of the ablest papers in the country, lately said: —

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is to the American-Irish what the *Atlantic* is to cultivated Boston Society. It contains original and selected articles, which remind the Irish here of the homes they have left behind them, and has much that is interesting about the progress of the Roman Catholic Church in America. A better Magazine of its kind could hardly be found anywhere.

A secular influential paper of the West in a recent issue, says: —

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for December is a splendid number; every line contained in it is fresh and sparkling with interest, information, and ability. It is the representative Irish-Catholic magazine of the country, and should receive that support it has fully earned.

One of the ablest Democratic journals in America gives this notice: —

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a splendid publication of its kind, and a credit to the veteran journalist, who, for fifty years, has been identified with the Irish-American press. The MAGAZINE has a claim upon all lovers of Irish literature, and should be prized by the race at home and abroad. It is nicely printed in large, clear type, and every line it contains is pure in tone and elevating in character.

We might add scores of such notices, but the above will suffice.

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Clubs at the rate of $1.50 each; sent separately. Price to Ireland or any part of Europe, $2.50, or ten shillings.

Sample copies will be sent free.

The MAGAZINE is for sale by all newsdealers.

PATRICK DONAHOE,

21 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.,

to whom all letters should be addressed.

An Urgent Request.—There are quite a number indebted to us. We want the money to enable us to commence the new year with renewed energy to please our patrons. Let those who owe us send us their subscriptions at once.

If by post-office order, make payable to PATRICK DONAHOE. If bills are sent, the LETTER SHOULD BE REGISTERED.

1888! 1888! 1888!

With the new year we will commence our Magazine with renewed energy. We think our patrons will admit that we gave them the worth of the small sum ($2) that is paid for the annual subscription. The make-up of the Magazine is as solid as a rock. While our work is *solid*, other magazines are *leaded*. This enables us to give a quarter more reading-matter.

As an evidence of what we will do next year, we here make known part of the Contents of the January, 1888, issue: —

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES,

by William Collins, author of the Scotch-Irish articles, Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, &c.

IRISH NOVELS AND NOVELISTS,

by Rev. J. C. Cannon, C.C., of Lurgan, Ireland. This Rev. gentleman contributed to our Magazine when a student at Maynooth.

A BOSTONIAN IN NEW YORK,

by William F. Donovan, on the editorial staff of the Boston Herald.

THE SLEEPY CARTHUSIAN,

by another Student of Maynooth College.

The Eldest Son of St. Francis,

by L. W. Reilly, one of Chev. P. V. Hickey's lieutenants in the *Catholic Review*, *Illustrated Catholic American*, *Catholic American*, &c.

The Necessity of Association for Catholic Youth,

by Hugh P. McElrone, late editor of the *Catholic Mirror*, and a contributor to our Magazine and other magazines and newspapers.

The above articles are but a few of the excellent other papers, both original and selected, that will appear in our January, 1888, number.

Reader, make a little effort among your friends, to send us a Christmas and New Year's present in the shape of new subscribers.

Massachusetts Election.

THE election on the 8th resulted in the triumph of the party in power. Great efforts were made to defeat Gov. Ames by the bigots, including the Britishers. The former because the Governor made a donation to Holy Cross College, and the latter because he presided at meetings in favor of Ireland. We rejoice at the defeat.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
181 Pearl St., New York.

One Hundred Dollars in Gold.

IT is not often that farmers and farmers' wives, or people generally who keep hens, have an opportunity to make from ten to fifty dollars in eight weeks' time, besides increasing the number of eggs from their hens from two to five hundred per cent. But like the Fourth of July it does not come but once a year, and now is the time.

For three years, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., have offered several premiums payable in gold coin for the best results from the use of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay. These premiums have become so popular among people who keep h ens that Johnson & Co. offer still larger premiums this year. They hereby authorize us to say that they will pay one hundred dollars in gold coin, in four separate premiums, for the four best results from eight weeks' trial of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay. The premiums are as follows: Fifty dollars for the first best result; Twenty-five dollars for the second; Fifteen dollars for the third, and Ten dollars for the fourth best result.

Any person can compete who desires. Johnson & Co. will send full particulars free to any address. The sooner one commences the better, as the more eggs they get during the season of high prices, the more money they will make out of the trial. If you wish to commence at once it would be better to send for some Powder and particulars both at the same time.

For 50 cents in stamps, Johnson & Co. will send to any P. O. address two 25-cent packs, five packs for $1.00; or, for $1.20, a 2 1-4 pound can of Powder will be sent postpaid; or six cans to any express office for $5.00, express prepaid. You cannot make a mistake by ordering at once.

MECHANICS FAIR.—A NOTABLE EXHIBIT.

This grand Fair is crowded day and evening with people from near and far, and it is well worth their while, for a better exhibit has never been seen in Boston. The musical programmes are always good, and rendered with spirit and effect, which is alone well worth the price of admission. The Fair is full of many interesting and instructive things, but a lack of space prevents us from enumerating them all, but we will give a few of the most interesting.

Housekeepers will be interested in the exhibit of the agate iron ware on the south side of the basement. The claims made for it are cleanliness, durability, and the impossibility of rust or breakage.

The Dennett Food Company's delivery team of two white steers has created such a sensation in our streets as to cause nearly every one to stop at this exhibit and investigate. This food is endorsed by physicians, and the analysis shows that its entire composition is a bone, brain, and nerve-making material.

Three of the Lamb Family Knitting Machines are in operation at the Fair. Ladies, especially, are interested in their operation, and in view of the new and cheaper grade of machine made expressly for domestic use, they foresee the banishment of the knitting needle from the household.

Mr. Wm. W. Whigham, a young artist as yet unknown to fame, has hung in the art department an oil painting which will attract the attention of anybody—and that is almost everybody—who was interested in the late yachting contests. It represents the "Thistle" under full sail in a strong sea, and the setting of her stern under such conditions will be said by those who have seen her work, to be recognized as remarkably true to fact.

Those of our readers who have not been to the Fair yet, should avail themselves of the opportunity at once, as it closes Nov. 29.

Lord Lansdowne must go—from Canada.

MR. O'BRIEN resisted the attempt to force him to put on the uniform of the jail. The prison doctor, forbid, on account of O'Brien's health, to enforce the law.

FEB 8 1888

MOST REV. JOHN J. WILLIAMS, Archbishop of Boston. (See page 62.)

DONAHOE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LOWER HALL. Lo. H.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Henry George, the Socialist.

MR. HENRY GEORGE has come out of the West with a theory which is to do away with poverty. He calls it "the land for the people." But that is a misnomer. It ought to be named "the land for nobody," because it takes away the land from the people and vests it in the community at large.

1. Mr. George's theory is that the land is the common property of mankind; that it ought therefore to be "nationalized," by having its title withdrawn from individuals and turned over to the state, which is to become landlord of all creation. When this has been done, the merchant can rent a town lot or the farmer a field, but no one can own a foot of earth. The government will then raise its revenues by taxing ground values. It will not tax improvements of any description; so that the money that is now raised by annual assessments on the millionnaire's mansion, the corporation's palatial office, and the mechanic's cottage, will be collected from the land in the shape of ground rents. The state will then utilize the "unearned increment," or appreciation in the value of certain tracts owing to the foundation of cities and other settlements, to take care of those members of the community who are not able to provide for themselves.

There are three objections to Mr. George's theory right at the start. In the first place it is based on the principle that nothing can be property which is not "the product of human exertion;" if then an individual cannot own a lot, how can the nation or mankind own the whole earth? In the second place, if the land were "nationalized," how many nations would possess it? Let us say fifty. Then fifty individual states would own fifty individual parcels of the earth's surface. You have virtually private ownership of land, even if on a large scale; you

have conceded the principle of individual ownership, because each one of those fifty commonwealths excludes the others from its possessions. In the third place, as Rev. W. Hackner says, "if Mr. George admits a socialistic state, how large must that state be? How many inhabitants may it have? Perhaps fifty millions; why not ten? and if ten millions, why not one? and if one million, why not a hundred thousand? and if a hundred thousand, why not ten thousand, or one thousand, or a tribe? why not a hundred, or ten, or a family, the foundation of society? if a family, why not two persons? if two persons, why not one person, or an individual, who stands and acts independently — the social integer? Thus we come down to individual ownership and we are forced to it, because the 'state' is nothing but an *individuum morale;* and if a certain state owns, ownership, be it of land or anything else, is individualized, is property individual."

2. Mr. Henry George claims that the destruction of private property in land would abolish poverty. Well, either his claim is false or his theory will never be adopted, because we have God's own word for it that the poor we shall always have with us. While men have free will and passions, want will never be absent from the world; the idle, the vicious, the sick, the maimed, and the unskilled will always be at a disadvantage in the struggle for existence, and social inequalities will endure until the end of the world. As Bishop Herbert Vaughan says: "Poverty is a direct consequence of original sin. No political, social, or philanthropic course of action will ever destroy its presence in the world. . . . Poverty, indeed, serves more than one purpose in the economy of God's providence over the world. It exercises an important influence both in the natural and in the supernatural order. Were poverty banished out of the world the consequences to mankind would be deplorable. In the natural order the mere apprehension of poverty spurs men to lives of continual industry. Its approach, and, still more, its biting pains, stimulate the indolent to exertion and the selfish to victory over self. . . . While Christ respected the state of poverty in the economy of fallen nature, He declared the rich and the poor to be supplementary one of the other, even in the order of grace and salvation."

3. The foundation principle of Mr. Henry George's system of social economy is that private ownership of land is unjust. His own words are: "If private property in land be just, then is the remedy I propose a false one; if on the contrary private property in land be unjust, then is this remedy a true one."

This principle is: 1, contrary to Holy Writ; 2, opposed to the practice of the Catholic church; 3, in violation of the teachings of Catholic doctors and bishops; and 4, condemned by the Pope.

If Mr. George had confined his contention to arguments in favor of the common ownership of land as a more advantageous social policy than is individual ownership, the note of heresy or proximate to heresy would not have to be attached to his theory; but he builds on the principle that private property in land is *unjust*, he rests his condemnation of that system of ownership on a moral objection — that it is against justice. So doing, he puts the decision into the hands of the Church which has sole jurisdiction over faith and morals, and is at once the supreme court and chief justice, whose decisions are without appeal. And the Church, while it freely admits that a city, or a state, or a nation may own land, denies that private property in land is unjust.

Mr. George's basic principle is contrary to Holy Writ. He quotes Scripture in favor of it and brings these three texts to support it: "God hath given the earth to the sons of men;" "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;" and "You shall not sell the land for ever, for the land is mine, saith the Lord." But his interpretation of these texts is not the interpretation of them made by the Hebrews themselves nor by the Catholic Church. God has given the earth to the children of men, but He never ordered that they should own it in common. The earth is His and the fulness thereof, which includes the fruits of the soil, to which Mr. George holds that a man who produces them has a perfect right; the fulness includes also gold and silver, which Mr. George himself has no objection to owning, in spite of the fact that they are the Lord's, since they are a part of the earth's fulness. And when God declared to the Israelites that they should not sell the land forever, but only at most for fifty years, that was special and national legislation exclusively for the chosen people, framed to keep the tribes separate, in order that the priestly functions might be confined to the descendants of Levi and in order that the genealogy of the Messias might be kept clear, because He was to come from the tribe of Juda. But even while that law was in force private ownership was recognized, because the tribes had their exclusive tracts of land, and the families composing them had their own share allotted to them, which they were to own forever, because God forbade them to sell it forever — they might part with its use for a time, but in the jubilee year it reverted to them. So that this text is a boomerang when used by Mr. George — it returns to hurt his principle. Besides, even while that law was in force, Cornelius a Lapide says that "when the Jews bought land outside of Judea, even from other Jews, they obtained such land forever, and were not bound to return it to the first heir in the jubilee year." But that regulation became inoperative after the captivity of Babylon, because as only the tribes of Juda and Benjamin, with a few members of the other tribes returned, its reason of existence ceased.

But the Book of Genesis records in chapter xxiii, verse 20, that Abraham bought a field, wherein was a double cave, as a burying-place for Sara, his wife, and himself.

The Book of Numbers, chapter xxvii, treats of the law of inheritance, and shows that by the Mosaic code a man's portion of the land passed after his demise, not to the community, even when he had no children nor paternal uncles, but always to the next of kin, no matter how remote.

The first Christians were Hebrews who knew the Old Testament and the meaning ascribed to it by their fathers better than does Mr. George. Yet they themselves owned land. Our Lord said nothing against private property in land, although that was the manner in which Palestine was owned when He walked the earth. The apostles received the price of the land sold by some of their first converts; now, if these had no right to sell, and could not give a just title to the parties whose money they took, the apostles would not have accepted the price. St. Peter, as is chronicled in chapter v of Acts, reproached Ananias for lying about the amount he had received for his land, saying: "Whilst it remained did it not remain to thee?" The land was yours, why didn't you keep it; but if you pretend that you have sold it for the benefit of the Church, and that you are going to cast in your fortune with those who have put everything in common, why do you lie about the amount in order to withhold a part of it?

So the Bible is against Mr. Henry George.

Mr. George's basic principle is opposed to the practice of the Catholic Church. From the earliest days the Church has accepted the principle of private property in land and has acted on it. Everywhere the Church, by purchase or gift, owns the ground on which it builds. If Mr. George is right, the Catholic Church is wrong.

So the practice of the Church is against Mr. Henry George.

Mr. George's principle violates the teaching of doctors and bishops of the Catholic Church. St. Thomas Aquinas declares: "Ownership of property follows from the nature of the thing itself." "He says," according to Bishop Chatard, "the ownership of property is a deduction of reason, and belongs to the positive natural law,— the *jus gentium*, or law of nations; and this law, quoting from the words of the Jurisconsult Caius, he says is 'what natural reason has constituted among all men.' He gives also practical motives for the judgment regarding the ownership of land: the greater interest a man takes in working for himself than for the community; the necessity of order in taking care of and using things; finally, peace among men requires it."

St. Augustine traces the legal title of individual property to God

Himself, inasmuch as the legal authority is instituted by God, and acts, therefore, in the name of God and according to His will.

Suarez says that "personal ownership is founded either in priority of occupation, or in various contracts, or in other causes approved by the civil law."

Archbishop Corrigan says:—

"Undoubtedly God made the earth for the use of all mankind; but whether the possession thereof was to be in common, or by individual ownership, was left for reason to determine. Such determination, judging from the facts of history, the sanction of law from the teaching of the wisest and the actions of the best and bravest of mankind, has been, and is, that man can, by lawful acts, become possessed of the right of ownership in property, and not merely in its use. The reason is because a man is strictly entitled to that of which he is the producing cause, to the improvement he brings about in it, and the enjoyment of both. But it is clear that in a farm, for instance, which one has, by patient toil, improved in value; in a block of marble out of which one has chiselled a perfect statue, he cannot fully enjoy the improvement he has caused unless he have also the right to own the subject thus improved. He has a right—and evil are the laws and systems which ignore it—either to ownership and enjoyment or to a full compensation for the improvement which is his. To strive to base an argument against ownership in land by reasoning on the universal distribution of air and light is only a freak of the imagination. Human industry cannot scatter a cloud from before the face of the sun, nor lift a fog that might be freighted with damaging vapors; we take the air and the light as God gives them, and we owe Him thanks for His bounty. It was only the earth which fell under the primeval curse when man had sinned, and only the earth, not the air or light, which man's industrious toil can coax back to something like its original fruitfulness. When he has done so his just reward is to enjoy the results without hindrance from others. Even in such a necessary, abundant, and free commodity as water, if a man, by artificial means, congeals a portion of it into ice, is he not entitled to enjoy its exclusive ownership? Can he not demand for it with justice a compensation equivalent to his industry? Once deny the right of ownership and you sow the seed of stagnation in human enterprise. Who would burrow the earth to draw forth its buried treasures, if the very mine he was working were at the mercy of the passer-by whom its riches might attract? Who would watch with eagerness the season when to sow and to reap and to gather the harvest which is the very fruit of his labors, if he is told that those who stand by the wayside idle are equally entitled to its enjoyment?"

Bishop Herbert Vaughan says: "The false principles current both as to poverty and wealth, the neglect of mercy and charity by the well-to-do, and the war waged by socialists against wealth, social inequality, and even against *the lawful rights of individuals to hold estates in land*, render opportune a consideration of property as a condition of life and of our duties to the poor."

Bishop Chatard says that "the cardinal principle of socialism is community of goods, the denial of the right to own property, and the assertion that land is common property."

Bishop Kilian C. Flasch says: "There appeared, lately, a new

theory in this country, though it is not new in the world, which denies the right of private ownership in land. It is the state or the community, they say, which should own all the land within its boundaries; others want all things equally divided among men. These think they have found the solution of the social problem which at present agitates the world. They think they can make all poverty disappear in the world. But these greatly deceive themselves."

Archbishop Lynch says: "Another serious question at the present time regards the ownership of land. . . . The land, therefore, is for the children of men, but once an individual gets possession of it by first allotment from the patriarch or head of the community or by purchase or inheritance, then the land is his and it would be robbery to take it from him without fair compensation."

So doctors and bishops of the Church are against Mr. Henry George.

Mr. George's first principle is condemned by the Pope. In his encyclical *Quod apostolici muneris* he denounces socialistic errors, saying, "they assail the right of property, which is sanctioned by the natural law; and by a stupendous crime, while they seem to provide for the wants and to satisfy the desires of men, they strive to seize and hold in common whatever has been acquired either by lawful inheritance, or by mental or manual labor, or by one's own economy. . . . For while socialists traduce the law of property as a human invention repugnant to the natural equality of men, and, desiring a community of goods, hold that poverty should not be endured with a contented mind, the Church much better and more usefully recognizes the inequality that exists among men, who differ by nature in strength of body and mind, as they do in worldly possessions, and *commands that the right of property and ownership, derived from nature itself,* be held intact by all and inviolate."

So the Pope is against Mr. Henry George.

No Catholic, therefore, may accept the principle that private property in land is unjust, nor advocate any social system that is based on it.

4. When Mr. Henry George ascertained that his unsound doctrines would not be adopted by Catholics he attacked the Church, sneered at Pope Leo XIII., assailed the cardinals of the Propaganda, heaped insults on the archbishop of New York, urged Catholics to abandon their religion, and endeavored to stir up prejudice and bitterness towards the Church among the non-Catholics of America.

He attacked the Church. Over his own signature, in the coolness and publicity of print, he stated that the Catholic Church "has been used to bolster the power of tyrants and to keep the masses quiet under social injustice;" that through those "who control the ecclesiastical

machinery . . . the Church is the foe of human liberty—the sometimes stealthy, but always persistent enemy of real progress."

He jeered at the Holy Father. He alluded to him as "the worthy gentleman who lives in the twelve-hundred-roomed palace called the Vatican."

He assailed the cardinals of the Propaganda. They are, he said, "a set of Italian Bourbon politicians, bitterly opposed to everything savoring of freedom and progress;" and again "the Roman ecclesiastical authorities are politicians, and politicians of the most reactionary type;" and, once more, they are "a knot of reactionary Italians," who are the agents of "ecclesiastical tyranny."

He heaped insults on Archbishop Corrigan. He said that "Archbishop Corrigan is a representative of the 'Castle Catholics' of New York;" that "if Archbishop Corrigan and Cardinal Simeoni do truly represent the Catholic Church, then Catholicism *is* utterly inconsistent with free institutions, and in it we have in our midst a secret, irresponsible political machine, which may be used by domestic schemers or foreign enemies to undermine and destroy the republic," and so on, through column after column of abuse.

He urged Catholics to abandon their religion. He declared that "if American Catholics have not more spirit than to submit to this, then is Catholicism indeed utterly inconsistent with free institutions;" that he is "confident that there is too much spirit in American Catholics to submit to such dictation;" that "it is clear that the organization of the Catholic Church in this country is not such as self respecting Catholics ought to be contented with," etc., etc.

He endeavored to inflame sectarian animosities against the Church, saying that its organization is not "suited to the genius of our institutions;" that it supports political "rings;" that "it is notorious that in New York the Catholic Church has for a long series of years been more or less allied with Tammany, and that this influence, for which a *quid pro quo* has been paid by grants of public property at nominal prices and lavish appropriations of public money, has been one of the many sources of the strength of the rings that in this city have degraded the name of democracy."

These are Mr. Henry George's own words, taken from his own signed articles in his own paper. They are only a few of the outrages and calumnies he has hurled against the Catholic Church and its bishops. Surely after reading them no self-respecting Catholic can consort with Mr. Henry George. Let him go his way in peace. His way is not open to Catholics. For them to enter upon it would be to dishonor their Church and to deny their religion.

L. W. REILLY.

A Visit to the Churchyard.

The day was bright and the sun of spring
  Lit up the earth and warmed the air;
The birds had just begun to sing,
  And I wandered forth to the churchyard, fair
With willow green and marble white,
Though its lowly mounds were a sad, sad sight
Never a soul was with me there,
Never a friend my grief to share.
The sunshine glowed on full many a mound
That met my eye as I gaze l around,
And my heart with sorrow's chain was bound;
For amongst those graves that I gazed upon,
  Those graves lit up by the springtime sun,
Were those of my parents and brothers, long gone,
  Snatched from life with their course half run.

I knelt me down with tearful eyes
  And poured out prayer to the Maker of men,
That far above those azure skies
  The dead and I might meet again.
Full long to pray there were I fain,
But sadd'ning mem'ries thronged my brain
And weird distractions o'er me came;
  For hark! — Is that a human sigh? —
And — *does* not some one speak the name
  My mother used to call me by
Of old, while tenderly she smiled
In mother love upon her child? —
I'll listen: it may come again,
That call that thrills my weary brain;
  Perchance it waits my own reply:
"Speak, mother dear; I'm not afraid.
Speak, mother dear; my fears are laid,
'Tis I that's here, your orphan boy;
  Speak, if but one calm, soothing word
To fill my woful heart with joy!"

  'Twas but a call my fancy heard —
The dead departing from Life's shore
Seal up their lips forevermore.

And why should I longer linger here?
  'Twill only deepen my heart's deep gloom,
'Twill only fill my soul with fear
  And all my being in sadness lave.
Thus thought I, and thinking left the place,
To wander on with listless pace,
  Past many a plat, from grave to grave.
On each small plat the new grass grew

And flowers sprang up of varied hue,
Dispelling in their kindly bloom
The awful loneliness of the tomb.
The chasubled priest, the warrior bold
Lay silent there in the graveyard mould;
The young were there in Death's grim hold
And side by side with the young, the old.

So wandering, pond'ring, I came to the spot,
An humble grave in a grassy plot,
Where the friend of my youth and my boyhood was laid.
Ah! sweet were those hours in glad childhood's joys
When we, two frolicsome, gambolsome boys,
Content with each other, in innocence played!
Now over his grave see yon white stone
Keep guard like a sentinel all alone;
And with full sharp attention con
The modest epitaph graved thereon:—

"Remember, dear friends, while you pass me by,
As you are to-day, so once was I;
As I am to-day, so shall you be;—
Prepare then for death and follow me."

But, hark! I hear a rumbling sound,
A muttering low and a martial tread.
To close my eyes were only vain,
For surely this is a funeral train
Slow wending its way to bury the dead,
To lay some dear one low in the ground.
I hide behind a large fir-tree
And gaze upon the doleful scene:
It is a young lad, blithe and brave,
His mother's hope. Ah, woe!—to see
The mourners lay him in the grave!—
With golden, pure, undeathlike sheen
A sunbeam falls o'er the upturned face
All cold and still and marble white;
And it seems to me like that heavenly light
Which shines on the blessed in God's embrace!

My heart falls low and lower still,
Methinks I'm verging to despair;
As if my very soul to scare
The thought hangs o'er me 'gainst my will:
"Thus shall your funeral cortege too
Some lonely wanderer's rev'ries break.
And some fair day—'tis all too true—
You'll bid your dearest friends adieu,
Nor tarry for the nearest's sake.

Unto the dismal tomb you'll go,
You'll rest there where the willows blow,
You'll sleep your peaceful sleep, full low
Removed from all earth's joy and woe.

"The flowers shall bloom, the new grass wave
Above your darksome, silent grave."

CASPAR PISCHL.

Catholics Endangered by a Little Learning.

IT is an undeniable fact that many Catholics fall away from the faith after passing through a Catholic college, and many Catholics have studied and read themselves out of the Church. Is it because there is anything in the teaching of Christianity which they cannot reconcile to their ologies? Sometimes it is, but very rarely. The ignorance of the learned has sometimes robbed them of their faith.

Is it because they find in profane learning a substitute for Christianity? So Luther thought and believed, but few are of that way of thinking. Learning, like riches, foments pride: and pride is fatal to the Christian spirit. Faith is a very great grace; but God resists the proud and giveth His grace to the humble. This is not a matter of piety or devout sentimentality; it is a sober, metaphysical truth .Faith is submissive to authority. Pride rebels. Faith accepts the conclusions and defers to the opinions of others. Pride is independent and self-asserting.

The authority to which a Catholic believer must subject himself is twofold. There is the authority of the thing taught. The latter needs some explanation. There are some truths which when known impose duties.

A man who wishes to marry does not like to scrutinize too closely the evidences he possesses of his former wife's death. If she is discovered to be living, away vanish his dreams of wedded bliss. The truth of his wife's existence in the flesh imposes certain restraints. If his love for his sweetheart exceeds his love for the Church and for his soul, he will reject the truth of the first wife's survival. So is it with the truths of the faith. They impose unpleasant duties; and not being able to deny the duty they reject the morality of the Church before they deny the faith; and they hate her less than they scorn the God who gave her the guardianship of His laws. Pride is at the bottom of it all.

"PRAYER," says St. Augustine, "is the key of heaven," because it procures for us every heavenly blessing.

Romance in Irish Literature.

"Faoi fháilte, biadh, ceol, ná sceul
Ni gann, ná gortach Clann na nGaodhal."

THE literature of every country is the outcome and expression of the national character, and as imaginativeness is certainly an element of our complex Irish nature, we shall not be surprised to find in our native literature a department corresponding to the romantic side of the Celtic mind. Accordingly, we find that romantic composition has been the very beginning of our old literature. In fact, the fancifully embellished narrative is the earliest literary production we find with all peoples who have travelled away from a parent stem; the Orphic and Homeric poems being a well-known illustration of this statement. However, the old Irish romance was not exclusively of a poetic character, but was more often in prose, with snatches of poetry interspersed. We cannot regard the composers of these early tales as mere novelists,—they approach more to the now popular historical-romance writer, inasmuch as they usually worked on a solid historical foundation. Of this kind of work we have a notable and a beau iful specimen in the *Táin Bó Cuailgne*, or "Cattle Spoil of Cooley," in Down, the scene of which is Ireland as it was in the days of Queen Meadhbh, the Queen Mab of Shakespeare.

Besides tales of the class of the *Táin Bó* now mentioned, we have also stories founded on, 1, elopements or abductions; 2, hunting expeditions; 3, sea voyages.

This last is the most important, and is a very extensive group; the tales included in it reaching, with regard to date of composition, from the very earliest ages down to a quite recent period. The fondness at all times of the old Celts for narratives of adventure and discovery does not seem to be very surprising.* The obscure traditions left by the early colonists of Ireland of their adventurous voyage westward were sure to be enlarged on and developed by their imaginative descendants. We may be certain that the middle age *seanachaidhes*, though boasting a respectable acquaintance with Latin and Greek letters, thought but little of the adventures of the Argonauts or the pious Æneas, in comparison with the wanderings of the rude bark that conveyed Cæsar to the Irish coast.

The romantic narrative of the vicissitudes of Labhraidh Loingseach is laid at a period near that of the *Táin Bó*, and is another excellent specimen of this kind of composition; and at a later period we meet with the wanderings of the monks of Columba and the voyages of St. Brendan and of the *Sons of Corra*. This voyage of St. Brendan is one of the few pieces of Irish literature generally known, even by name.†

These old romances possess a machinery and a set of characters peculiarly their own. The old Sanscrit fables and the Arabian Nights

*I should like to remark here, though it is not quite relevant to the subject, that among the crew of Columbus, on his first voyage, was an Irishman from Galway.

† It was probably during this voyage that Brendan founded the church still bearing his name on the almost inaccessible island of St. Kilda, far west of the Hebrides.

shine with all the gorgeous imagery of the East; the Scandinavian folk-lore embodies the weird Northern mythology; and so it is from the Celtic legend that we derive the few ideas we can obtain regarding the supernatural world of our pagan ancestors.

The magician plays a prominent part in the old romance of Erin, and his presence in both the Celtic and Eastern folk-lore is another proof of our Aryan origin. Hardly less potent than the spells of the magician were the *geasa*, or *obligations*, which lay at the disposal of distressed maidens. Conall Gulban, having stolen the daughter of the king of Leinster from her father's palace, was flying with his fair burden before the Leinster soldiers, but the words, "I charge you, as a true hero, to do battle," sufficed to make him turn and face his pursuers. On another occasion a similar exhortation gave rise to the incident on which is founded the well-known "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Gráinne."

The *cú nimhe*, or venomous hound, was also graphically represented as a formidable enemy of the ancient hero. "Arms wound him not, nor does fleetness avail against him,"—that was the usual description of the *cú nimhe*. For all this the hero generally succeeded in ridding himself, in some simple way, of this unpleasant opponent.

The dog is often the helper of our hero, as well as being often pitted against him. Fionn was always accompanied by his favorite Bran; and the student of Ossian becomes acquainted with many faithful canine companions of the Fenians. The "Cropped Dog" has a romance all to himself.

A deer hunt is generally made the occasion of introducing some prominent personage into the narrative. In *Tir na n. óg* a beautiful roe has just been started by the hounds, when the approach of the heroine, Niamh of the Golden Hair, draws away the attention of the Fenians from the pursuit of the deer. A boar-hunt leads up to the sudden death of Diarmuid O'Duivne, and gives occasion to a minute description of the tragedy.

Only a small portion of this department of our literature has ever been translated, although it is the portion that best bears translation, and is well deserving of being more widely known. As works of imagination these tales are second to no other folk-lore. For the student of Irish history they have a peculiar interest and value on account of their frequent references to the manners and customs, dress, habits of life, thought, and expression in those early ages, as these appeared to observant contemporaries. The modern historical romancist having, by long reading and study imbued himself with the spirit of a distant age, endeavors to give us a picture of early times, but the contemporary writer presents to us a more faithful and often as dramatic a painting. So true is this that it was mainly from our old romantic tales that O'Curry compiled his standard work on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish."

To the Celtic scholar they afford a valuable insight into the richness and flexibility of our native tongue, which is seen at its best in some of these tales. An excessive striving after alliterative compound words sometimes gives the language a distorted effect, but on the whole, the word-painting is singularly clear and graphic. At one time

we hear in the words the rattle of the shields and the clash of the swords as the combatants close together in mortal strife; anon the weird beauty of an enchanted isle is laid before our eyes; and again we glide over the furrowed sea listening to the plash of the waves as they break against the low ship-side.

Fully sensible of the danger of tediousness in a lengthy story, the old writers were careful to obviate this danger by a frequent change of scene, and for this purpose they utilized their entire topographical and geographical knowledge. Denmark, Greece, and Turkey were favorite places for locating doughty warriors, strong castles, and dreadful giants; while if a distinguished stranger was seen the chances were in favor of his being the son of the king of Spain, or of the king of India.

It is easy accounting for the old writers' knowledge of Spain and Denmark, and in the modern Gaelic legend these are still the foreign countries most frequently alluded to. For there is a modern Irish school of romance which has lost but few of these characteristics of the old tale. It is not to be known from reading Kickham, Griffin, Banim, or Carleton, but enjoys as yet only an oral existence. It is the old tale which even yet holds entranced the fireside audience in the glens of Donegal or the valleys of Munster or on the mountain-side of Connaught. Excluding fairy tales, which are of later introduction, we may say that the modern Irish legend has the same ground-work as the old one. The scene is, perhaps, a giant's castle, and the terrible but rather stupid owner is bearded and outwitted by some daring youngster; or else a remote island whose beauties

"blush unseen
And waste their sweetness on the desert air,"

until a storm-tossed bark conveys to the shore some adventurous spirit, whose weird adventures and hair-breadth escapes, recited in melodious Irish, enchain the listeners far into the night. Many of this latter class of tales are also well worthy of preservation, and whatever is done in that direction must be done without delay, for with another generation the graceful old Celtic legend will have passed away, and we shall appreciate its beauty only when too late.

On a future occasion I would like, with our editor's sanction, to explain the nature of the old romance more clearly, by a brief analysis of some of the most celebrated tales of this class.

NUADHA.

CONDESCENDING to the humor of others, bearing with rudeness and tiresome manners on the part of our neighbor, victories over our own humors and passions, renouncing our smallest inclinations, efforts against our aversions and repugnances, a continual endeavor to maintain the peace of our soul, a kind and amiable manner of receiving censures upon our condition, our life, our conversation, are all more fruitful to our souls than we can imagine, provided love for God be the motive which animates us.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Notes on Foreign Travel.

THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

LIKE the great works of art, Rome grows on the beholder who brings with him some knowledge and appreciation of its varied sources of interest and attraction. Familiarity never breeds contempt. The longer the intelligent visitor remains in the city, the more deeply does he feel the spell of its fascination, and the more desirous is he of prolonging his stay. Pope Gregory XVI. was wont to ask of those who came to the Vatican for a final audience: "How long have you been in Rome?" If they answered, "Only a few weeks," he would bid them farewell, "Addio," as not likely to see them again. If they chanced to have been in the city some months, he merely remarked before dismissing them, "Au revoir," deeming it likely that they would soon return.

Persons of the most diverse tastes are sure to find in Rome an inexhaustible fund of gratification. The artist sees its galleries and museums filled with the masterpieces of ancient sculpture and of modern painting; the antiquarian beholds ancient history petrified before his eyes in majestic ruins; the pious believer reveres its soil as hallowed by the dust of the first apostles and sanctified by the blood of the early martyrs.

In one important respect Rome differs from other Italian cities, such as Venice, Florence, and Naples. The chief beauties and sources of interest in these cities stand revealed at a glance. No prolonged study or examination is required before appreciating them as they deserve. But in order to rightly understand and enjoy Rome and its surroundings some time and study are needed. The tourist who drives through its streets, "taking in" its ruins, churches, and art galleries, can only be said to have skimmed its surface. Thousands of such sight-seers visit the city every year, who, after a hasty and superficial glance, either openly avow their disappointment, or veil the real state of their feelings under the semblance of a perfunctory admiration. They receive but what they bring.

To the student of history and archæology Rome is a vast treasure-house of knowledge. In the course of its long history the city was several times rebuilt — the ruins of the past being invariably utilized as foundations for the buildings of the present. Such a mode of construction is wholly different from that which prevails in modern capitals, such as London and Paris. Now-a-days buildings are demolished and the rubbish carted away out of sight. The old disappears and gives place to the new. The main object is to open up long lines of streets, straight and broad. Hills are cut down, valleys filled up to secure a free and rapid circulation for the throng of vehicles, of wayfarers on foot or on horseback.

As a consequence, in our modern cities the soil is constantly sinking, in ancient Rome it was ever rising higher. The Roman patricians loved to build their dwellings on some elevated site overlooking the great city. They deemed the air on the summit of the hills purer and more free from the malaria which exhaled from the plains below. It is of a remark Madame de Staël that "architecture is the only art which approaches in its effects to the works of nature." This, though in a

somewhat different sense, would appear to be especially true of architecture in ancient Rome — the growth of the city resembling in its mode of operation the reproductive processes of nature, in which the new is ever springing from the decay of the old. The result of excavations carried on some years since by Father Mullooly, under the church of St. Clement in Rome, furnishes a striking illustration of the truth of these remarks. The church itself is a fine old basilica, dating from the twelfth century B. C., some of whose chapels are decorated with frescos by the hand of Masaccio. While repairing its foundations, another church, dating from the time of Constantine, and adorned with curious archaic paintings, marble and granite columns, was discovered under the actual basilica. The building thus discovered would appear to have been used as a church up to the capture of Rome by Robert Guiscard, who burned and destroyed that quarter of the city from the Capitol to the Lateran. Encouraged by so interesting a discovery, still deeper excavations were made, which revealed under the primitive church the ruins of a pagan shrine, dedicated to Mithra, a Persian deity whose worship was introduced into Rome under the empire, and of a Roman dwelling reaching back to the first century of the imperial era. Descending still lower, buildings in tufa were laid bare, belonging to the first ages of the republic, if not to the time of the kings — a history of Rome in stone, on the first three volumes of which the Past has set its final seal.

So too with the Palatine Hill — the hand of man has coöperated with that of nature in forming the strata of which it is composed. The inscription on the gateway through which the visitor is admitted into the grounds — "Palace of the Cæsars" — is somewhat misleading, and is apt to excite anticipations which are not destined to be realized. The remains of the imperial palaces which still exist are neither so vast nor in such a remarkable state of preservation as to impress the beholder with admiration and awe as do the ruins of the Colosseum or the Baths of Caracalla. It is only quite recently that the dust and rubbish of ten centuries, under which the ruins of the Palatine lay buried, have been removed, revealing memorials of ancient Rome in the time of the kings, of the republic, and of the empire. A description of these ruins will derive its chief interest from the memories which they recall, and the legendary traditions which, to some extent at least, they verify.

The Palatine stands in the centre of the seven hills on which Rome is built. These, to use the expression of an Italian author, "encircle it as with a crown, and seem to pay it homage, as their sovereign." (*"A cui, come a sovrana, fan le altre sei corona."*) At the time of the Renaissance a passion prevailed through Italy for the discovery and possession of ancient works of art; and the Palatine Hill, as the site of the "Palace of the Cæsars," promising a rich find in this respect, was frequently excavated. When the curiosity or the cupidity of the excavators had been satisfied the ruins were covered up, and so remained up to the year 1861, when Napoleon III. purchased from the king of Naples the Farnese gardens, on the north side of the Palatine, for the purpose of carrying on the researches in a more regular and systematic manner. The history of the Cæsars possessed a peculiar fascination for Napoleon

III., who seemed to regard himself as the representative of Cæsarism in modern times,—a delusion which was afterward to cost him dear, and bring his career to a premature close.

Perhaps the most important result of these excavations was the discovery of some remains of the early city founded by Romulus and his successors, all traces of which it was supposed had perished. The original tradition, which has been received as authentic by the Roman historians, is that the first settlement was founded by Romulus on the Palatine Mount. Copying the old chroniclers Livy informs us that Romulus, having harnessed a pair of oxen to a brazen plough, made the circuit of the hill, marking with a deep furrow the compass of the city, and accompanying the act with certain religious rites peculiar to the Etruscans. The space within the circle described by the plough was called the *pomoerium* (*pone muros*), a sacred enclosure, within which it was forbidden to inter the dead or import the worship of foreign divinities. This ancient Palatine town constituted the famous *Roma quadrata*, "square Rome," so frequently referred to in the writings of the ancient poets. In the time of Tacitus the ruins were still pointed out of the walls built by the first founders of the city. Besides serving the purpose of a boundary the wall was likewise used as a fortification. It was set neither at the top nor at the foot of the hill, but half-way up; the base of it standing on a level terrace or shelf cut in the rock all the way round. It is ten feet thick at the bottom and increases in thickness above, as the scarped cliffs against which it was built recede. After the lapse of so many ages and revolutions, traces still remain of this ancient wall in the shape of huge blocks of stone, which the Cæsars employed as the foundations of their palaces. After these had crumbled into ruin the remains of these early memorials were exposed to view.

Near where the arch of Titus now stands were discovered the ruins of a large gateway, believed on good grounds to occupy the site of the principal entrance to the early city, which was known as the *Vetus porta* or *Porta Mugonia*, so called from the lowings of the oxen which issued therefrom to graze on the marshy lands on which the Forum was subsequently built. Centuries later, when the Palatine came to be used as the site of the imperial palaces, a new gate of more magnificent proportions took the place of the old. The marshy ponds in which the oxen of the Arcadian Evander once slaked their thirst had meanwhile long since disappeared; temples and triumphal arches occupied their place; and instead of oxen, troops of senators, courtiers, and patricians crowded the road leading up to the *Porta Mugonia*, on their way to offer homage at the shrine of the imperial ruler of the world, whom a servile and debased generation had called the "Divine."

But this was not the only discovery of archæological interest made in the vicinity. To the right of the gateway a mass of huge stones was exposed to view which it was easy to see must have served as the foundations of some ancient temple. This was none other than the Temple of Jupiter Stator, among the most celebrated for its antiquity and historical associations in ancient Rome. Livy recounts the circumstances under which it was built. In a great battle between the Romans and Sabines, the latter having captured the Capitol sallied down from their vantage-

ground on the Romans, who fled in disorder. Romulus himself was swept along the tide of fugitives to the gate of the Palatine, where he made a stand and endeavored to rally his defeated followers. Having besought the father of gods and men to dispel the terror of his soldiers and stop their flight, he made a solemn vow, if his prayer was heard, to build on the spot a temple which would recall to future ages the name of the deity who checked the flight of his followers and changed defeat into victory. Such the history of the Temple of Jupiter Stator whose ruins recent excavations have brought to light.

On that side of the Palatine, fronting the Roman Forum, was to be seen a singular shrine, still pointed out to the curious in the latter days of the empire — a small grotto, shaded by a fig-tree and known as the Lupercal. On that spot it was, according to popular tradition, that the wolf suckled the famous twins. An image of the animal in bronze stood within the grotto, placed there 256 B. C. In the beginning of the fifteenth century it was dug out of the ruins, and may still be seen at the present day in the Capitoline Museum.

Somewhat farther up on the slope of the hill stood what was regarded as the most ancient and venerable of the monuments on the Palatine — the house or rather hut of Romulus. A very humble structure it was, thatched with straw, in strange contrast with the marble palaces which overshadowed it, but cherished and revered as an authentic memorial of that golden time when, to use the words of a Roman poet, "two kings were content with a single hearth" (*unus erat fratrum maxima regna focus.* Prop. iv. i. 10). It was kept in constant repair at the public expense, never enlarged nor embellished, and was still in existence up to the close of the 4th century B. C. Descriptions of the building are common enough in the ancient writers. A recent discovery, however, has brought its exact appearance before our eyes. While excavating an old necropolis near Alba, cinerary urns in terra cotta were brought to light, of rude workmanship, in the form of a small, round structure with pointed roof, plainly modelled after the primitive huts of the Latin peasants, "built of reeds, and covered with straw." In these remote times one common type of building served as a model for the tombs of the dead, the temples of the gods, the abodes of the people, and the dwelling of the kings. What a striking illustration it furnishes of the tenacity of old traditions among the people of Southern Italy, to find the huts of the herdsmen in the Roman Campagna built in a precisely similar fashion at the present day, after a lapse of twenty-five centuries!

Though nearly every trace of the buildings and monuments dating back to the time when Roman history first began to take definite shape has now vanished, and their dust has mingled with the mass of ruins which cumber the slopes and summit of the Palatine, still their exact position can be determined from frequent references in the works of ancient writers. The material employed in the wall of Romulus, and in the Servian wall, erected later on, round the Seven Hills, is known as *tufa*, a species of rock whose component elements are volcanic sand and ashes. Huge blocks of this stone, according to their size and shape, lay one above the other or side by side, without cement, depending on

their weight for the necessary cohesive strength. This style of building the Romans borrowed from the ancient Etruscans. Indeed everything in the arts of other countries which could serve a useful purpose was eagerly caught up by the Romans — *omnium utilitatum rapacissimi* — as Pliny says of them. They not only borrowed these arts, but made them their own, and perfectly assimilated them; not only adopted them for the time being, but improved and modified them, and stamped upon them their own peculiar character as a race.

A mere glance at the massive ruins of these Roman walls on the Palatine suffices to convince us that those who built them were no mere barbarians, but a people who had already reached some degree of civilization, who had a consciousness of their own power and a presentiment of their future greatness. Even thus early, as Montesquieu remarks, they had begun to build the walls of the Eternal City. They built not for the needs of the hour, like nomads, but for posterity. While the attainment of strength and magnitude seems to have been the chief object with the builders of these walls, still they must have had, at least, that rudimentary sense of the beautiful which may be inferred from a knowledge and observance of the rules of symmetry aud proportion.

They were also acquainted with the art of written signs. A close scrutiny of the blocks of tufa revealed marks so deeply incised, that they are as perceptible at the present day as when they were first made. Some of these signs are numbers; some single letters or monograms, shaped like those of the old Latin alphabet. They probably served to indicate the name of the quarry from which the stones had been hewn, or the name of the place to which they had been assigned.

Up to the time of this discovery, it was supposed that the early Romans were unacquainted with the art of writing, and that the decemvirs were the first to employ the art in preserving the laws of the Twelve Tables. Scholars received with a smile of incredulity the statement of Suetonius, that when the Capitol was destroyed by fire under Vitellius, three thousand bronze tablets perished in the flames, on which were engraven the laws and decrees of the senate and people from the earliest origin of the city, *pene ab exordio urbis.* It was deemed impossible that copies of the treaties entered into by Tullus Hostilius with the Sabines, and by Tarquin with the inhabitants of Gabia, could have been still in existence in the time of Augustus. The testimony of Dionysius that he had seen and read these interesting memorials, and of Horace that in his day they were the delight of antiquaries, was disdainfully rejected. And yet the discovery above referred to places it beyond doubt that a knowledge of writing existed among the Romans, even in the remote ages of the kingly rule.

It has become the fashion likewise, in modern times, to treat the accounts of early Roman history as a tissue of fable, in which the imagination plays such a prominent part that it is well nigh impossible to discern the essential fact through the mythical haze in which it is enveloped. While there can be no question that the legendary element enters largely into the composition of these stories, still must they have had some underlying basis of truth. These early traditions already existed, and had left deep and living traces in the minds of the people,

long before the play of Greek fancy had overlaid them with an embroidery of poetical fiction. Their main outlines were too well and widely known to permit, without protest, any grave departure from them on the part of public chroniclers. The buildings and monuments associated with their memory served as the visible and tangible evidence of the basis of truth on which they rested, and transmitted from one generation to another the names of the chief actors in these stories, and the victories or defeats which the monuments themselves were intended to commemorate.

But the city did not long remain within the limits marked out for it by its first founders. It soon widened out, and began to occupy the slopes and summits of the surrounding hills. The Palatine ceased to be the whole of Rome, though it always remained one of the principal sections of the growing city, and the site of its most famous temples and monuments. Some of Rome's greatest citizens, among the number Cicero, built their residences on the Palatine. From its summit they could look down on the Forum, and watch the great tides of human existence which surged round the temples and basilicas of that historic place. It was the boast of Cicero that his house stood on the most beautiful site in Rome, *in pulcherrimo urbis loco.* That house recalled some of the most memorable vicissitudes of his career. During his exile, his inveterate foe, Clodius, had a decree passed that it should be pulled down and a temple erected in honor of Minerva on the ground which it occupied. After his triumphant return the senate decreed to rebuild it at the public expense, and Cicero obtained for the purpose a grant of eighty thousand dollars.

In treating of the buildings and monuments erected on the Palatine, under the empire, we emerge from the twilight of legend and tradition into the clear sunlight of authentic history.

J. C.

Mr. Parnell and O'Connell.

Sir William Harcourt in his speech at Shoreditch has reminded us that the course now being pursued by the *Times* was an old device, and that the adjectives now thrown at Mr. Parnell were in like manner thrown at Daniel O'Connell. In connection with this parallel it may be interesting to recall how Mr. Spencer Walpole, almost the last of the old-fashioned, fair-minded Conservatives, writes of the events of his youth: "The conduct of the English to the Irish, moreover, was emphasized by the conduct of the foremost men in England to the foremost Irishman. It is difficult now to read unmoved the story of the treatment which O'Connell habitually received in England! O'Connell was not merely the foremost Irishman alive, he was, perhaps, the greatest Irishman Ireland had ever known. He represented Ireland as no one ever represented Ireland before. The issues of peace or war depended on his single voice. From 1835 the life of the Whig ministry rested

on his favor" (as did a Tory ministry in 1885 on the favor of Parnell), "and yet this man was habitually insulted by the English people and slighted by the English ministry! The Emancipation Act was accompanied by the pitiable condition that the great victor should not receive the reward of his victory" (as the adoption of half the National League land programme is to be accompanied by its suppression). "His sovereign, the 'first gentleman in Europe,' chose in his own house to turn his back with studied insult on his distinguished subject. The Whigs left their choice club by scores at a time because O'Connell became a member of it; and the great Whig houses closed their doors to the first orator of his generation."

Musings from Foreign Poets.

THE INNER SPARK.

From the German.

How fair soe'er the outer show
Of life, Death lurks in every vein:
To-day thou dwell'st in Pleasure's glow,—
To-morrow in a night of Pain.

Then cease, O Man! thy vain pursuit
Of dreams that but allure to flee;
Be wise in time—see how the fruit
Oft falls unripened from the tree.

Call forth thy Spirit from the deep
And gloomy prison where it lies;
Sunder the fetters of its sleep,
That to salvation it may rise.

From out the flinty stone will start
A flash that lightens all the dark;
O Man! tho' cold and hard thou art,
Within thee dwells a godlike spark.

Ere breaks the fire from out the stone
Must thou upon it sharply smite;
So, strife with Nature will alone
Bring out that flash of heavenly light.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

"Three Attempts to Rule Ireland Justly."

HAPPENING lately to pick up the *Nineteenth Century*, I found in its pages an article by R. Barry O'Brien, under the above caption. These "three honest and earnest attempts" were made, according to Mr. O'Brien, the first by William III. "on the surrender of Limerick; the second by Lord Melbourne in 1835; the third by Mr. Gladstone in 1868." I shall confine myself, for the present at least, and as briefly as possible, to the first "attempt" cited by Mr. O'Brien, that of

WILLIAM III.

Much has been said and written of William's right to the English throne, but, as long as James was living, it is quite evident that his claim to that throne was a very flimsy and shadowy one. He was at best but a usurper. Ireland felt this, and remained true to James. Sir Jonah Barrington, one of Ireland's most gifted sons, thus disposes of William's claim to the throne: "James, a monarch *de jure* and *de facto*, expelled from one portion of his empire, threw himself for protection upon the loyalty and faith of another; and Ireland did not shrink from affording that protection. She defended her legitimate monarch against the usurpation of a foreigner; and whilst a Dutch guard possessed themselves of the British capital, the Irish people remained faithful to their king, and fought against the invader. In strict matter of fact, therefore, England became a nation of decided rebels, and Ireland remained a country of decided royalists. Historic records leave that point beyond the power of refutation. James was the hereditary king of both countries, jointly and severally. The third constitutional estate only, of one of them (England), had deposed him by their own simple vote; but Ireland had never been consulted on that subject, and the deposition of the king of Ireland by the commons of England could have no paramount authority in Ireland, or supersede the rights and dispense with the loyalty of the Irish parliament. The Irish people had held no treasonable intercourse with William; they knew him not; they only knew that he was a foreigner, and not their legal prince; that he was supported by a foreign power, and had succeeded by foreign mercenaries. But even if there was a doubt, they conceived that the most commendable conduct was that of preserving their allegiance to the king, to whom, in conjunction with England, they had sworn fealty. The British peers showed them an example, and on that principle they fought William as they had fought Cromwell; and again they bled, and again were ruined, by their adherence to legitimate monarchy."

Cobbett speaks even more pointedly: "James II. wished to put an end to the Penal Code; he wished for *general toleration;* he issued a proclamation suspending all penal laws relating to religion, and GRANTING A GENERAL LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE TO ALL HIS SUBJECTS. This was his OFFENCE. For this he and his family were SET ASIDE FOREVER! No man can deny this. The clergy of the Church set themselves against him. Six of the bishops presented to him an insolent petition against his prerogative, *enjoyed and exercised by all his predecessors.* They led the way in that opposition which produced the 'glorious revolution,' and were the most active and the most bitter of

all the foes of that unfortunate king, whose only *real* offence was his wishing *to give liberty of conscience to all his subjects.*" Though William had been invited by a portion of the commons and nobles to take the throne of a sovereign who had neither abdicated nor been deposed, the peers did not coincide with them, and when asked to decide "whether James had broken the original compact, and thereby made the throne vacant"—they decided by a vote of fifty-one to forty-nine that he had not. Now it is well known that according to the British constitution it requires king, lords, and commons to make any change in that constitution; therefore, those who supported William at that juncture were not acting in accordance with law and right. We might multiply proofs of this, but the foregoing are sufficient support to our contention.

It is evident, then, that William, while James or his heirs lived, had no claim to the domination of Ireland, and that the people of Ireland were not morally bound to submit to his rule. Having, however, gained possession of the country by force of arms, it would have been only natural that he should, after the fashion of usurpers, have striven to conciliate the conquered people by a mild and paternal government. Mr. O'Brien endeavors to show that he made such an attempt. Such a premise we challenge, and claim that he inaugurated in Ireland a reign of terror, confiscation, and slaughter. The effects of the desolation of Ireland during Cromwell's time, should have been the moving cause in carrying on the reaction that set in during the short reign of James. Had William followed this turn of the tide, he *might* have gained the hearts of the Irish, but he was too much blinded by bigotry to accept any homage, the price of which would be liberty of conscience to a Catholic nation. However glorious his name may have been in England, in Ireland it was but the synonyme for iron cruelty. "For nearly a century after the capitulation of Limerick had been signed," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "and violated by William, Ireland exhibited a scene of oppression, suffering, and patience, which excited the wonder and commiseration of every people of Europe."

This "humane and sagacious Dutch warrior and statesman believed that the work of conquest done, reparation should commence," so he began this work by penal laws the most cruel and galling in the world's history,—laws which James had annulled, and William revived,—the remembrance of which has been indelibly seared into the hearts of the Irish people, which died a lingering death amid their execrations, which were enshrouded with the bitter tears and agonized misery of millions, and which were finally buried deep amid the curses of those who, in themselves and through their ancestors, had felt the iron in their souls. "The loss of national independence," says Mr. O'Brien, "should be counterbalanced by the full enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of a common citizenship. Political incorporation, not national extirpation, was the basis of the Irish policy of William III." The principles of this policy were embodied in the treaty of Limerick, by which the Irish people were granted "freedom of worship, allowed the use of, the possession of, their estates, the right to sit in parliament, to vote at elections, to practise law and medicine, to engage in trade and commerce," not one of which privileges, however, was actually enjoyed by

those people. The mental obtuseness of any man who would pen such assertions as the above quoted must be something extraordinary. Does he forget that William was the first to violate the treaty of Limerick,—signed, in apparent good faith, by his own hand,— which was intended, or at least worded, to secure "civil and religious liberty" to the people of Ireland; that, weary of disputing with his cabinet, he weakly gave way to them and to the English colonists, "who resolved to destroy or reduce to a condition of abject serfdom the whole of the native population;" that commissioners, acting under his authority, seized upon and confiscated over two million acres of the finest estates in Ireland, although their Irish occupiers, having no parchment deeds, had yet the best titles in the world in the eyes of the law, — undisturbed family inheritance for scores of generations,—the very estates the continued possession of which had been guaranteed to them by the treaty of Limerick; that the English "assumed supreme power over Ireland," and introduced frequent legislation against the faith of her people; that Catholic peers were stripped of their right to sit in parliament, Catholic gentlemen of their right to be chosen members of parliament, and *all* Catholics of their right to vote; and that they were rendered ineligible for even the most insignificant offices of power or trust in any governmental department; and that Catholics were rendered incapable of purchasing land, or entering into any contracts? Thus were accorded to the long-suffering Irish people "the rights and privileges of a common citizenship!"

"Mr. Froude seems to think," says Justin Huntley McCarthy, "that the Irish ought to have been aware that the English could not be expected to keep faith with them over such a treaty. To such sorry justification for such a breach of faith there is nothing to say. The treason shows worse when it is remembered that after the treaty was signed an army of reinforcements arrived in the Shannon. Had these come some days earlier, the siege of Limerick must inevitably have been raised. Even as it was Ginckel greatly feared that Sarsfield might seize the opportunity to renew the war. But Sarsfield honorably abided by his word. The treaty was violated; all the forfeited lands were reconfiscated and sold by auction as before, for the benefit of the state, to English corporations and Dublin merchants. . . . William determined to make all Ireland Protestant by penal laws. . . . It was laid down from the bench by Lord Chancellor Bowes and Chief Justice Robinson 'that the law does not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Roman Catholic.' . . . It was well said that the Penal Code could not have been practised in hell, or it would have overturned the kingdom of Beelzebub."

Mr. McCarthy quotes the memorable words of Burke on the "vicious perfection of the code." "For," said Burke, "I must do it justice.: it was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency, well digested and well composed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Having made Ireland his vassal, William completed her ruin and filled the cup of her bitterness to overflowing; he designated her "a nation of rebels," shut her factories, circumscribed and hindered and harassed her commerce, confiscated her fairest fields, desecrated her churches, closed her schools, put a price on the heads of her priests and teachers, shed the blood of her noblest sons, or outlawed them, and endeavored to plunge them into ignorance; ignorance escaped, however, by education obtained under difficulties never experienced, before or since, by any people known to the world's history, and by faith kept alive through the most unjustifiable persecution, and vivified by the blood of martyrs. All this he did in the name of "civil and religious liberty," and for the preservation of the "rights and privileges of a common citizenship." All this, having passed into authentic and unquestioned history, is an emphatic denial of the premises of Mr. O'Brien, who seems to be struggling with the wrong end of the log.

"It is encouraging to think," says Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, "that even under such laws the spirit of the people was not wholly annihilated. The country clung to its proscribed faith; the ministers of that faith braved shame and persecution and death in their unswerving allegiance to their scattered flocks. They fought bravely against the oppression which would have enforced ignorance and all its attendant evils upon an unhappy people. When no Catholic might open a school the priests established what were known as hedge schools. By the roadside and on the hillside, in ditches and behind hedges, the children of the people cowered about their pastors, fearfully and eagerly striving to attain that knowledge which the harsh laws denied them. In one other instance the penal laws failed. They could take away the Catholic's land, his horse, his life; they could hang his priests and burn his place of worship; they could refuse him all education; they could deny him all rights before the law *except the right to be robbed and hanged;* but they could not compel him to change his faith, and they could not succeed in making every Protestant in Ireland a willing creature of the new code."

A great deal of importance was attached to the words — "*and all such as were under their protection in the said counties* shall hold, possess, and enjoy all and every their estates of freehold and inheritance," etc., in the treaty of Limerick, as they were a "barrier, cautiously set up against any attempt at wholesale confiscation, and this barrier the colonists, bent on a policy of 'public plunder,' were resolved to throw down." This treaty, which guaranteed to the Irish all they asked for, was signed on Oct. 3d, 1691, and two days afterwards, as we have already said, "a French fleet, bringing a great reinforcement of men, arms, and ammunition to the Irish, appeared at the mouth of the Shannon. Having signed the treaty Sarsfield sent them back to France," as, having signed it in good faith, on behalf of the people, and confident in the faith of the English king and parliament, he anticipated no further trouble. "In making a clean copy of the articles from the original or rough draft," says the historian Mooney, "two lines (those in italics above quoted) were omitted by negligence, which error was not discovered until a few days after the contract was signed and

the first garrison given up. But when the error was discovered the Irish army refused to give up the other garrison until these lines were reinserted." The omission being brought to the notice of William, he had the lines reinserted, and wrote on the document a clause confirming those words, the most important in the whole instrument. "Thus, then," continues Mooney, "the conditions and treaty of Limerick were entered into between the highest military powers of both nations; were agreed to and signed on the field of battle; and, ere the Irish laid down their arms, even the literal errors of the treaty were corrected and ratified by their majesties in Whitehall. We shall now witness the shameful violation of this treaty by the very persons who, on behalf of England, had put their solemn signatures to the national compact. The Irish army was disbanded; Sarsfield and almost all the Irish generals and officers accepted commissions in the French service; and the native military power of Ireland dissolved into its original elements. Then came a fresh, a faithless, a diabolical invasion of every right she owned, every interest and feeling she cherished."

The English colonists bitterly opposed the treaty, and the reinsertion of the protecting words. "His first lord lieutenant — Lord Sydney," — says Mr. O'Brien, "sought to observe the treaty, and was, in consequence, assailed by the colonists and driven from the island. Of Sydney's successors — the Lords Justices Wyche, Duncombe, and Capel — the two former were desirous of treating the native race with justice; the latter was not. Once more the colonists attacked the men who were hostile to their aims, and once more the party of honor was defeated. Wyche and Duncombe were forced to retire, and Capel remained sole governor of Ireland. Under the rule of this congenial viceroy the colonial parliament proceeded to tear the treaty of Limerick into shreds. In an act purporting to confirm the treaty almost all the articles were one after another abrogated. Even the words which William had with so much care caused to be reinserted, and had ratified under the great seal of England, were deliberately struck out. Thus was the barrier against confiscation completely thrown down." And the confiscation of thousands of acres followed.

Mr. O'Brien attempts to shift all the responsibility from the shoulders of William, whom he designates "one of the wisest and best sovereigns that has ever sat on the throne of these realms," to those of the English colonists, "a body of men whose sole aim was plunder." We cannot accept *in toto* his interpretation of the history of the period under review. We know that William III., who ruled by force of arms, was not a man to be led by the nose in such a manner. He was, as far as Ireland was concerned, too much of an absolute monarch, and these same colonists too much dependent on his pleasure for him to be forced by them to any particular policy, especially if it involved the deliberate breaking of his pledged word, and violation of his hand and seal. The man who owed his throne to treachery, and who was enabled to hold it more through the fear of his Dutch mercenaries than through just government, was not the one to be deterred by a handful of English colonists in Ireland from seeing that justice was done her people. But he evidently sympathized with the colonists, and his heart, as far as he

had any feeling for the English, was too plainly with them in all their efforts to harass the Irish. To the last day of his life he feared that Ireland, loyal to James, was the rock on which his ship of state might go to wreck, that her people might be the moving cause in the overthrow of his throne, and it suited him to oppress and harass and hamper and persecute that nation as much as possible, to keep her goaded and galled people at home, that she might have no opportunity to disturb him in the usurped sovereignty of England, and the baseless claims of the thieving and robbing colonists formed a medium of which he did not hesitate to avail himself. The proscription of Ireland's ancient faith, the degradation of her people, and the inhuman penal laws, consolidated, amended (?), enlarged, and "embodied into one act of parliament, . . . in the fulness of its atrocity," which, on the most unquestioned authority, we trace back to that shameful reign whose ghastly remembrance is seared and blistered into the heart of the Irish nation, are a fearful refutation of Mr. O'Brien's assumption that the Dutch usurper, William III., should be credited with an attempt to rule Ireland justly.

William had it in his power to govern Ireland pacifically; but if it was in his heart to do so, which circumstances deny, selfish fear kept him from carrying it out. He did not know the Irish character, or he would have known that the surest way to make them loyal and contented would have been the carrying on of the paternal and just government instituted by James. They laid down their arms and sent home their French allies at the moment when victory was almost within their grasp, because the treaty of Limerick honorably guaranteed them all they asked; but the shameless violation of that sacred obligation was a blot on William's honor and statesmanship that a thousand historians, writing till the day of judgment, cannot excuse in the eyes of the Irish people, who remember that it inaugurated centuries of misrule and misery to them and their descendants, of which history does not furnish a parellel.

Somerside, P. E I. S. M. BENT.

Home Rule and the Southern States.

MATTHEW ARNOLD having stated some months ago that the people of the Southern States were not in sympathy with Irish Home Rule, the two branches of the Irish National League in Richmond, Va., determined to test public opinion on this subject in Virginia. They sent out a circular letter to prominent men regardless of party in Virginia, and the replies are made public in the *State* of that city. Without a single exception they are unanimously in favor of Home Rule. Gov. Fitzhugh Lee says: —

"Virginia observes their struggles and applaudes them for it. We see the devoted band, booted and spurred, always in the breach — beaten on one side, rallying on the other, but never despairing of

liberty in the future. I always believed with O'Connell in the future emancipation of Ireland." John S. Barbour says: "If any section of the United States is more especially interested in the policy of Home Rule, in view of its relations as a minority element of the Federal Government, it should be the Southern States. In fact, State's rights and Home Rule represent very much the same political equivalents." Lieut.-Gov. John E. Massey says: "I regard Mr. Gladstone as one of the grandest men, if not the grandest man, of the nineteenth century, and think his Home Rule policy for Ireland the grandest work of his life."

The replies take a wide range, and are from public men, manufacturers, college professors, editors, workingmen, merchants, and farmers.

Wonderful Conversion.

THE surprising announcement is made in the last numbers of the London Catholic papers that Capt. Carlisle has become a Catholic.

We say surprising, because it was this same Capt. Carlisle who, a few short months ago, became very much excited at the discovery that his wife had become a Catholic, and had been received into the Church by a Catholic priest without giving him notice. He seemed disposed, at the time, to arraign his Eminence the Cardinal and the whole Catholic hierarchy for what he conceived to be a most unwarrantable and high-handed proceeding on their part. The fact was that the wife had made known to her husband her desire to become a Catholic, and though it was with her a matter of conscientious principle — in fact a matter of life and death — he would on no condition give his consent. What else could she do but follow her conscience and make her submission without asking his consent, which she knew he would not give? His letters, written evidently under a high state of excitement, showed plainly that he had much to learn, not only in regard to Catholic doctrine and practice, but also in regard to the rights of conscience in general. But the firm and decided stand taken by the wife seems to have produced its natural effect upon the husband. He was induced to look into the matter calmly and candidly, and he was led to follow her example. What an encouragement is this instance to all converts who are led to hesitate and vacillate in their progress to the Church for fear of giving offence, and being alienated from those they love.

This case reminds us, observes the *Catholic Review*, of the heroic conduct of a lady convert, wife of a distinguished lawyer and politician, in this city a few years ago. After repeated warnings on the part of the husband that the joining of the Catholic Church would lead to their separation; that he would never live with a Catholic wife; seeing that she was not disposed to yield, he finally brought home one day from the office a formidable document enclosed in an envelope, and throwing it into her lap said: "There, wife, is a form of legal separation which I have drawn up, and which you must either sign or abandon your insane

desire to become a Catholic." With kind, but firm and dignified bearing, she replied: "My dear husband, deeply as I love you, and terrible as would be the sacrifice, I must obey God rather than my husband. I must follow my conscience, and save my soul even at the sacrifice of all that I hold dear in this life." He arose, took the package of papers and deliberately put them in the fire, remarking: "Well, wife, I did not think you would have so much courage; we will say no more about it." That man, too, became a Catholic, to the great joy and consolation of his wife; and so will every one be rewarded who has the courage of their convictions, and will follow their conscience even at the sacrifice of all earthly good.

Irish Schools

IN SPAIN, FRANCE, AND PORTUGAL IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

II.

A Postscript to my Paper on Spain.*

Before King Philip, referred to, manifested his esteem and substantial regard for poor Irish students, Baron George Sylveria, a Portuguese nobleman who had descended on his mother's side from the O'Donnells of Donegal, built a college for Irish students at Alcalá de Henares, twenty miles or so south of Madrid, about the year 1590. On the college chapel he expended $5,000, and gave $10,000 for the maintenance of twenty Irish students, four masters, and eight servants. This was a large sum in those days.

Alcalá de Henares owed its prosperity to the munificence of the illustrious Cardinal (Cisneros) Ximenes, the contemporary of Isabella the Catholic, who founded the celebrated university in 1508.†

> "This cardinal, undoubtedly,
> Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
> He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one—
> Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

In this town immortal Cervantes, the father of the novel, was born. He called it the "*famos o Compluto.*" ‡

Francis I., king of France, spent three days at Alcalá. He was welcomed by eleven thousand students (11,000). He remarked that one Spanish monk had done what a line of kings in France would have been equired to accomplish.

All the Irish who came to Spain during these years, however, were

* Gil Blas was written at close of seventeenth or beginning of eighteenth century.
† Pisa, Descripcion de Toledo, 1617. ‡ Galatea, Vol. I. p. 121.

not inclined towards the ecclesiastical state. Thousands of them paid in hard service and red blood, upon many a fatal field in the armies of Spain, the hospitality shown their brothers. The chronicles of Louvain record the valor of Col. Preston's Irish regiment in the Spanish service; O'Neill's valor at Sicily is not forgotten, nor that of the O'Sullivans and O'Ryans in the service of the Spanish crown.*

Thomas Davis refers to the last of the O'Sullivans in Spain in his "O'Sullivan's Return:" —

"'O'Suillebhain abur,' is the cry;
For filled is his ship's hold
With arms and Spanish gold,
And he sees the snake-twined spear
Wave on high, wave on high.
And he sees the snake-twined spear
Wave on high, wave on high."

Long before the old Irish brigade, or the new one of 1689, in France, Irish soldiers had made a name and fame in the Spanish armies of Charles V. and Philip II. and III. When the fires of religious persecution were first kindled in Ireland thousands flocked to Spain. Many entered colleges to become priests; the majority became soldiers. Both have left, from Bilboa to Barcelona, and from Catalonia to Cadiz, the sweet aroma of spotless lives, great virtues, and peerless valor; both have written the name of

IRELAND

in letters of gold upon the most illustrious pages of Spanish history, and the selectest circle in the peninsula is proud to number among its most cherished members the sons of

"Erin of the Streams."

PORTUGAL.

It would be, perhaps, in order to speak of France after Spain in the matter of Irish schools, but the strip of land, bounded by the Guadiana on the south and the Minho on the north, known as Portugal, claims precedence of *la belle France*, and is entitled to it.

The latest Irish historian† informs us that Cardinal Ximenes founded the first Irish college in Lisbon. This is a mistake. The writer confounds the cardinal of that name who established a college at Alcalá with the Spanish nobleman who founded the Irish college at Lisbon. Juvencius, in his history of the Society of Jesus, states that the college was opened in 1593 by Father John Howling, an Irish priest whose holy mission it was to watch the Irish refugees and to afford them protection. In 1593 he received into the new college thirty boys who fled from persecution in Ireland. But there was a still earlier effort to establish an Irish college in Lisbon, probably some twenty years before.

* The last of the lion chieftains of the O'Sullivans, who never ceased to battle against the English sway, was he who was excepted from James I.'s amnesty on account of his resistance. He went to Spain, and was appointed governor of Corunna and made Viscount Berehaven.

† "Nun of Kenmare."

There was certainly then a school or seminary, perhaps not deserving the name of college, which was conducted by Irish priests for the use of the Irish mission. The tradition in the college of Lisbon is distinct and decisive on this point.

Though the college existed long before the time of Ximenes, he got the credit of founding it because for many years it had no settled revenue, being supported by the voluntary contributions of a few noblemen and merchants, who felt sympathy for their persecuted Irish brethren and a zeal for religion. When these pious offerings began to fail, Don Antonio Fernandez Ximenes provided out of his own purse for the maintenance of the college, changed its site, and thus came to be looked upon as its founder. He purchased the grounds of the convent of Discalced Carmelites, repaired the old building, and gave out of his own income means for the permanent support of fourteen students. With them he resided during the last years of his life and bequeathed to them all his property, upon the failure of legitimate male issue of his body.

The title of the college was that of St. Patrick's College, Lisbon. The generous Ximenes was buried underneath the chapel and a weekly Mass offered for the repose of his soul. An Irish merchant named Leigh, or Lee, a benefactor, also is interred under one of the chapels.

A brother of Don Antonio was also a generous benefactor. His nephew protected the Irish seculars against some scheme to alienate their just heritage. The first rector was Father White, an Irish Jesuit, and the priests of the society continued in charge of the college until the great earthquake of 1755. It was then presided over by a Portuguese Jesuit who was not equal to the grave charge. While the city was still in flames, he called the students together, and exhorted them warmly not to remain longer within its unhallowed precincts. God had, indeed, so far specially protected them, for although sixty thousand of the citizens perished in the first shock, or in the conflagration yet raging, their college suffered no harm, they could not hope that the same special protection would be vouchsafed to them forever. They should now seize the first opportunity of returning home,* and thus avoid the death which seemed otherwise inevitable. This address did not influence the students much. If they had escaped unhurt hitherto, they said, they owed that blessing to God, who would give His heavenly aid in further peril. They told the rector boldly that they knew full well their danger, but were resolved rather to die than go back to Ireland without having accomplished the great end for which they had left home and kindred. Among the most determined of the lot in resisting the suggestion or order of the president was a strapping, fine young fellow named Sherlock, who subsequently was, about one hundred years ago, parish priest of Meath Street Chapel, St. Catharine's, Dublin; and a Mr. Brady, who became the leading Greek scholar in the kingdom, as Dr. Birmingham, another Irishman, was the first at Salamanca, Spain.

* Each Irish student at the expiration of his studies received twenty-five dollars, to pay his passage to Ireland, a gallon of wine, and some flour for biscuit. It was not uncommon to find an Irish *Hooker* in some Portuguese or Spanish port, which afforded cheap passage home, but they were risky crafts in more ways than sailing the ocean.

They were determined not to leave the house while a stone remained upon a stone. It was the property of the Irish nation, confided to their care, and they should guard it at any sacrifice. If there was that imminent danger which the rector dreaded and pictured so vividly to them, why not retire to their country house for a few days, leaving only two or three students in the city? They felt it their conscientious duty not to shrink from danger. This was, they said, the first lesson taught them at home and the first lesson which they should teach others on their return. The rector might go away if he chose, they never would.

This strong remonstrance had a wholesome effect; the rector and a large number of the students, leaving only a few volunteers on duty, withdrew to the country house. On their arrival, they found it to their great surprise a heap of ruins, the effect of the great shock having been more terrible there than in the immediate suburbs.

The brave boys did not anticipate this trial, but they fearlessly resolved not to be overcome by it. While some were engaged in pulling out the broken rafters and boards, others prepared a canvas covering. A shed was thus improvised in a few hours, which gave sufficient shelter in the mild season which happily followed the earthquake. The gallant young fellows had suffered greater privations, and had just escaped the most dreadful and sudden calamity that, perhaps, ever visited a city. They thought little of their inconvenient quarters and were, as usual with Irish boys, full of cheerfulness, anecdote, and contentment,

> "rosy, dimpled maid,
> Though brightest daughter of the sky,
> Why dost thou to the hut repair,
> And from the gilded palace fly?
> I've trac'd thee on the peasant's cheek;
> I've mark'd thee in the milkmaid's smile;
> I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak
> Amid the sons of want and toil." *

One day as they were amusing themselves in their recreation ground, a venerable father of the society, familiarly and affectionately called Father John of Antwerp, remarked how thoughtless they seemed to be in the midst of danger. "Don't you notice," he said to the first group that saluted him, "how your rector rides off on his mule early in the morning to the Ajudas, where the king and court are now in tents? His only object in these visits is to obtain a royal order for your instant removal. The scheme will succeed unless you appeal to the king's confessor, who will protect you against the fears of this old man, whose mind is actually weakened by the remembrance of the scenes in the city."

Early next morning, soon as the rector set off on his mule, two of the students hurried to the king's confessor, a Dominican friar and a pious and learned priest, who received them most kindly, entered at once into their views, and promised to lay their case before his majesty at the earliest opportunity. On the next day but one the royal decision

* Lady Manners.

was announced. The rector was ordered to remain in charge of the college, while the students would be provided for in the college of Evora until the end of their course. Thus far the students saved, for a time, the revenues of the college, but a worse fate still awaited it. When the Jesuits were banished from Portugal, and their property seized on by the crown, the funds of the Irish college in Lisbon were also confiscated, on the plea that the college was in the hands of the society and belonged to them. In vain did the Irish bishops protest against the glaring spoliations. The unscrupulous Pombal, the prime minister, would heed no remonstrance. As the property was given, he said, by Ximenes it should now revert to his family. The Irish bishops were equally resolved not to submit to this injustice. At a meeting held in Dublin they deputed Dr. Carpenter, once a student in Lisbon, then a curate at Dublin, afterwards archbishop, to represent to the king of Portugal the grievous wrong done to the Irish Catholics by seizing on the funds of their college. Pombal not only insisted on his own measures being carried out, but insolently told Dr. Carpenter that, if in his power, he would treat the Irish as he did the Portuguese Jesuits.

After this answer Dr. Carpenter thought it useless to press his claim further, and returned at once to Ireland.

One of the alumni transferred from the college of Lisbon to that of Evora was young Michael Brady, already referred to. He was a stanch friend of the Irish college, a man of rare acquirements, a ripe classical scholar, and reported the ablest canonist of his time. He was besides an accomplished linguist, and conversed with ease and elegance in French and German. He had hardly finished his studies at Evora when he was invited by the Marquis of Pombal to accept the professorship of Greek in the magnificent college of the Nobles, just then established.

When thus placed in a position of trust Dr. Brady did not forget his old *Alma Mater*, St. Patrick's College. He more than once urged the necessity of restoring the revenues to the Irish college upon Pombal. The latter rudely interrupted him each time he referred to the subject. The day of retribution was not far off. The haughty minister lost all his power, fell into disgrace, and died almost in a prison cell, detested at home and abroad. The Irish college was soon opened after his death, and Dr. Brady, now *Emeritus* professor of the Nobles, was appointed its first rector in memorable 1782. He continued to rule the college until he died in 1801, full of years and merits,

> "And that which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Crotty, who was one of the first pupils of the re-established college and a professor from 1791. He held office until 1811, when he returned to Cloyne, county Cork, became parish priest, and organized a little seminary. On the 13th of November, 1813, he was elected president of Maynooth College, and was consecrated bishop of Cloyne in 1833.

His successor in the rectorship of the Lisbon college was the Rev. Dr. Dunn, parish priest of Palmerstown, who, at the urgent request of

the Irish bishops, left his parish and devoted himself for a long time most zealously to the improvement of the college. After his return to Ireland he was succeeded by a Father Joyce, who held the office in 1839.

Fitzpatrick, in his admirable life of the illustrious Dr. Doyle,* states that Dominick O'Daly founded a college at Lisbon and a country house at Coimbra for Irish students, during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. of England. Harris says that an Irish college was founded at Lisbon in 1595 by Don Antonio Ximenes, while Juvencius says that, as referred to, a college was opened in 1593. But he admits that "there was a still earlier effort to establish an Irish college in Lisbon some twenty years before." This would be 1575, in the bloom of Elizabeth's sanguinary reign. This, perhaps, was the seminary of Dominick O'Daly.

While on the subject it is proper to remark that when the now Irish college is referred to it means solely and exclusively secular colleges, that is, for secular clergy. It is unnecessary to inform many of your readers that thousands of Irishmen have been educated at Augustinian, Franciscan, Jesuit, Capuchin, Benedictine, Lazarist, and Carmelite colleges in almost every city in Christian Europe.

It was in the spring of 1806 that the young Wexford lad, who became so eminent in the Irish episcopacy in less than twenty-five years, afterwards set out on his journey from Cork to Coimbra by way of Lisbon. When young Doyle arrived at Lisbon he went to the splendid convent of the Augustinians at Lisbon, where he and his companions were hospitably entertained for three days by the courtly prior. He repaired to Coimbra and entered the magnificent college *de Graça*, where he laid in those solid stores of learning, and cultivated sublime contemplation, and practised the hardest kind of logic, all of which gave him a front rank among scholars and logicians in the dull days preceding the memorable year of 1829. How well he acquitted himself is recorded in a parliamentary inquiry, where he attended in the interest of his co-religionists. The Duke of Wellington was a member of the committee, which was principally composed of peers. Happening to meet a brother peer in the lobby of the House of Lords who asked the Iron Duke if their lordships were still examining Dr. Doyle, he replied, "Faith no, my lord, but the bishop is examining their lordships."

The students to the foreign college of the regulars were always paid for or sent for special seasons by a prior of a branch of the order in Ireland. The seculars were aided by burses and subscriptions, or great munificence as displayed by Baron Sylveria and Don Antonio Fernandez Ximenes.

France in our next.

New York, May 1, 1887. R. F. FARRELL.

"AFFECTATION is a greater enemy to the face than the small-pox."— *St. Evremond.*

* Boston: Patrick Donahoe, 1862.

The "Scotch-Irish."

In a recent issue of *The Tablet* appeared an article under the caption, "The Scotch-Irish—Who are They?" in answer to the unfounded assertions of the Boston *Transcript*. In that article you have very practically proved that there is no such thing as a Scotch-Irishman. There is not. It is an impossibility, a contradiction of terms, an absurdity, and as meaningless as that other myth, "an Anglo-Saxon." The men who came from the province of Ulster to the colonies previous to the Revolution were Irishmen. Emigration also flowed from Scotland, the Scotch settling mostly in the two Carolinas, and the Ulster men, who numerically far exceeded them, settling in all the colonies. Among these were the Bradys, Lynches, Calhouns, Jacksons, Johnstons, Wilsons, Gastons, and thousands of others who afterwards fought under Washington. These men, like the Irish of the present day, were forced into exile by English oppression. The Scotch were not, because they participated in enacting laws, were loyal subjects of the British government, and devoted to the death to George III. With the exception of Gen. Mercer and a few others, we read of no Scotchman who rose to distinction under Washington. Thousands of Scotchmen joined the Tories, and several Scotch regiments fought side by side with the German mercenaries from Brooklyn to Yorktown.

The Scotchmen of North Carolina were the first to declare for King George. This was before the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, and occurred at the Cross Roads in North Carolina, when a Macdonald by proclamation called on his Scotch countrymen to meet him under the banner of King George on a certain day. They assembled to the number of fifteen hundred and declared for the king. Moore, an Irish-American, heard of this and rallied *his* countrymen under the banner of rebellion, and not only defeated the Scotch at Moore's Creek, but utterly destroyed their power in North Carolina. The Scotch were detested by the men of the Revolution, and, as you very justly state, it was through courtesy to two Scotchmen who signed the Declaration that the Scotch were not ostracized in that document.

The Ninety-Second Scotch Regiment fought through all the campaigns of the Revolution. That regiment occupied Fort Green after the battle of Brooklyn, and afterwards helped to annihilate McGaw, an Irish-American, at Washington Heights, New York. A few days ago the brass buttons of their coats were unearthed in the excavations. Gen. Frazer was shot by an Irishman named Murphy as he was leading a Scotch regiment to the charge at Saratoga. All the battlefields of the Revolution attest to their loyalty to the English king. The Irish Ulster men were rebels, not a drop of Scotch blood flowed in their veins; had they been Scotch they would have been loyal. There were seven Irish rebel Gastons wounded on one southern battlefield, against whom the Scotch, with Tarleton, participated. All the Irish Wilsons able to bear arms served in the continental army. Gen. Washington gave an Irish Wilson the honor of receiving the conquered sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Fitzgerald, of Leinster, stood side by side with Washington at Princeton, when he rushed upon the English bayonets, and Anthony Wayne, whose father emigrated from Tipperary, was the hero

of Stony Point. Moylan, the "Murat of the Revolution," was a native of Cork. Greene was an Irish-American, as was also Morgan, who at the head of his famous brigade of riflemen marched from Virginia to Boston to participate in the struggle of Bunker Hill. He came too late, but he had revenge at Saratoga and the Cowpens. None of these are claimed as "Scotch-Irish," but they were just as much so as those claimed by the Boston *Transcript.*

I could adduce a hundred other names of Irish and Irish-American officers who rose to distinction in the continental army, but these will suffice for the present. Moore called the Scotch "a nation of saint-stealers," and Dr. Johnson, the leviathan of English literature, branded them as the most covetous and bigoted people in Europe. The fact is that the Ulster Irish at the beginning of the Christian era colonized a portion of Scotland, gave to them language, civilization, and Christianity. The Irish language still exists in parts of Scotland, and the inhabitants and their places bear Irish names. Hence, through ignorance, they imagine every Irish name to be Scotch. Scotland owes everything to Ireland, while Ireland has never received from Scotland anything but perfidy. Should this subject be renewed you will hear from me again.

WILLIAM COLLINS, in *New York Tablet.*

NOTE. — In our next issue we will give an article of greater length, in which is discussed the Scotch-Irish and the Irish in the Revolution, by the same author.

Memoranda: From Bantry to Killarney.

WE went to Killarney by the Glengariff route. Never before did I see, nor do I hope again to see, nor do I believe it possible to behold elsewhere, such a shifting of magnificent scenes. Now the mountain rises stately in front; now we pass it, and it changes to a back-ground for another; then the other recedes and combines with many which, as we proceed, rise and fall from our view in a manner most magical. So is it on the way to Killarney, until there all harmonize in a bewildering magnificence. The mountains which, through our journey, we looked upon as majestic now have half hid themselves in the haze of distance, as if ashamed to grace the presence of great Torc or mighty Mangerton. This for the mountains.

At Glengariff we stopped a night at Roche's Hotel, whose site is so well calculated to give fine views of the bay. Giants of old seem to have played "pitch and toss" here with boulders. They lie strewn around with a *négligé* most charming. Sugar-loaf Mountain smiles down from its lordly height of eighteen hundred and twenty feet on a scene inferior to Killarney only in size. A round tower, in its grayness, stands upon a beautiful island which bathes its green borders in the clear, calm waters. Groves run up the side of the mountain in a straggling manner like the ivy on a ruin; and the arch of Cromwell, bearing the name of that tyrant who compelled it to be built in a day, gives the variety of art to nature.

At Killarney we took a boat from our hotel, *The Lake*, and went directly to "Sweet Innisfallen." As we look back we seem encircled by mountains. Kerry Paps rise in the distance behind our hotel. Then in succession are Crohane, Mangerton, Torc, the Drooping Glen, Eagle's Nest, the Purple Mountain, Glena, and the Tomies. Religious relics never looked so charming to me as on Innisfallen. Oaks, as old as the abbey, which tell of a beauty more than nature's, the beauty of a Christian people's faith, tower over roots eternal. Moore has said:

> How fair thou art let others tell, —
> To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

To this I say "amen." It would be intellectual arrogance in me to attempt a description. It would be an insult to the saintly dead who lie beneath its green sward for me to attempt to tell the majesty of the oak which the monk's hand planted, the beauty of the land in which it has platted its roots, or the aged dignity of the sacred shrines, once echoing to pious alleluias, but where now the crow croaks his doleful note. When a tourist purposes to himself to describe the scene, he feels that he is wronging himself (as well as the scene by his description) in withdrawing his soul from the charming effect of Innisfallen's beauty. Intellect in its attempt to paint in words seems crushed, as if Torc fell on it, or the waters beneath drowned it in their one hundred and fifty fathoms. How entrancing is Innisfallen! How beautiful is Killarney generally! We can, indeed, measure the lakes, but who will measure their beauty? We can find the altitude of the mountain, but what pen and ink will give an idea of their majesty? Killarney rich in lakes, in mountains, in glens, in waterfalls, in echoes,— for when our bugler sounded "Tramp! Tramp!" every hill took up the notes, until like one grand army they heard and obeyed the summons, and seemed to be on the march! Killarney where we have left more beauties unseen than the world outside has to show! Killarney rich in *everything*, for "Madre Natura" dwells here and has brought all her gifts along to stay.

Zaleski. JAS. H. COTTER.

Descendants of Soldiers of the Irish Brigade.

MR. J. P. LEONARD, the well-known Paris correspondent, writes: "Young Lieut. MacMahon, the youngest son of the illustrious marshal, has greatly distinguished himself in Tonkin. In an advanced post with the troops under his command he repulsed several serious attacks and drove off the enemy after punishing them severely. He released two thousand women and children who were prisoners, and was warmly complimented by the general in command for his heroism. It was mentioned in the *Ordre du Jour*, and a copy of the document sent to the brave young soldier, who had previously distinguished himself in the field. His preferment is certain, and he will, no doubt, receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his late gallant and daring conduct. I had the honor, in November, 1870, of taking him through the

Prussian lines to his father, who was a prisoner near Sedan, before the young soldier was out of his teens. If he is spared, he promises to follow in the steps of the hero of Malakoff and Magenta. These descendants of the soldiers of the Irish brigade seem destined to prove that they have not degenerated in talent and gallantry. His eldest brother, Patrice, is a captain in the army and an excellent soldier. In the navy there are Admirals and Captains O'Neil, MacGlashan de Stano, etc.; in the army, Generals O'Neil and Swiney, Col. Hurly de Purnbourg, Maj. Plunket, Capt. O'Gorman, Chef de Battalion O'Connor, grandson of Gen. Arthur O'Connor of 1798, and many other officers of merit hailing from the Emerald Isle. If we are destined to have another Franco-German war, or any other, they will be found the first in the van and the last in rear in every battle. They all know their origin and are proud of it."

The Knights of Labor.

I.

SOME perplexity may arise from the fact that the Knights of Labor were condemned and deprived of the Sacraments by the archbishops and bishops of Canada, but have now been recognized and restored on the petition of ten out of the twelve Archbishops, and with the exception of five or six of all the bishops of the United States, by the Holy See. The solution of this apparent diversity is ready at hand. In its first formation the association of the Knights of Labor had more or less the marks of a secret society, and as such fell reasonably under the censure of the bishops of Canada. Since that time the president of the Knights of Labor has been changed. He is, as Cardinal Gibbons attests, a faithful Catholic, and the organization has undergone a revision in all those points which exposed it to censure. The cardinal affirms: (1) That in its constitution and laws there is nothing which is condemned by the Holy See. (2.) That there is no oath. (3.) No obligation to secrecy towards competent ecclesiastical authority even outside of Confession. (4.) There is no promise of blind obedience and no obligation beyond the distinctly declared objects of the association. Finally, there is no hostility either against the Church or against the State. To this must be added that a very large proportion of the Knights of Labor are faithful practising Catholics. It is upon these grounds that the censure passed upon its old and censurable form has been withdrawn. The Cardinal of Baltimore, in his letter to Cardinal Simeoni, urges with great force the wisdom and the necessity which binds the Catholic Church, not only to be the mother but the friend and the guide of the millions who live by the labor of their hands. He says: "Whoever meditates upon the ways in which Divine Providence is guiding mankind in our days cannot fail to remark how important is the part which the power of the people takes in shaping the events of

the present, and which it is evidently destined to take in moulding the destinies of the future. We behold with profound regret the efforts of the prince of darkness to make this power dangerous to the social weal by withdrawing the masses of the people from the influences of religion and impelling them towards the ruinous paths of license and anarchy." Again, he says, speaking of a want of sympathy for the working classes and of suspicion for their aims: "There would be the evident danger of the Church's losing in popular estimation her right to be considered the friend of the people. The logic of the popular heart goes swiftly to its conclusions, and this conclusion would be most pernicious both for the people and for the Church. To lose the heart of the people would be a misfortune for which the friendship of the few rich and powerful, would be no compensation." And further he adds: "A third danger, and the one which most keenly touches our hearts, is the risk of losing the love of the children of the Church, and of pushing them into an attitude of resistance against their mother. . . . Our Catholic working men sincerely believe that they are only seeking justice, and seeking it by legitimate means. . . . They love the Church and wish to save their souls, but they must also earn their living, and labor is now so organized that without belonging to the organization it is almost impossible to earn one's living." As the whole text of this weighty document has been already printed in the *Tablet*, we need give no more than the above outline of its argument. We will therefore go on to justify the principles upon which it is founded; and in doing so we will consider what are the rights of labor, and what are the rights of lawful organization.

In the canon law slavery is defined to be "a state sanctioned by the law of nations, but contrary to the law of nature." Much confusion has existed upon this point. By the law of nature no man can be sold, and no man can sell himself; and no man can buy man, nor hold property in man. The slavery of the Jewish law consisted in the sale and purchase of the labor of man, not of man himself; and whatever the law of nations in Christendom may have held and taught, the Christian law has never sanctioned the violation of the natural law that man can hold property in man. The slavery of the Roman Empire was a violation of the law of nature. The serfdom of Christendom was founded upon the Christian and the canon law. Neither slavery nor serfdom exists any longer in the English-speaking peoples of the world; that is, in the New World which seems to be moulding our future. A working man is a free man, both in his person and in the labor of his hands. The mere muscular labor of his arms is his own to sell as he wills to whomsoever he wills, wheresoever, and for whatsoever time he wills, and at whatsoever price he can. If his labor be skilled labor, or even half-skilled labor, it is all the more valuable and absolutely his own possession. In truth it is the most precious form of capital which gold and silver may purchase, but on which gold and silver absolutely depend. Money is but dead capital after all; but the live capital of the human intelligence and the human hand is the primeval and vital capital of the world.

Unless these rights of labor can be denied, a liberty of organization

to protect these rights and the freedom founded on them cannot be denied. The association of labor in its various kinds is traceable in the Greek, the Roman, and the Christian civilization of the world. The *Hetaierae* of the Greeks and the *Collegia* of the Romans were trade associations. Cavalliere di Rossi, in his work on the Inscriptions in the Museum of St. John Lateran, has pointed out many examples of these associations. And this traditional practice passed into the Christian law, and exists in Rome down to this day. In the Church of *Santa Maria dell'Orto* every chapel belongs to, and is maintained by, some college or *universitas* of various trades. It may be truly said that the labor and industries of the Christian world have always organized themselves for mutual help, mutual improvement and defence. The Craft Guilds and the Frith Guilds of the Scandinavian and the Saxon races sowed the first seeds, not only of our great commercial prosperity but even of our municipal towns. The Craft Guilds at first contained both the masters and the workmen. When the masters became capitalists they formed Guilds of their own; and the workmen for mutual protection united among themselves. The live capital and the dead capital stood face to face; often in antagonism but always in the end reconciled, either by wise arbitration or by wise and just laws. It is a notable fact in our English history that these Guilds, with which the imperial laws of the Continent dealt oppressively were always recognized, incorporated, and chartered by the laws of the kings of England. It would seem as if the temperate liberty and the law-abiding spirit of our race, so long as equal laws prevailed, rendered all such organizations innocent, safe, and fruitful of public welfare. It must not be forgotten that our most ancient cities were formed by aggregations of Craft Guilds. We still possess statutes of such Guilds dating from the eleventh century. There were twelve Guilds in Norwich, twelve in King's Lynn, nine in Bishop's Lynn, Canterbury had three, and Dover had Guilds and a Guildhall; York had three and Beverley had four, but in London there were seventy; and London is believed to have been the birthplace of Guilds, and the constitution of London was based upon a Guild and served as a model for other English towns. According to the Judicia Civitatis Lundonii, in the time of King Athelstane, the Frith Guilds of London united into one Guild, which governed the town and gave law, not only to the members but to the non-members living in the city. The Liveries or Companies of the city of London are seventy-three or seventy-four at this date, and are evidently the old traditional Guilds from which the old municipal law of London sprang.

We have said that so long as these organizations were recognized and protected by equal law, the peace and progress of industry was maintained and the live and the dead capital joined hands in the common welfare. Towards the end of the last century the doctrines of political economy under the plea of free contract broke up the old relations of employer and employed, and the conflict between capital and labor became perpetual. The power of capital is all but irresistible, for the poor must labor for the bread of life. Hunger lays a necessity upon them for the sake of their homes and themselves. When the law ceased to intervene, organizations for mutual defence straightway arose.

The Knights of Labor and our own Trades Unions represent the rights of labor and the rights of association for its defence. The power of capital may be estimated from the fact that out of more than one hundred strikes, not more than five or six have ended in favor of the working men. Their dependence is so absolute, and the hunger and sufferings of their homes, of weak women and innocent children are so intolerable and imperious, that the conflict between the live capital and the dead is most unequal, and the freedom of contract in which political economy glorifies itself, hardly exists. It is surely, then, the office of the Church to protect the poor and the labor which has built up the human commonwealth.

Cardinal Gibbons carefully guards the Knights of Labor from the charges of violence which sometimes arise from the organizations of industry. In England, deeds of violence have stained the cause of labor, but it was precisely in the period when the Legislature had not as yet recognized the liberty of association. The legal recognition of Trades Unions brought with it the legal restraints which render such acts punishable at law. It may be said that they have ceased to exist. They were abuses of an undeniable liberty which the law did not protect. The same is true when the liberty of association is abused to oppress the liberty of labor in those who are outside of the association. Such acts are not only abuse but suicide, for the liberty of labor is vital to the liberty of association. The law in recognizing both protects both. They exist when each respects the other. When they clash they cease to be. The law protects both alike, for law is the guardian of all liberty.

HENRY EDWARD, *Card. Archbishop.*

Catholic Progress.

IT is not my purpose in this article to advert to the *past* rapid progress of our Holy Faith in America, but rather to throw out suggestions as to what may seem feasible in the near future.

My own disposition would incline to the bold, aggressive course; but I have learned that it is easier to go around the base of a precipice than to climb it,— easier to sap and mine a difficulty or an obstacle than to carry it by storm. It is remarked of Napoleon that when he found a fortress difficult to take he turned aside to other conquests. He did not like to waste his precious time in protracted sieges. I own frankly that I am in favor of a system of denominational schools for the United States,— that I think the Catholics of the United States ought to receive adequate support for their parochial schools from the government. In the "secret treaty" King William III. professed his willingness to give the Catholics of Ireland church edifices for Catholic congregations. The United States, or the subordinate municipal authorities, ought to give the Catholics a fair proportion of the public school edifices, and also pay the salaries of the teachers in the schools allotted to the Catholics. But while I maintain that the Catholics have a just right to their share

of the school fund, I am not in favor of sitting down to wait until the justice of our claims has been recognized by our Protestant fellow-citizens. I am sincerely proud of the Catholic schools of America. Taking into consideration their restricted resources, they have done truly noble work. But might it not be better to urge the claims of Catholic hospitals to a share of the public money, before bringing forward the question of the Catholic schools? It is certainly easier to convince the ordinary Protestant mind that an appropriation ought to be made for hospitals rather than for schools. The hospitals appeal strongly to the humanitarian views at present in vogue. The hospitals receive all creeds; they do a great charitable work, and they save the State a certain amount of money that must have been expended if the hospitals did not exist. I proposed several years ago in Hoboken, that an application should be made by the sisters of the hospital for a grant, and to encourage the lay gentlemen whom I wished to take charge of the matter, I adduced the instance of my venerable friend, Father Maher, who thirty years before, when Catholics were but a handful, obtained from the Pennsylvania Legislature an appropriation of five thousand dollars for a Catholic hospital in Philadelphia.

When I was in Hoboken I was more disposed to theorize than I am now. I have learned from experience, the school which as Edmund Burke says is the only school at which mankind will learn, although she charges blood and tears as well as money for her lessons — I have learned from experience the ineffectiveness of controversy. Joseph Butler, the celebrated author of the "Analogy," says it is as well for a preacher to lay down the premises merely and let his auditors draw the conclusions themselves. I agree with that opinion, at least in great part. Instead of endeavoring to force the assent of men by acrimonious controversy, I prefer to dwell on the points on which I agree with my antagonist rather than those on which he disagrees with me. Cardinal Newman says in his "*spocogia pro vita sua*" that he did not want to be converted by a smart syllogism. The apostles preached the truths of Christianity — they spoke with authority, they were not controversialists. It is probable that those priests who take pains to place the doctrines of the Church in a clear and attractive shape make most converts.

The Catholic theologians who represent the present tone of Catholic teaching, such as Dr. Ward, F. Liberatore, etc., maintain the teaching of Pope Boniface VIII. with regard to the two swords, spiritual and temporal. They hold that the temporal authority was instituted to aid the Church in fulfilling her mission, and that where the temporal authority is wanting in its one subordination to, and support of, the spiritual authority, that the duty devolves even on Catholic clubs to assist the Church in every legitimate way to maintain her inalienable rights. But prudence, the guide of life, must direct us in such matters. We are under an obligation to assist the Church, but our zeal must be guided by prudence. My impression of the Protestants of this country is that they are a religious people, and when people have a religious spirit, we ought to pursue towards them a policy of conciliation and explanation, such a policy in fact as that followed by Cardinal Wiseman, which was so eminently and gloriously successful.

Burlington, N. J. REV. P. A. TREACY.

Sergeant Rooney's Raid.

A TALE OF THE MOONLIGHTERS.

Chapter I.—The Sergeant.

It was late in the year of 1886 that the following events disturbed the normal atmosphere of quiet with which the little village of Kilbaelif is generally surrounded. With the history and character of the place we have now no concern; we are safe in saying that history is mute concerning it—even "Joyce's Irish Names of Places" is a blank so far as Kilbaelif is concerned. So we will pry no farther back than the immediate date of our tale.

One fine frosty evening Sergeant Rooney, of the Kilbaelif Royal Irish Constabulary, might have been seen walking leisurely through the main street of that village, apparently buried in a profound reverie. What may have been its nature we cannot exactly say; yet there are some subjects which one might fairly suggest as forming its matter. He may have been lamenting the degeneracy of the times and the decay of peeler power, and, perhaps, hatching schemes of revenge against the authors of that decay—the seditious National Leaguers—who, as he was heard to say, "riz the people's minds" to work their ends; or, perhaps, his day-dreams were of conspiracies yet unborn to be crushed out, and honors won. As these and kindred subjects were generally his theme when he chose to unburthen his soul, it is highly probable that our surmises are not too far from the mark. In fact, on this particular evening that worthy officer strutted with even a prouder strut than usual; for on that same day the Hon. Snoozer Dubblex, J. P., chairman of the petty sessions, in an impassioned oration on the state of the country, had declared that Kilbaelif was to be congratulated on having so efficient an officer as Sergeant Rooney to guard its inhabitants from the wiles of the enemy. This of itself was sufficient to serve his brain as matter for cogitation for a long time. But we must cease our surmising and proceed with our story.

The sergeant walked on, as before described, until the emerging forth from a doorway of a second party took his attention, and changed the current of his ideas. He recognized the person as Mr. Paddy Crook, the local butcher. Mr. Crook walked a few yards in advance of the sergeant, and while doing so happened to pull out his pocket-handkerchief, from the folds of which the lynx-eyed officer noticed a small slip of paper flutter to the ground. On reaching it he picked it up, hastened as if to overtake the loser, glancing at the paper meanwhile. Suddenly he flushed, thrust the paper into his pocket, halted, and turned homewards with the air of one who had made an unexpected discovery.

These movements would, to a stranger, have been altogether inexplicable, or would lead to a belief that the paper dropped by Mr. Crook contained something of an illegal nature, but by a local observer the idea that such a loyal and law-abiding person would possess such a document would be scouted at once. Mr. Crook, whom the aforesaid Hon. Snoozer Dubblex, J. P., had declared officially to be a model to the country! Crook, the enemy of all "agitathors" and grand salaamer to all the squireens within a day's walk of Kilbaelif! Absurd! The sergeant was

under some delusion! But to follow the movements of that worthy officer. On concealing the lost paper, he made off, in an apparently excited manner, to the barracks, went straight to his private room and secured the door after him. But despite his locks and bolts we enter, and take a peep over his shoulder at a crumpled piece of paper which he regards with evident horror. Here is all it contains:—

"DEAR PAT—We have decided about that little bitt of 'moonlight' bisness. The boys will meet ye at the Rath Crasroads at half-past ten tonite. Don't be wan bit aferde about what ye were sayin'. It will be sacrit enouff. Make sure and be thare, as the ould divel—"

Here the paper was torn away.

"I can't believe it, but it's true, I know." So the sergeant seemed to think, as he gazed and gazed again at the torn scrip in his hand. "Oh! the deceptiveness of human nature!" he sighed as he thought over his awful discovery—that the reputedly loyal Crook was at heart a deadly conspirator, without doubt deep engaged in a murderous plot. Who could be their intended victim? He had no clue to that, but he gave a chuckle of conscious power at his knowledge of the rendezvous. After a short time he sat down, covered a sheet of foolscap (after intense cogitation), and sealed it up in an envelope headed "On her Majesty's service." The constabulary under his command received orders which puzzled them considerably, and the sergeant was unusually reticent—and well might he be; feeling, as he did, that perhaps within twenty-four hours all Dublin Castle would ring with his name. He was as yet comparatively unknown to fame. Although he had in his time zealously attended evictions by the score—assisted at the dispersion of divers seditious meetings—stormed the deadly breach at Hurley's Mill—stoically stood beneath the bullets, bricks, and other missiles of his erring fellow-loyalists in Sandyrow—and executed numerous other exploits of various kinds, still, certain of his ambitions were not as yet gratified; but "with a heart with hope high beating" he looked forward to the masterpiece of all—the capture of the Kilbaelif Moonlighters.

CHAPTER II.—THE MOONLIGHTERS.

The rest of the evening wore on without anything occurring worthy of chronicle, except that the police barracks wore an altogether unusual air. The sergeant might have been observed applying himself at intervals to a small phial, which doubtless contained some potent elixir calculated to brace him up for what was to come. In due time the clock struck ten, and in a few moments the full strength of the Kilbaelif constabulary issued forth into the darkness.

The reader will guess that their destination is the Rath Cross-roads, mentioned in the lost letter. We will precede them, however.

About the same time that the police started on their errand the stillness of the cross-roads was broken upon by the arrival of two tall, rawboned-looking youths, who seated themselves upon an old wall and seemed to await the arrival of some one else. Each of them then lit, and commenced to smoke, their pipes, and discussed the situation.

"Do you think is it near the time, Mick?" said one.

"Divil a bit o' me knows, Jack," was the response; and after a pause was added—"Maybe the oul' canat won't come near us at all, or maybe he'd dhrive t'other way—though the 'greement was to sind the cart to-morrow night for the carcass."

"Bad luck to him, anyway, to be keeping us here in the cowld," returned the other. "Why couldn't he make his way acrass widout huz—the graisy oul' coward? He's mighty afeerd that it might be reported that he dales in Moonlight mutton."

"Divil's cure to him, if it did a'self," interposed Mick. "But he dhruv the hard bargain. I was afeerd to-night that the pig might die before he could be over. The jandhers, or whatever they call it, is getting worse an him every minnit."

"Whisht!" said Jack, "don't you hear some one comin'?"

Before the other could answer our friend the butcher turned the corner, and saluted them with "God save yiz, boys." The trio, then without more ado, took their way along a beaten path which led along the demesne wall of Lord Bungholez to the residence of one Sammy Slingfoot, bailiff and general dirty-worker to his lordship. They walked on in silence, through various gaps and stiles, until they reached the *boreen* leading to the house.

But they were in blissful ignorance of the half-dozen forms which dogged their footsteps,—although at a *very* respectful distance,—the forms of our friend the sergeant, and his followers. From some cause or other the police estimations of the strength and equipment of the other party conflicted in a strange manner. The sergeant believed them to be not less than seven fully-armed and masked Moonlighters, while some could only count four. It must have been the darkness and the cautious distance kept that led to this; but it now matters not. The police slowly but surely gained on the others, until the latter vanished into the *boreen*, when the former received an order to hasten double quick to the *boreen*. But "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee." This particular one did, at any rate. They had not gone a dozen yards when the sergeant stumbled, and fell headlong into a muddy ditch some seven or eight feet deep! There he lay, half embedded in the mud, and not without being sorely bruised and scratched in the descent.

The men scrambled down to assist him out, cursing the delay, while all were tortured with the thought that even then the work of blood might be in progress.

And so it was! In about five minutes after the unlucky fall, just as they were ready to proceed again, a despairing shriek—although partly muffled to their ears by their position—rang out on the night air! Their blood ran cold in their veins, despite the ample supply of a certain cheering draught laid in by all!

The sergeant spoke: "Min, yiz heard that! I expect ivery man to do his duty. Forward at full speed to victhory or—d—death!"

A most imprudent cheer greeted this oration as they clambered up the ditch side. But here occurred another accident. The rifle of an

incautious "sub" exploded, the bullet grazing the nasal organ of a fellow! But there was no help for it, and on they rushed.

* * * * * *

The house of Sammy Slingfoot did not, at that time, present much appearance of a moonlight raid. In the "big room" sat the trio already mentioned and the owner of the house. Crook wore a blue apron common to those of his profession, together with a leathern pouch in which a couple of knives were stuck. A decanter and glasses were before them, and they appeared to be at their ease, chatting pleasantly.

"Whisht!" ejaculated the bailiff, growing pale. "Did yiz hear any nise? I heard a shoutin' this minnit out to'rds the *boreen*."

The others heard some noise or other, but could not say what it was. They then remained silent awhile to listen.

Bang! A shot. They started to their feet nervously, as Slingfoot, in terror-stricken accents, gasped — "The Moonlighters!"

"The Lord betune us an' all harm, but if they break in we are dead min," stuttered Mr. Crook.

Now, the Moonlighters were Sammy's constant dread since he took up office, although at the same time the "Captain's" forces were as yet unseen within a radius of a day's walk. But, notwithstanding this, Sammy had his plan of campaign cut and dry in case of a visit. A dark recess under the thatch and over the best room — which was ceiled — was arranged so as to formed a secure hiding-place; for the bailiff never took resistance into calculation. Though the possessor of a revolver, he was also the possessor of an extra "narvous" constitution, which considerably reduced the value of the weapon as an instrument of destruction when in his hands. There was also a ponderous old blunderbus in the place, which had been unused for generations and which would probably burst at the first discharge. So Sammy was not long in doubt as to the course to be pursued, and hastily conveyed his opinion to the others.

While in the act of so doing the "Moonlighters" were heard demanding entrance by the back door. The besieged party retreated to the place described, leaving, however, the blunderbus on the table as a sop to Cerberus, in case the raid was for arms. They were soon ensconced in their retreat, and listened, with throbbing hearts, to the noises below. In a few minutes the calls to open ceased and violent blows on the door were heard.

Then came an interval of silence, and a corresponding one of hope to the listeners. But the cause was soon apparent; the outside party had abandoned their attack on the back door to find a more vulnerable spot. And not without success; for in two minutes afterwards an entrance was forced by the window into the room lately occupied, and over the lath and plaster of which stretched the forms of the intended victims. The entire sash, frame and all, of the decrepid window had given way before the butt ends of the peelers' rifles, and tumbled into the room followed by the intrepid sergeant and his men.

The light of a tallow candle stuck in a beer bottle showed the room to be empty as the sergeant gazed around, but it also showed what were to him clear evidences of murder somewhere. On the table lay a large

blunderbus and several whiskey-glasses, some of which were still filled, and all stained as by bloody fingers! Cautiously they moved on to the next room, with bayonets fixed, after the room first visited was well searched. The door, already ajar, was opened with the point of the sergeant's bayonet.

But what a sight met the straining eyes that peered in! The most galling emotion was pictured in each countenance! Each man gazed speechlessly at his fellows. The blood forsook their hearts' chambers to return to their pallid faces again as they drank in the scene of blood! Could we but draw the pall of oblivion over it — but, no! it must be told were it to congeal the ink flowing from our pen! Upon the floor, extended in a pool of blood, with a gaping gash in his neck lay — the body of a stuck pig!

The R. I. C. turned sadly homewards, with but one hope — that the scene was *unscene;* but the eye of Slingfoot just beheld the departure through a crevice, with the ultimate result that the raiders were transferred to remote stations, and Kilbaelif Barracks hold now none to tell the tale of the Kilbaelif Moonlighters.

Irish Discoverers of America.

THEIR VOYAGES A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

THE question of the discovery of America will always remain an interesting subject of discussion or controversy. The Spaniards under Columbus, in 1492, and the succeeding years, discovered a few islands in the West Indies, and returned without being aware that they had discovered a new continent. Five centuries before that time the Scandinavians and other adventurers of Western Europe had made their way to that continent and sojourned upon it, as the world has learned from the celebrated works of Rafn, the Danish historian. And yet another five hundred years before the Norwegian discovery, the Chinese, according to the record of one of their own historians, landed on the western coast of the New World, in the fifth century of our era. They called the country Foosang, from a certain shrub (says the *Chronicler*) which grew abundantly in the region they touched at — the present coast of Alaska or California. But their derivation of the name is, no doubt, a false one, since Foosang, in the Chinese language, means "eastern region" — a meaning which seems to have naturally suggested the name.

Passing by that Chinese claim — which, however, seems to have a good deal of truth in it, as any one would suppose who considers how the two continents approach one another in the vicinity of Behring's Strait — we come to that of the Scandinavians in the tenth century, under Eric Raudi (in Irish "Eric the Prince," but erroneously rendered Eric the Red), who, sailing from Iceland, reached the shores of Mark-

land, Helluland, and Vinland,—three names which are Irish, though none of the Norse historians have recognized the fact: the first meaning "the coast of the western land," the next meaning "end land," and the other meaning "terminus land,"—all three having nearly the same geographical signification.

The Norse Sagas, published by Rafn, assert the discovery of the northern part of this continent by Scandinavians; but they also recognize the share which Irishmen had in the discovery or occupation of the region. Indeed, they give the honor of having been the first explorers to Irishmen; for they state that when some of the Norsemen went down to a region called Huitra-mannaland, or Island-it-mitka (the region of the Carolinas, Georgia, and part of Florida), they found there, says Rafn, a white people, different from the Eskimos of the north, having long robes or cloaks, and frequently bearing crosses in a sort of religious procession —showing that they were Christians; and it is also stated that their speech was Irish. The Norsemen were so familiar with that region that they made a chart of it, on which, along with Huitra-mannaland, they marked the country of Albania—a term which signifies "the extreme end," as it also does around the western verge of Scotland.

These facts or records have not made much impression; chiefly because the Irish annalists have not alluded to any habit of the Irish of going over the ocean towards the west, or of making any discovery in that direction. But these annalists were, for the most part, secluded priests; and it is not difficult to suppose that the remote wanderings of practical sailors in the northern or western seas may well have escaped their attention. At the same time, it must be remembered that the scanty parchments of these recorders were, in a great measure, destroyed, first by the zealous Christian teachers, who had little sympathy with the doings of the corsairs, and then by the Norman rulers of Ireland. For the rest, all the probabilities support the credit of the Norse traditions, or Sagas. Cæsar says the Celts of Armorica had chain cables for their ships, showing that they must have been stout and seaworthy vessels. Subsequently, Tacitus, speaking of the isles of the north-west, says that the ports of Ireland were better known to the world than those of Britain. It is only fair to conclude that Ireland, just then, had better ships, as it had better ports, than any other country of the west; and O'Halloran, the historian, states (on the authority of the Psalter of Cashel) that Moghcorb, king of Munster, in 290, A. D., invaded Denmark with a large fleet; also that in 367, A. D., the king of Ireland and Albany, and leader of the Francs and Saxons, went with a great number of ships to strengthen the Picts and Scots, and help them to climb over the great Roman Wall. Again, Niall, of the Nine Hostages, headed a naval armament which ravaged the coasts of England.

All these things show that the Irish must have been a people possessing fleet proas, fighting ships, and sailing vessels—a people of maritime strength and adventure. This is positively stated by the Venerable Bede, who says that when the Norwegians first came to Iceland they found there a class of men called Papas, with Irish bells, books, and crosses. The Irish missionaries had reached that out-of-the-way island, and the sailors that had come so far in ships that had braved the Bay

of Biscay, would not be deterred from going still further west toward Markland and Helluland. Dicuil, an Irish monk who wrote in 825, A. D., records that the Irish, to his knowledge, were in the habit of going to Thule, or Iceland (the latter also meaning "west-land," or "end-land"), in 795, A. D.,— a date about two hundred years before Eric Randi sailed to discover Markland and Vinland — the present country of Nova Scotia and New England.

So much to show that the Irish were great wanderers in their ships to the north-west, and that, if there is now little doubt that the Norse vessels made their way to America, there need be as little doubt that the Irish, in better ships, had either accompanied or preceded them.

That discovery of America — the "coming event" of ages — had long "cast its shadow before," and the existence of some mighty land below the horizon of the west was *felt* long before it was seen or recorded. The fable of the lost Atlantis was the growth of some tradition, which, coming down to Europe from the northern waters, spoke in whispers and vaguely of a land lying to the west. The word "Atlantis" means, in Celtic, "shore of the western land," as every Irish etymologist must perceive. The Greeks had their story of a submerged island, recorded by Plato; and this has shaped the belief of succeeding ages,

That where the Atlantic rolls wide, continents have bloomed.

The great reality was the parent of the fiction, or rather the fictions, for there were more than one. The people of Ireland had their Atlantis, and they called it at one time the island of St. Brandon, and at another Hy Brazil,— places corresponding to the Avolon of the British, the Regnarauker of the Norsemen, the Acharon of the Greeks and Romans, and the Sheol of the Hebrews. Of these six or seven names we may observe that they have all the same meaning, and all are Irish words, even Acharon. Brandon and Brazil mean "end or edge of the world," as every one who understands Irish will perceive. "Hy" means country or island, and is the German "heim."

Sheol and Acharon have been made by the Rabbins and the Greeks and Romans the places of departed spirits. It was something the same in the case of Brandon. The monks of the Middle Ages had several legends of adventure in that direction, founded, no doubt, on the actual attempts of mariners to make their dangerous way westward. It was believed to have its departed souls, and to be the Limbo of things vanished from the world of living men. Years ago Mr. Wright edited and published, for the Percy Society, an old English version of St. Brandon's voyage, made with one or two of his monks to the outer isles of the western ocean. They land on some of these, and have several curious adventures, which have received a sort of religious coloring. Some of the incidents are very poetic, as where the voyagers approach a well on an island and see a number of birds, which, with the fluttering of their wings, produce the most angelic sort of melody — the narrative very often reminding the reader of Dante, and especially of that part of his poem where the flames are represented as making a singing sound. Dante, in fact, has gathered the greater part of his inspiration from the old Celtic ideas respecting the isle of St. Brandon and the purgatory

of St. Patrick, as represented in the religious legends of the Middle Ages.

The adventures of St. Brandon lead him through several scenes which serve to warn the living of the vanity of their pursuits, and the retribution of remorse that must follow these; and they are much more religious than geographical. It may be observed in passing that the Gardens of Armida, in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," are placed by him somewhere out in the Atlantic, in an isle of St. Brandon. Hy Brazil was of a similar character, with a certain difference which seemed to show it had its place somewhere nearer the Norsemen's latitude.

The minds of the Irish were thus, for ages, full of some great unexplored land towards the sunset — the place of disembodied spirits, and the turning-point of the world. Their knowledge of the sea, and the shape of the earth, together with a liberal command of piratical ships, would naturally urge the Irish into the courses of sea-adventure, such as would lead them, as well as the Norsemen, to explore the western world; and the arguments which led Humboldt to believe in the Norse discovery of America are equally good to prove an Irish discovery.

Famous Irish Regiment and its Commander.

THE NEW YORK SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT ON THE POTOMAC — FORT CORCORAN FROM GEORGETOWN COLLEGE — BULL RUN — NOTES ON COL. CORCORAN'S RECEPTION IN BOSTON.

PART II.

A BOSTON correspondent writes to "Student," asking how long it was between the reception of Col. Michael Corcoran of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment New York S. N. G. in Boston, and his release from arrest, and the date of the entertainment to him and his staff in this city. Another wishes to read over again the incidents of the occasion. His father and relatives discussed the matter at home, and while a school-boy, he had heard read these counter-demonstrations of devotion to the patriotic and self-sacrificing spirit of the gallant Corcoran and his command by his fellow-countrymen in Boston shortly after the grand series of pageants with which the descendant of the "Fourth of the fools they called George," as Lord Byron put it, was almost deified in this city. He, this correspondent, felt, he says, although a mere infant, that his father and friends were right, and the impressions made upon him at the time have never been erased, and have helped to make of him as good a Land Leaguer as if, instead of being born on American soil, his infant eyes opened and his boyhood developed its sturdy Irish strength upon —

> "Coasts where Morn salutes Kilmantan's side,
> To Mizzen and Kinsala's ancient head,
> 'Mid Erin's tombs of her lords and chiefs of pride."

He also puts the pertinent query whether the Irish-American regiment and its commander in Boston, which was formed by Gov. Andrew and Gen. Schouler, his adjutant, to do honor to the spirit and patriotism of the Irish race, as manifested by the bravery and devotion of the Irishmen who formed the Ninth and Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers during the war, are animated by spirit akin to that which Corcoran manifested twenty-seven years ago in refusing to parade before the representative of the British crown, which stands to-day, as it did then, the emblem of tyranny, oppression and coercion of the Irish people, and would be so to the utter subjugation of their nationhood.

The MAGAZINE is glad to be able to furnish satisfactory replies to most of these questions, although in the search for the data it has gone to no little trouble.

The demonstration to Col. Corcoran and staff occurred at the Tremont Temple on the evening of November 21, 1860, the audience being an immense one and very enthusiastic. The Prince of Wales' reception in Boston took place about one month previously. The Court Martial formed in New York to try him was dissolved April 20th, 1861, so that Col. Corcoran was altogether about six months under military "arrest" for refusing to trail "the flag of green before the Scion of British royalty." He was not one of Erin's faithless sons to betray her. He preferred to surrender his sword and divest himself of epaulettes and spurs, of gorget sash and baldric, and all the insignia and high social influence pertaining to the authority which he held as commander of the famous Metropolitan Regiment, rather than for one moment outrage the patriotic sentiment that dwelt in the core of his people, and fired his own indomitable Irish heart. He was a patriot, not a pander, and the man to be relied upon to lead men through danger and death, if need be, as was proven for the maintenance of the integrity, safety and honor of the nation or state in which he was a loyal and true-hearted citizen.

There are some local reminiscences of the preliminary meetings which were held in this city, in connection with the Corcoran reception in conjunction with Colonel Michael Doheny's lecture, which may answer the request of our correspondent, and be of interest to many others whose recollection extends back to that period twenty-seven years ago. A meeting was held in Chapman Hall, Friday, November 16, 1860. Counsellor Bernard S. Trainor presided, and James Donnelly, whose sweet, home-like verses, filled with touching Irish pathos, often graced the columns of the *Pilot*, was Secretary. Sustaining addresses were made by Patrick R. Guiney, afterwards colonel of the Ninth Regiment in the war; by the lamented Nicholas J. Bean; by John Glancy, whose voice and purse were then plethoric in their live patriotism, and always to be found at the front on such occasions; by Patrick Rooney and Cornelius Murphy, who was one of the strongest and best Irishmen that found a home in the Hub.

Counsellor Trainor maintained that Col. Corcoran had, in the legal sense, taken a proper stand in refusing to parade on the occasion, it being one of social ceremony. He said the Sixty-Ninth Regiment, as he understood it, had made its twelve parades for the year, according to

law, and no one could compel it to parade again, unless by the direct order of the commander-in-chief, which was the Governor of the State. He related, incidentally, that Col. Benjamin F. Butler had, under some similar circumstance, refused to transmit an order from his Massachusetts Military superiors, "but was cashiered," said Counsellor Trainor. On motion of William Boyle, who was a very active and patriotic Fenian at this time, a committee on resolutions brought in a series, sustaining and commending the action of Col. Corcoran "in refusing to do honor to the representative of that government which has for centuries unjustly oppressed the people of Ireland, and should meet the approbation of every Irishman. One of these resolves provided "That if Col. Corcoran should find it convenient to visit Boston, we tender to him an appropriate recognition of his patriotic and manly refusal to obey an unjust order, or to bow the knee in the Temple of Liberty to a representative of monarchy." And it was further provided, that a committee of nine be appointed with full powers to carry out the intention of this proposed reception, who were named as follows: Messrs. James Donnelly, Michael H. Nicholson, Capt. Thomas Cass, Patrick R. Guiney, Cornelius Murphy, John M. Tobin, Chistopher Plunkett, William Flynn and John W. McDonald.* After the committee's report was made, the worthy veteran, Mr. Dennis W. O'Brien, made a rousing, eloquent address in their support, and in animating his fellow-countrymen to stand by the cause of their native Ireland, until England would be compelled to release the deathly grip with which she kept our unfortunate country pressed to the earth.

In speaking of the Tremont Temple ovation to the '48 patriot and to the gallant regimental commander and his staff, the chronicles of the time say the hall of the building "was densely crowded and the enthusiasm unbounded." All of the Irish organizations took an active interest in its success. Messrs. Edward Riley and Owen Lappen, with the American Order of Hibernians and the Hibernian Benevolent Society, in full regalia, marched together to the meeting, headed by the Boston Cornet Band. When Corcoran and his escort appeared, the audience arose *en masse*, and it was several minutes before huzzas, cheering, and waving of handkerchiefs lulled enough to admit of the programme being carried out. Mr. Michael O'Shea read an address of welcome to the distinguished visitors, and in it Corcoran was assured that he then stood before mankind as the typical representative of Irish feeling and purpose. Col. Corcoran (at least at that time), was very

*Of some of the actors in this matter, James Donnelly and William Flynn, have long years since deceased, the latter dying in the cause of his country, as an officer during the war. Cass, as Colonel of the Ninth Regiment, received a mortal wound in one of the desperate charges resisting the Confederate troops in 1862 at Malvern Hill, Va.; Guiney died from wounds and disease incurred in the service as commander in the same regiment; Murphy died perpetuating the good work begun by Father Haskins, in looking after the physical and spiritual welfare of poor Irish boys. Mr. Nicholson had, shortly after this, an affair of the heart which sent him to housekeeping on the golden shores of California. He was superintending the stucco and plastering work of the Montpelier, Vt., State House, when he met his fate, in the form of a noble Irish-American girl, and, at about the time the writer was starting for the "front" at Washington in 1861, Mr. N. married this lady and removed to California, where some years ago, I was told he was surrounded by a numerous family, and I trust he has had all the happiness which is ordinarily allotted to us mortals, for a nobler-hearted or more patriotic Irishman, it would be difficult to meet with.

modest in regard to speech-making, and he said, when the reverberations of the renewed cheers had ceased, "That were it not for the patriotism of the noble regiment he commanded, their enemies could have turned his action to the disadvantage of the purpose in view." . . . "Now," he continued, "like a wounded soldier I am resolved to lean on my *staff*," and for this purpose he had brought some of the gentlemen of the Sixty-Ninth staff who would speak to the great assemblage. He introduced Quartermaster Joseph Tully, who made a florid, graceful, eloquent and scholarly speech.*

The subject chosen for the lecture of the evening was; "The Rebellion of Ireland and the Men of '98." Col. Doheny was introduced by John M. Tobin, as the senior officer of the five Fenian organizations, that were then in good form in Boston. The lecturer made some predictions which in the light of subsequent events seem, as regards the civil war in America then about to burst upon this fated nation, almost prophetic. In treating of the course pursued by Col. Corcoran and the Sixty-Ninth, and the tens of thousands of the Irish race who flung themselves into the contest for the preservation of the Union, these utterances at the time we are speaking of, viz, the middle of November, 1860, and only a few days after the presidential election, when Abraham Lincoln was declared to have received the necessary number of votes to elect him President of the United States, should be well worth quoting, showing as they do how the pulse, mind, and heart of our people throbbed for the welfare of the great Republic. Colonel Doheny, after alluding to '98 as "a lesson of warning," said:

"But it is a lesson of hope also; it speaks to us from the depths of the tomb and bids us prepare for the morning of the resurrection of our beloved land." Then in touching on national liberty, he said in regard to the troubles then brooding over this nation, he speaking with great fervor in his prediction: "That no North or South shall ever be allowed to pull down the stately fabric of the American Confederacy. I myself have an interest in the future of the country. It was the Declaration of Independence that awoke in my heart that idea of liberty which I hope I shall see accomplished for Ireland before long. The American Constitution is immortal: the Declaration of Independence is *spiritual* and *eternal*. It is something that did and can strike tyranny down. I say to Americans, if this is yours trample on it as you like; but I say it is the gift of God and the heritage of all." The great audience was intensely moved by these utterances of the gifted '48 exile, who for the liberty of his own land had made great sacrifices — ruined his law practice, broke up his home, and in the land of his birth was hunted for weeks by the minions of English law as if a felon or wild beast, because he would give her and was ready to fight for it, too, that liberty and good government he found here, and to their support in the then impending crisis he ardently desired to cement the devotion of his countrymen to them.

On the night of the 21st of November, after this demonstration in the Temple, a grand feast was given to the New York guests at the Parker House, at which about seventy persons were present. In the June number of the MAGAZINE was given a brief account of other hospitalities to Col. Corcoran and Col. Doheny and the other New York visitors on the occasion of their visit to the capital of New England.

* The colonel and quartermaster in personal appearance at this time were in contrast. The former was tall, slim and pale with a light complexion. A winsome smile once in awhile softened his soldier-like steadiness of expression. His regimental quartermaster, Tully, was stout, brown and rosy; in fact, altogether what one would feel like calling rather debonair.

[Resume of Famous Irish Regiment and Commander.]

In the last chapter on the Sixty-Ninth and its commander, the regiment was, on the afternoon of April 23, 1861, marching through New York City on the way to the steamers which were to bear them to the defence of the Capital and the institutions of the government. It was a most exciting event. In the evening the vessels proceeded down the New York Bay on their mission, and nothing marred the voyage to Annapolis, Md., where the Sixty-Ninth disembarked and immediately was on duty guarding the railroad from Annapolis to Washington. Later the command found itself, by order, encamped within the walls of Georgetown Catholic college, to the disgust of many of the Fathers, who were Southern men and did not much relish this prospective "invasion" of Southern soil.

In about three weeks from the time of leaving home, that is, on the 14th of May, the command crossed the Potomac into Virginia, and then mustered twelve hundred men. Parading Pennsylvania Avenue, their fine appearance challenged admiration, and when the secessionists saw them moving across the river, they began to realize that there were to be "some hard knocks and bloody crowns," ere the object of the Southern Confederacy could be accomplished. Work was immediately begun on a fortification to guard the approaches to the aqueduct bridge and river from the Virginia side. At this day, from the high turret of the new addition to Georgetown College, its dismantled parapets and weather-beaten slopes can be plainly seen, and appear almost near enough to strike them with a pistol shot. But not so. When it was completed the authorities named it Fort Corcoran, a deserved compliment to commander and command. I saw it in the days of its glory, manned by gallant Irishmen, bristling with the "dogs of war" in embrasure and enbarbette, a powerful stockade in the rear pierced for riflemen, in which heavy gates gave ingress and egress to troops, munitions, and quartermasters' supplies, and in a tent under its stalwart shadow toasted success to "Irish Arms in America," with glorious Thomas Francis Meagher, and other heroes long since departed from these terrestrial scenes. It stands there now a type of departed glory, broken and divested of all that once made it formidable and feared. In the gray of the cold dawn, the wind oscillates the few shrubs that have grown upon and about its parapets, which seem at a distance like snail-pacing, ghostly sentries. In the spring and summer the kine and dilapidated horses from the neighboring signal station at Arlington Heights browse without let or hindrance on glacis or trench, where the sweetest tufts may tempt, while the reflection comes that through war's bloody strife and death-dealing disease most of the noble-hearted band of fellows who joked and laughed and sung while throwing up this formidable barrier for the protection of the Capital, passed away, and the places that knew them shall know them no more. When the fort was completed it was dedicated with all the honors, and John Savage, the poet, rendered an original song, called the "Starry Banner," to the tune of Dixie's Land, the assembled company all joining in the refrain on the occasion, which, it appears, proved to be a great jollification.

Col. Corcoran was a silent man in strange company. He was dining with Secretary of State Seward in Washington, shortly after the fort ledication, and was asked by that astute statesman what he thought of the "sacred soil," a name given to Virginia. Ignoring this, which he knew very well, the colonel slyly answered: "Mr. Secretary, I think it is very good to build a fort with," and the mot was accepted pleasantly, as having performed a nice bit of flanking, which, evolving from a military mind, was relished by Lincoln's "right-hand man."

The Sixty-Ninth was now serving in the brigade of Gen. Sherman, the hero since of the great march to the sea, and the troops in and around Washington were hard at work preparing for the campaign which subsequently terminated in the disasters of the first Bull Run battle. Sherman says of it, "That it was one of the best planned battles of the war, but one of the worst fought." The conduct of the Sixty-Ninth on that occasion was splendid. Its term of three months was up, but it scorned to turn its back on the foe. When the rout came, the command was overwhelmed with the runaways, and never heard the order of its colonel to follow him to the right, where he formed with those who saw his motion and understood his command in the terrible din which prevailed at a critical moment. The cavalry of the Confederacy surrounded his little band, and it was useless longer to resist. He had got the bulk of the regiment off the field. The Colonel and Capt. McIvor and seven men were taken prisoners. One Southern journal is quoted as having said: "No Southerner but feels that the Sixty-Ninth maintained the old reputation of Irish valor on the wrong side. . . . All honor to the Sixty-Ninth even in its errors." We suspect that that editor had Irish blood in his veins. Shortly afterwards the regiment went to New York, and its commander remained a prisoner for thirteen months at the South. When the Irish brigade was formed under Gen. Meagher a new Sixty-Ninth sprang up, and added new lustre to the deeds of its parent organization. When, finally, Col. Corcoran was released and came North, the ovations to him were something wonderful, and the reception in New York at that time surpassed any similar display of modern times. Swords, medals, and other beautiful presents were showered upon him. He commenced the formation of the "Corcoran Legion," and soon saw himself again at the head of a magnificent body of troops. While at Fairfax, guarding the front of Washington, he met his fate in 1863. He and his staff had ridden to the depot to see Gen. Meagher off, and on returning to the camp his horse, a very spirited animal, took head and threw the general. He was taken up in an insensible condition, and expired that night. He was universally lamented, not only by his own countrymen, but by all classes of citizens who were devoted to the union. He was patriotic and unselfish, a well-poised man and a most efficient soldier; qualities which he would have gladly placed at the disposal of Ireland had he, in the providence of God, been called upon to render them for her liberty.

STUDENT.

THE priest is the greatest force in the world.—*Louis Veuillot.*

Musings from Foreign Poets.

SUNSET IN VENICE.

From the German of Geibel.

Ave Maria! peace o'er land and sea,
The bells ring out from many a sacred shrine;
Ave Maria! from earth's labors free,
To Mary pray and to her Son divine!
The very angels kneel adoringly
With wands which lily-wreaths entwine;
So may'st thou hear thro' rose-flushed clouds of even
Songs of the blest now floating down from heaven.

O gracious hour! thy spell of wondrous might
With ecstasy of love each bosom swells!
O faith celestial! soaring in thy flight
On wings of prayer to where God's glory dwells!
Now sorrow melts in tears of fond delight,
And in the heart joy rings its chime of bells —
Ave Maria! earth to heaven is plighted,
In one long, lingering kiss of peace united.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

The Boston Temperance Movement.

"The work goes bravely on."

THE WOMEN.

THE first lecture in the "Temperance Mission for Women," at St. Joseph's Church at the West End, was delivered on the evening of the 15th of May by Rev. T. A. Metcalf of South Boston. His subject was: "Religious Helps in Temperance Reform." The lecture was very eloquent and graphic. "Temperance," said the speaker, "is one of the most important purposes of a Christian life. Wine floweth down pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a snake. The faculties in a human person are the same as those in animals, the difference being that we have an intellect; the senses of taste, smell, touch, sight and hearing are intended to be enjoyed. It surely is not a sin to drink, but the great sin is in the abuse of the senses. Temperance means moderation — not to take too much; total abstinence means to take nothing at all; temperance does not mean moderation in drink alone; this is something which you must bear in mind: to use words which are an abuse to the power of speech is drunkenness in words; with the eyes you may be intemperate by seeing and reading obscene things, the ear by listening to these things, and the use of our hands and members. Be moderate in everything. If there are those who can take a little, but never too much so as to lose virtue, it is no sin. Every one of you

must have seen at some time or other what intemperances produce. Drinking to excess is not the only sin. Find me the man who is a drunkard and I will show you a thief; the woman who drinks, and I will show you the nightwalker; and when they are once down so low every sin is possible for them to commit, for from this abuse comes every sin. Those who drink liquor excessively are hopeless cases; they are sure to be damned, as nothing but a miracle can save the drunkard from hell. If you have begun, it is now the time to stop, because nobody ever yet abused it who did not begin to use it. The little ones that grow up around you learn from you what the taste of it is, and in growing up, instead of increasing in grace, increase into stupidity, etc. I have seen a mother, with a babe in her arms with a face scarcely dry of the baptism — an angel before God leaning on the breast of a drunken mother — and the mother, looking down on the face of the babe, say, "Curses on your soul," and that woman died in disgrace, without the Sacraments of the Church. There was a day when she walked with pride, when her garments were cleanly, but how differently the day she cursed her babe. Those who do not now drink take this little lesson and bear it in mind: the saint may become a devil; we may commence at little things and end in great ones. Every day mothers complain about their husbands, sons and daughters, fathers of their wives and the neglect of their homes and children. It is only a repetition over and over again. Begin to-night and pray on your bended knees to God for all of them. Think of the little ones; begin with them and teach them as soon as they lisp to fear and dread the sight of liquor as they would small-pox and cholera in their homes. Take heed now: look out for yourselves now, for by and by it will be too late. A drunken woman is the lowest thing possible." The speaker closed his remarks with a strong appeal for the women to pray constantly for the promotion of temperance everywhere, and especially warned them against the danger of their little ones, and beseeched them to never allow them to taste intoxicating beverages.

The second lecture in the "Temperance Mission for Women" was preached by Rev. James Talbot, D.D., of the Cathedral. The subject of the discourse was "The Moral Evils of Intemperance." The Rev. Doctor said: "It is evident to every student of history that there have never been any sufferings which can equal those endured by the primitive Christians. We can truly picture them to ourselves huddled together in the caves and catacombs of Rome, and threatened at every moment with being delivered up to the Roman tyrants. But however deplorable the state of the first followers of Christ from pagan persecution, it is not for a moment to be compared with the havoc which is made every day by the vice of intemperance." Dr. Talbot then proceeded to show in what way the very foundations of humanity were overturned by the operation of this most baneful vice. "The structure of Christian character," he said, "is supported by the four pillars represented by the virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance. But without temperance there can be no fortitude, no justice; still less prudence."

The third lecture was given by Rev. Joshua P. Bodfish, rector of

the Cathedral, his subject being, "Temporal Evils of Intemperance." The speaker said: "A drunkard is responsible for fearful crimes. What is the dignity of a Christian woman? Almighty God said it would not be well for man to live alone, therefore He created Eve that she might be a companion and helpmate to man. What a beautiful sight is a happy home! If there is anything that tends to break up that home it is intemperance. As we mingle with people, we may enter some of those homes, and can tell at once the reason of the unhappiness, if such exists. What does intemperance do to that home? It robs it of its peace until that home, which was once a place of harmony and peace, becomes a hell on earth. A man came to me not long ago. He did not drink himself. 'I don't know what I shall do,' said he; 'I find my wife drunk every night. The fire is out, I have no supper, and after a hard day's work, I have to go out and find the children, light the fire, and get the supper, for my wife is lying drunk.' This man strove to keep his children together by showing a patience and perseverance that was really noble. This suffering he had to go through for a drunken wife. It is horrible for men to drink, but when woman drinks it seems more than horrible. She can mould her children into any character she pleases; they must learn their lessons of her, and when she falls the family is lost; therefore you have a very great interest in this matter. I think the women have done as much to help the cause of temperance as any class in the community, for when they put their force against anything there must be something done. When a friend comes into your houses it is customary to produce the whiskey bottle or to send out for beer. I think then you have done the very worst thing that you could do; it is no great compliment to a person to offer him a drink; rather it is an insult, and I am glad to say that this custom is fast going out. The children are often sent out to get the drink, but if they are taught to loathe it from their childhood, they will grow up without any tendency for this terrible evil. If there is anything that will endanger a woman's happiness it is to get a drunken husband. It is sad to state that the children that are born in our growing cities are often led away. It is high time that we awake to this fact and put forth our strength and abate the evil. I beg of you that you will, by your influence and prayer, help your pastor in this glorious cause."

The fourth lecture was delivered by Rev. M. T. Boylan of Medway, his subject being "Its Causes and Occasions." He said: "You have heard of this great evil of intemperance the last few evenings, and of the great ruin it brings to homes and families, and, on the other hand, the happiness and peace which temperance produces; you are not only interested in your own welfare, but in the welfare of your fellow-being. One of the chief causes of intemperance is the strong desire men have to alleviate their temporary bodily wants. The ancient poets spoke of wine with all glory; Burns has contributed much by his writings, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that many have contracted habits from the influence of these and other writings that at times have proved fatal in their results. Scarcely any important event can be celebrated without

what is called the friendly glass; the marriage and birth, and even the sacred ceremony of burial, are celebrated in this way, and these occasions become at times disgusting scenes of intemperance; the marriage is not considered complete unless all drink, and thus occasions like these, happening often, end in making victims of intemperance. An individual meets a friend and can't pass without asking him to drink; the invitation is accepted, talks of old times take place, glass succeeds glass, and often they are far on the road to drunkenness. The use of drink at public banquets is also a great means of spreading this evil. Young people drink for the first time very often in honor of some person or event at these public banquets. Another cause consists in the facilities that we find everywhere for drinking liquor. Saloons for the sale of liquor are very numerous; everywhere you go you find these places, and many engaged in this dangerous traffic employ every means of leading the people astray; liquor palaces are erected at enormous expense, and into these engines of destruction people enter daily — victims of a vice that will lead them to misery and disgrace, and finally to the drunkard's grave. It is a shame to see young men with no higher ambition than to deal out this poison in saloons; and is there not room for all outside of this dangerous business? There is most assuredly; they may have to work harder and have less money; but the money earned by honest labor will last longer. I do not mean to say that every man in this business is engaged dishonestly; it may be run in such a way as to commit no sin; this business may be conducted in a legitimate and proper manner, but it cannot be denied that those engaged in this business make a rendezvous for loafers, thieves and disreputable characters. I ask women to use their influence over their husbands and sons to keep out of these places, and to also urge them to enter different kinds of business."

Rev. E. Moriarty, chaplain of the state prison, preached the final lecture of the Catholic Temperance Mission for Women. His subject was "The Remedies for Intemperance." He laid down a remedy consisting of four parts, viz, resolution, or, as he termed it, "rebellion of the will against the appetite," the reception of the Sacraments, watchfulness, and prayer. In the course of his remarks he said: "If it were possible for me to present to your minds by any words of mine any idea of the horrors flowing from drink, as I have perceived them in the state prison since I have been connected with that institution, you would sicken at the picture. As an example, a young man declared to me that the cause of his misfortune and misery was his inordinate passion for strong drink which he had acquired at his mother's breast, who, when he was an infant in her arms, drank to excess. I, a priest, advocate rebellion — rebellion against intemperance. It is the first remedy. Let the will command the body, not obey the appetite."

FRAUD, that in every conscience leaves a sting.—*Dante.*

Michael Davitt.

From the March Number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Michael Davitt did well in every part of this country until he got to New York. His dabbling in the McGlynn affair was a great mistake. It reminded us of the man going from Jerusalem to Jericho.

An Apology.

IN my last lecture in the United States, on the occasion of my recent tour, I made some strictures, couched in very strong language, upon Cardinal Simeoni in connection with what I then fully believed to be his Eminence's hostility to the Land League cause in 1882, and to the part which I believed he had taken in the case of my friend, the Rev. Dr. McGlynn. I now learn, both from his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin and from yourself, that my observations were as unjust as they must consequently have been disrespectful, and I am heartily sorry for having uttered them. I learn, both from his Grace and other sources, that my strictures were, in truth, unfounded and that Cardinal Simeoni is and has been a warm sympathizer with the Irish cause. This knowledge lends additional culpability to the heated words which I spoke in New York; and I will thank you if on your return to Rome you will express to Cardinal Simeoni my profound regret for having used such language.

Wishing you a glorious success in your mission to the United States, I remain, yours very truly,

MICHAEL DAVITT.

Stray Cats.

THERE is no more wretched object on the face of the earth than a stray cat. It is always thin, long-legged, and hollow-eyed, and its ears are cut in scallops, and its fur looks as if it had been fired through a molasses hogshead, and its appetite, and its propensity for climbing into second-story windows, and on shed roofs is something wonderful.

Everybody knows what a powerful voice it has, and it keeps well tuned up in the latest feline opera squalls by constant cultivation.

It is impervious to onslaughts from old tin cans, salt boxes, and boot-jacks. You can't hurt its feelings with profanity of the most scientific kind. Moral suasion doesn't have any influence. Its instincts tell it that cold meat with strychnine sauce is not good for digestion. You can't kill it with a shot-gun, because you wouldn't be likely to hit more than one of its nine lives at the first shot, and by the time you got ready for the second shot your game would be over on Johnson's woodshed, sampling the fur on some rival stray cat.

All stray cats do not travel around on four legs. There are any number of men and women in the world, who are, in the fullest sense of the term, stray cats.

Whenever a man attemps to be what nature did not intend him to be, he is a stray cat.

Every human being has a talent for something. That talent should be encouraged and fostered. What is the use of trying to make a boy who has a genius for building saw-mills and miniature steam-engines, into a lawyer? The study of Coke and Blackstone will be as distasteful to him as the study of an old almanac, and the pleas he makes will be dryer than the ordinary run of legal pleas, if such a thing be possible. In the so-called courts of justice he will always be a stray cat.

What use is it to tie down a bright, romping young girl, who couldn't tell the tune of Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred, to the piano for three or four hours a day, trying to make a musician out of her? She has no taste for it. Nature gave her no ear for music, and she hates it! It is time lost, it is opportunity wasted, it is talent perverted; for she has a taste for something, without doubt, and let her follow that taste. It is better to be able to trim a bonnet well, or cook a dinner fit to be eaten, than to play a sonata in only a passable manner. Don't make a stray cat out of your girl.

The people who put on airs, and ape their superiors, are stray cats. Their ear-marks will crop out.

We all respect the hard-handed, industrious farmer, who follows the plough and sows the seed, with pride in his work, and no sense of false modesty because his over-alls are torn, and his boots smell of the barn; but you put that same old farmer into a Prince Albert coat, and tight-fitting pants, and black kid gloves, and give him a little cane to suck, and set him to make morning calls, and where has his independence gone? He is a stray cat.

The man who has sold his freedom of thought, the courage of his convictions, for office, is a stray cat. He has lost his manhood. He has sold his birthright for so much a month and perquisites. And all creation knows it, and sets a just value on him.

And so we say to everybody who has life lying in front of him, and not behind, as many of us have, be true to yourself. Do those things that you can do best. Cultivate the talents God has given you, and be thankful for them. Don't want to be somebody else. Be yourself. Find your proper sphere and adapt yourself to it, and, above all, avoid being a stray cat.

The Architect and the Devil.

ALL over the north of Europe the greatest aversion is felt to be the first to enter a new building or go over a newly-built bridge. If to do this is not thought everywhere and in all cases to entail death, it is considered supremely unlucky. Several German legends are connected with this superstition. The reader, if he has been to Aix-la-Chapelle, has doubtless had the rift in the great door pointed out to him, and has been told how it came there. The devil and the architect made a compact that the first should supply the plans and the second gain the *kudos;* and the devil's pay was to be the first who crossed the threshold when

the church was built. When the building was nearly complete the architect's conscience smote him, and he confessed the compact to the bishop. "We'll do him," said the prelate; that is to say, he said something to this effect in terms more appropriate to the century in which he lived, and to his high ecclesiastical office. When the procession formed to enter the minster for the consecration the devil lurked in ambush behind a pillar, and fixed his wicked eye on a fine fat and succulent little chorister as his destined prey. But alas for his hopes! this fat little boy had been given his instructions, and, as he neared the great door, loosed the chain of a wolf and sent it through. The Evil One uttered a howl of rage, snatched up the wolf, and rushed away, giving the door a kick as he passed it that split the solid oak.

Condition of Catholics in the U. S.

We cannot help admiring the Irish party in the British Parliament. That invincible phalanx of inflexible patriots revives the memory of the celebrated Spartans of antiquity. What immense odds they have to contend against! Tremendous brute force in the hands of the conservative tyrants,— reason and justice on the side of the Irish!

What a pity that the energy and talents of the Irish parliamentary party cannot be utilized at this side of the Atlantic, where abilities have fair play, and may be employed for the national good, and for the good of individuals, in developing the material resources of this great country. But cannot something be done here by Irish talent and enthusiasm? Edmund Burke says that "when bad men conspire, good men must combine." A late learned Catholic writer says that the welfare of the United States may come to depend upon the Irish Catholics of New York, and other large American cities; that as in those great centres of population the anarchists have their strongholds, so also has the Catholic Church her defenders.

Some years ago I pointed out in Donahoe's Magazine the advisability of holding the young men of the rising generation to the Church by every possible means. I suggested that the positions which might be sought after by those men, such as the position of a physician mainly dependent on Catholics, etc., might be employed as rewards to those who deserved well of the Church, as faithful and practical Catholics. It makes my heart bleed to see young men who might, by judicious management, be made the leaders of their own people, throwing themselves into the arms of the Freemasons in order to obtain the position to which they fancy their talents and education entitle them. I do not forget that there are literary institutes and young men's societies, but I look for something more practical. The young Catholics of this parish have lately established the "Andrew Jackson Club" for political and other purposes. This will give them occupation. They will take part in whatever may have a tendency to improve the town,

by inviting manufacturers to open shops here and by facilitating their negotiations with property-owners, and by using their influence to procure from the corporation exemption from taxation, for five or ten years, of solvent manufacturing firms which propose to locate in the town. There are many persons, children as well as grown people, who are hardly able, physically, to work at the trades at present available. Would it not be a great boon to them if they could find employment less laborious and equally remunerative? The Catholics are mainly an industrial class, and if additional industries should be introduced here, through inducements held out to parties who find their present location unpleasant or unsuitable, the Catholics being on the ground would have a fair chance of the new positions.

By following the example of Cardinal Manning, in taking an interest in matters that concern the whole community in which we live, we teach Protestants to regard us as good neighbors, and we break down the spirit of bigotry against us. As long as the Catholics are merely isolated units they have not, nor can they have, influence corresponding to their numerical strength, their unsullied patriotism, and natural talent.

Burlington, N. J. REV. P. A. TREACY.

The Archbishop of Boston.

THE Most Rev. John J. Williams, the fourth bishop and first Archbishop of Boston, was born on April 27, 1822. After the usual classical education in Montreal and at St. Sulpice in Paris, he was elevated to the priesthood by Rt. Rev. Bishop Fenwick in 1843. Among his other missions was that of the chapel on Beach Street, Boston (January, 1852), which had been built in 1850 to meet the increasing Catholic population in the vicinity of the South Cove. Under his ministration the congregation grew so rapidly that in one year it was found necessary to erect a large Gothic church, which was dedicated in 1855, by Bishop Fitzpatrick. The Very Rev. J. J. Williams was Vicar-General and pastor of this church at the time he was made Coadjutor Bishop of Boston, having also been Rector of the old Cathedral in Franklin Street, which was pulled down in the fall of 1860, the last Mass being celebrated on Sunday, Sept. 16, of that year, on which occasion the present Archbishop acted as assistant priest. In 1866, the Very Rev. John J. Williams, on account of the failing health of Bishop Fitzpatrick, was appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Boston, with the right of succession. Bishop Fitzpatrick died on Feb. 13, 1866, and on March 11, of the same year Bishop Williams was consecrated at St. James Church, of which he had been so long the pastor. From Oct. 19, 1869, to June 27, 1870, Bishop Williams was in Europe attending the Vatican Council. On May 2, 1875, he received the pallium from the hands of the late Cardinal McCloskey. The Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Bishop McNierny of Albany; Bishop Goesbriand, of Burlington, Vt., preaching the sermon. It was

the grandest religious ceremony ever seen in New England. On the same day, the first American cardinal celebrated his first Mass in Boston. The Cathedral of the Holy Cross was solemnly dedicated by Archbishop Williams Dec. 8, 1875, the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

At the time of his consecration, the diocese of Boston included all the State of Massachusetts. Since then, the diocese of Springfield (including the counties of Berkshire, Franklin, Hampshire, Hampden, and Worcester), and part of the diocese of Providence (including Bristol, Barnstable, and part of Plymouth counties), were created. To-day the Archdiocese of Boston has over 160 churches, 320 priests, and 25,000 children in the parochial schools. The churches throughout the Archdiocese are, for the most part, objects of pride to the Catholic heart, because of their beauty and elegance. After years of patient struggle, their financial condition is such as to warrant the belief that before many years have passed they will be entirely relieved of debt. Schools are multiplying every year; the sick, the orphan, and the outcast are provided for; while last, but not least, the new seminary at Brighton is doing excellent work in preparing candidates for the work of the ministry. This work has been for years the subject of the Archbishop's thoughts. Not a detail of its construction escaped his notice; and it stands to-day a monument to the zeal and piety of the clergy of Boston, their tribute of love and affection to their well-beloved Archbishop. In the building of the Cathedral, he received valuable aid from the late Vicar-Gen. P. F. Lyndon; but the seminary is his own work, to which he has given his heart and brain. May he live to see his plans realized, and to know that he has established here, in his diocese, a system of ecclesiastical training and education second to none in the country. It is estimated that there are in New England a million of Catholics.

First Mass in America.

ONE OF THE "HERALD'S" CUSTOMARY BLUNDERS ABOUT CATHOLIC MATTERS.

To the Editor of the Catholic Review: —

Some of the daily papers, speaking of the recent destruction of the Cathedral of St. Augustine, which we all regret, indulge in a stream of twaddle exceeding even the usual ignorance of American history. One paper heads an article "First Mass in America," and pretends that the first Mass in America was chanted by monks of St. Augustine, on the site of the Cathedral, in 1665. Just think of it! Columbus discovered America in 1492; St. Domingo was made a bishop's see in 1513; Puebla in 1519; Mexico in 1530, and yet these dunderheads would tell a credulous public that Mass was never said in America till 1665! It was not even the first Mass said in the territory of the United States. Mass was said at Pensacola and many points from the Savannah to

Mobile long before. Mass was said on James River in 1526. The first Mass at St. Augustine was not celebrated on the site of the Cathedral. The real spot is laid down on Spanish maps. It was at the spot where the first chapel of Neustra Senora de la Leche was erected. The first Mass at St. Augustine was not offered by monks, but by a secular priest, Francisco Lopez de Mendoza Grajales, and the day was not the Feast of St. Augustine but the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. It is to be hoped that our Catholic papers will not *herald* these blunders.

J. G. SHEA.

An Ambassador from Ireland.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE TRIUMPHAL TOUR OF WILLIAM O'BRIEN, EDITOR AND PATRIOT.

WM. O'BRIEN.

THE caption to this article, "An Ambassador from Ireland," has been very appropriately applied to the scholarly editor of that great newspaper, *United Ireland*. His remarkable tour through Canada, which has just been brought to a close, promises to become historic, while the enthusiastic welcome tendered him on this side the line will not soon be forgotten. An able and cultured gentleman is William O'Brien, and entirely worthy of the momentous issues he came to remedy.

Says an exchange: "The visit of O'Brien to Canada at the present time, in order to show up the barbarous and iniquitous actions of Lansdowne, shows the pluck of this Irish journalist. O'Brien's fame is now world-wide, yet time was, not a decade since, when, beyond the confines of journalistic Ireland and its ardently national pulse, William O'Brien was not even heard of. His has been a unique and gallant career, yet not unlike many of his far-famed predecessors, and it may well be said, co-laborers, in the Irish cause. Were it not a fettered Irish nation, perhaps the man now so well known may still have enjoyed the privacy which was his and theirs previous to the persecutions of a tyrannous government code, which served to draw them out."

O'Brien was born in Mallow, county Cork, October 2, 1852. He

comes of a family, locally prominent in Irish revolutionary movements, his father having taken part in the exciting events of '48, and his elder brother being equally prominent in the Fenian uprising of 1867. William O'Brien was educated at Cloyne College, and following his natural bent towards journalism he joined the staff of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* in 1876. In 1879 he visited the west of Ireland as the special commissioner of that paper to investigate the famine then raging there, and by his graphic descriptions of the destitution which he found, he contributed much to the relief of his unfortunate people. *United Ireland* was established in June, 1881, with Mr. O'Brien at its head, as the organ of the national leaders. Chief Secretary Forster ordered its suppression and imprisoned Editor O'Brien and fourteen members of the staff of the paper in Kilmainham Jail as suspects. After his release O'Brien renewed the war against the administration. He was subsequently elected to parliament from Mallow, and his course in the House of Commons was distinguished by zeal and ability. He is of medium height, thin and studious looking. In disposition he is modest and retiring, although regarded by Parnell as the most scholarly man and one of the ablest debaters of the Irish party.

His Departure for Canada.

The subject of this sketch embarked at Queenstown, May 1, for New York, and arrived on the 10th. He was accompanied by a tenant farmer named Kilbride. The manner of his departure from the *Umbria* in New York Bay was a notable one, and indicative of the warm welcome in store for him on Columbia's shores. Regarding his treatment on the steamship more or less might be said. Each party blames the other. It may be safely assumed that there was considerable feeling on both sides. However, he was safely conveyed to the city under the care of loving friends who gave him a cordial hundred thousand welcomes. Upon O'Brien's arrival here a cablegram came from Dublin and was most striking. Here is an extract:—

"He will [O'Brien] meet bullies with facts. He will disarm ruffians by a gentleness of personal demeanor which will fascinate fury itself. For Canada is strewn with the bones of the victims of the Lansdownes, and he will only summon the thousands who lie in its cemeteries to evoke processions of phantoms whose bony hands will clap his coming. The ghastly story of the thousands upon thousands who died in the south of Ireland under the present lord's father will be brought back to the Irish in Canada by the survivors of three thousand more whom he exiled, stricken with fever and perishing of hunger. Canadian hospitals were filled with them on their arrival, and $500,000 was raised by subscription to meet the wants of those who had not supplied the sharks with food on the way over. What the father did in the former famine days, the son has been doing again up to the full measure of his ability. Kerry is the worst spot in the south of Ireland, and its character is due to the Lansdownes. The present marquis gave kindly promise in his youth, but when he succeeded his father, some twenty years ago, the expectations of the people

Were Rudely Dispelled.

The condition of the tenantry need not be sought in other pages than those written by the agent, Trench, in his candid volume, 'Realities of Irish Life.' Misery reaches its lowest level in the hovels of Lansdowne tenants, whose lives have been blasted by hereditary rack-renting.

"Where the old earl was brutal, the younger one is tricky and treacherous

Greedy for the uttermost penny, his 135,000 acres formerly yielded more than £50,000 a year. The fall of agricultural prices has lowered his income, but never have his rents been lowered except under some sort of compulsion. When he was over here last year he made rosy promises only to approve the breaking of them by his agents. Portions of the estate are wild mountain or stony waste, which only superhuman industry can reduce to cultivation. As rapidly as toil conquered the resistance of nature, rents went up; and as soon as the tenant had made a holding give a return for his energy, he was told to get out of it if he could not pay as high a sum as any other bidder.

"Inducing Archbishop Lynch to oppose his visit was characteristic of Lansdowne's duplicity. He cares as much for the aged prelate as he does for the old women and shivering infants his bailiffs are throwing out of houses built by their kindred and equitably their property. O'Brien is not the man to be daunted by threats. He goes to Canada at the urgent request of many of the most prudent and best informed Canadian Home Rulers, some of them leading Protestants. The collisions foretold by some of the rack-renter's flunkeys will prove idle stories."

Address at Montreal.

While, unfortunately, they did not prove idle stories as Toronto, Kingston, and Hamilton abundantly testify, still it is certainly fortunate that Mr. O'Brien escaped without serious injury. Said he in his first address at Montreal: "At the outset he said he wished to tell them why he had come to address the people of Canada on the subject of Irish evictions. It was because the humble homes of the poor tenantry of Luggacurran were at that moment desolate, and the man who is responsible for these desolate homes, these evicted and cruelly suffering people to-day, holds the highest position in Canada. He was sorry to have to come to this land with the cruel story of the wrongs and sufferings of the afflicted tenantry of Luggacurran. He was sorry to harrow the feelings of the citizens of Montreal with the story of their misery. The speaker was but an humble citizen. Lord Lansdowne was a rich and powerful lord. But still he would tell his story, and the Canadian people could decide between them, and by their condemnation compel justice to be shown to his suffering countrymen. The speaker had not come to Canada to appeal to the passions of the people. He had come to appeal to the reason and humanity of the free and liberty-loving people of Canada. It was the Canadian parliament who, in 1879, that ever-memorable year of death-dealing famine, voted £20,000 to buy bread for the women and children who were starving in the midst of that beautiful and fertile land.

"This must never happen again. Charles Stewart Parnell has said that never again would he go begging alms for the victims of landlordism. This time they did not ask for £20,000, but what is asked is that you may know the use Lord Lansdowne makes of the £20,000 he receives from the people of Canada, and if it is found that he has been making bad use of it, to ask the people of Canada to pass their judgment in condemnation of his acts. The Canadian parliament were not satisfied with believing the starving people. They did more; they struck at the root of the evil when they passed the resolution in favor of Irish Home Rule, which, if obtained, would be the death blow of the tyrannies of landlordism. Even recently the parliament of Canada has done more; it has endeavored to stand between the Irish people and the coercion, as they did between them and starvation long ago. Personally

Mr. O'Brien had no ill-feeling against Lord Lansdowne, but still the Irish people could not be content to lay down like whipped hounds at his feet without telling to the world the story of their wrongs.

"It was not the intention of the speaker to make any personal attack on Lord Lansdowne. He would not call up the ghastly memories that have haunted for long years the fair valley of Luggacurran. Sir Charles Russell had done that, but he would confine himself to the facts of the present day and tell how Lord Lansdowne was laying waste to that fine estate and carrying out the work of depopulation, as if the angel of death had knocked at the door of each humble cabin, and still the processes were not half served. But if Lord Lansdowne or his agents, which was the same thing, were let alone, there was not a man, woman or child on the estate of Luggacurran but would be banished from the houses of their fathers, and either compelled to starve on the roadside or seek homes beyond the sea."

Trouble at Toronto.

On May 18, Messrs. O'Brien and Kilbride visited Toronto, where trouble was feared. It came. On the streets they were hooted at several times by roughs, but no serious demonstration took place till evening. At 3.30 o'clock President J. A. Mulligan, of the local branch of the National League, came into the hotel and asked the party to take a walk. Some one suggested that it would hardly be safe, as a crowd of roughs were in the street, but Mr. O'Brien persisted in going. The party got out of the hotel with difficulty, and when once in the street were surrounded by a howling mob, who yelled, "Traitor," "Down with the dynamiter," and "God save the Queen." O'Brien was jostled, and several blows were aimed at him. Finally, the little group was driven to bay against a wall. "You cowardly dogs!" shouted O'Brien, "don't you see that we are unarmed?" Groans and hisses were the reply. Two policemen standing near made no effort to disperse the crowd. Mr. O'Brien and his half-dozen friends pushed on into Bay Street, and there the stones began to fly. Mr. O'Brien and Secretary Cahill, of the local National League, lost their hats, while J. P. Wall, a New York *Tribune* correspondent, was knocked senseless by a brickbat. Wall was carried into a drug store, a policeman refusing to help. Mr. O'Brien attempted to take refuge in Sharp's laundry, and failing in that rushed into the bicycle store of Thomas Lalor, Jr., adjoining. A volley of stones shattered the windows, and the mob burst into the store, yelling like demons and showering missiles in the direction which Mr. O'Brien had taken toward the end of the store. Some ladies and old women screamed and fainted, while the mob tumbled pell-mell, helter-skelter, over bicycles and other machinery, smashing them one against the other in their savage fury, amid cries of "Kill the traitor," "Hang him," "Lansdowne forever." O'Brien, however, was safely led away by C. Cashman, an official of the crown land department, and reached the hotel safely. D. P. Cahill was knocked down and received two dangerous cuts from broken bottles, and more than a score of other persons were more or less seriously injured. Mr. Lalor's store was completely wrecked, and several hundred dollars' worth of his property destroyed.

Two more policemen appeared, making four in all, in the presence of a crowd of fully one thousand rioters, who had possession of the streets for at least half an hour, throwing bricks and cobble-stones at the group of unarmed men. Police Sergeant Adair got a cut in the head, and when his three comrades saw this, they moved away to a respectful distance, and let the mob do as it pleased. Up to midnight, the neighborhood of the Rossin House was filled with the mob, who groaned and yelled to their hearts' content.

Demonstration at Ottawa.

O'Brien and Kilbride left next morning for Ottawa, the people of which took time by the forelock. A train carrying a deputation composed of the most prominent members of the citizens' committee and of the National League went out to Moberly, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles, and welcomed Mr. O'Brien and party. It was a regular procession as the party moved up through the city in a long line of sixty carriages, in which were seated prominent French-Canadians and Protestant citizens, as well as nearly all of the representative Irishmen in the city. When O'Brien entered the rotunda of the hotel an attempt was made by some persons in the surging throng to cheer the Queen; but the storm of cheers for O'Brien and groans for Lansdowne rose above everything else. At the Royal Roller Rink on Slater Street, where O'Brien was to speak, five thousand persons were packed. Large pictures of Gladstone and Parnell were placed in front of the platform, with an Irish, an American, and a Canadian flag, and the motto in large green letters, "God Save Ireland." In one corner of the hall was massed a solid body of young students from Ottawa College, three hundred in number, and mostly Americans, who shouted in chorus, "O'-B-r-i-e-n," amid thunders of applause from all parts of the house.

When O'Brien stepped upon the platform the throng rose and cheered him enthusiastically. Professer H. J. Frawley, of Ottawa College, read an address of welcome. Then two telegrams, one from Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, N. S., and the other from Chicago Knights of Labor, both expressing sympathy for Editor O'Brien, were read, and the audience went wild again. "Bravo, Chicago!" "Three cheers for Archbishop O'Brien!" "Three cheers for the stars and stripes!" and similar expressions followed, and again and again a scene of excitement and enthusiasm occurred impossible to describe. "I am proud to learn that I am, I believe, the first representative of the Irish people who has ever set foot in this capital of the Canadian Dominion; and standing here, at the seat and centre of Canadian independence, I cannot help thinking that if, like you, we had a parliament of our own on College Green, it would not be necessary for us to travel across the world to worry you with the sorrows and sufferings of our poor people and to subject you to so crucial a test of the sincerity of your sympathy with Ireland. (Applause.) Our visit here is a matter of life and death for the five hundred unhappy beings whom your Governor-General has doomed to eviction and destruction. (Groans.) Let there be no mistake as to the state of the controversy between Lord Lansdowne and ourselves. We have made specific and terrible charges, and given day

and date. They are charges which if untrue would wither us with disgrace. They are charges of barbarity and injustice so hideous that if they are true (and up to this Lord Lansdowne has not dared to challenge a single one of them)—if they are true, they will be an eternal brand of shame on the Canadian name if you submit without protest to be governed by such a man. (Cheers.) To these charges all the world to-day is demanding and insisting upon an answer. They believe every generous instinct of Canadian freedom and fair play will revolt at the idea of answering such an indictment by riot and murder, by attempts to strangle our voices and to stone us to death in the streets of Toronto."

Assaulted at Kingston.

Upon his arrival in Kingston the next day after his Ottawa speech, O'Brien was told that a riot was imminent. The party was driven to the Burnett House, where a crowd cheered the editor. Among the first to shake Mr. O'Brien's hand were W. D. Morris of Ottawa, a Protestant, and Mr. Cameron of Deseronto, an Orangeman.

Battery A of the Dominion Regular Artilery Corps was held in readiness, fully armed and equipped, at Lete du Pont barracks. The Fourteenth (Prince of Wales Own Rifles) was massed at the drill shed on Union Street under the command of Maj. Henry Smith. Besides this, a large force of special constables were sworn in to aid the ordinary police force. On arriving at the skating rink, where the meeting was held, crowds, all O'Brien sympathizers, were found gathered. Policemen armed with revolvers forbade anybody to block up the entrance to the hall. Nobody attempted to do it, however. The audience which assembled to hear Mr. O'Brien numbered about twelve hundred, many of whom were women, and all listened attentively. Mr. O'Brien, in his opening remarks, won at once the Ulster Protestants, who form a large section of the population, when he asserted that the Orange farmers in the north of Ireland were as much oppressed as the Catholic farmers, and that Lord Lansdowne was championing the cause of those despotic landlords who were causing this oppression.

"My mission," he exclaimed, "is not to stir up strife, but to blend the orange and green." This sentiment at once won over the hardy and independent descendants of Ulster farmers, and they cheered now as heartily as anybody else, and again when he said, "We will so humiliate Lord Lansdowne in exposing his murderous policy in Ireland as to make Orangemen as well as Nationalists at last to believe that there is only one Lord—he who rules above the cedars and the stars." Continuing, Mr. O'Brien said: "I believe that the few misunderstandings which have arisen between the Protestants and the Catholic Irishmen of Canada will soon pass away." The unexpected and somewhat ominous calm was now for the first time broken. It was 9 30 o'clock when Dennis Kilbride began his statement, and then the first noise was heard outside the building, where several hundred men and boys had collected, crying "God save the Queen," and groaning for O'Brien. Every cheer which went up inside the hall was answered by a loud roar and an angry response from without. The crowd outside had now swollen to immense proportions.

At length the meeting was brought to an end by a few remarks from Chairman J. J. Behan, who told the audience to go home peaceably. Mr. O'Brien's friends hurried him to the front and he stepped on to the wooden sidewalk, wearing the usual tall hat. The moment the Orangemen on the opposite side of the street saw him, they made savage yells of vengeance, and, with cries of "There he is," rushed across the street. Broken stones and cobble-stones then

Began Flying Like Hail,

the women screamed, and general confusion prevailed. "Ah, they're at it again," said Mr. O'Brien, in a tone of mournful regret, more than of anger.

Mr. O'Brien again, by the aid of friends, fortunately escaped and arrived at his hotel.

Riot at Hamilton.

On the 23d O'Brien spoke at Hamilton, where the turbulent element was again encountered. After he and Kilbride had spoken several Englishmen and one American made addresses, some of the allusions to Lord Lansdowne being very bitter. Before the audience was dismissed, and much against Mr. O'Brien's will, he and Kilbride were spirited off the platform and through a narrow alley to a carriage in waiting. They were accompanied by Messrs. McMahon and Roch, members of the local branch of the Land League, while John Nelson held the reins and T. P. O'Brien sat on the box with him. Hardly had the party entered the carriage when an unfriendly group of men spied them, and began hissing and groaning. Just as the carriage wheeled around the market building into Market Square, eight revolver shots were fired. Nelson was shot in the wrist, and one bullet whistled past Editor O'Brien's head, and crashed through the carriage window. T. P. O'Brien seized the reins and lashed the horses into a run. At the hotel there was another hostile crowd, who hooted as the party in the carriage tried to open the door but could not. Mr. McMahon jumped over the door, and, drawing a revolver, held the crowd at bay, while Mr. O'Brien and his friends were making their exit from the carriage, also by the same uncomfortable way.

It was a narrow escape and entirely owing to the coolness of O'Brien and his escort. O'Brien subsequently made a second visit to Montreal, and afterwards returned to the United States, where he has been gloriously feted and honored at every turn. His reception at the Boston Theatre, in this city, was a magnificent one, and was fittingly capped by the grand banquet subsequently tendered him at the Parker House.

Editor O'Brien in Boston.

The great Home Ruler arrived in this city direct from Montreal on the morning of the 29th of May, and was welcomed at the Boston and Lowell depot by a throng of admirers. William W. Doherty of the general committee received him on behalf of the Boston branches of the league. Little ceremony attended the arrival, and Mr. O'Brien was rapidly driven to his hotel. He was still laboring under the effects of

his trying experiences in Canada, and the fatigues of travel, but after a few hours of repose he felt much improved. In the evening he lectured on his Canadian mission and cognate topics. Rarely, if ever before, did the auditorium of the Boston Theatre contain so great an assembly as on that night, and certainly it never held a more enthusiastic audience. The eminent agitator probably expected a most cordial greeting, and it assuredly was given to him. Four thousand persons listened to his speech and to remarks by his companion, Dennis Kilbride, as well as to a speech by John Boyle O'Reilly. The boxes were filled by prominent citizens, lay and clerical. When O'Brien appeared on the stage there was a tremendous burst of cheering that lasted many minutes.

John Boyle O'Reilly, chairman, introduced the speaker in a stirring address. William O'Brien stepped forward, and was received by tumultuous plaudits. It was some time before the cheering subsided. He said: "I confess that I am amazed beyond measure at the warmth and the universality of the sympathy which this great American nation has extended to us in whatever little perils we have passed through in Ireland. I had no conception of it. American sympathy is no new thing to us in Ireland, for it has been the day star of our hopes in many an hour of darkness and trial for our cause. I know no living force that has had such a magical effect as American sympathy in nerving the great heart of William Ewart Gladstone and of our own matchless Charles Stewart Parnell. God bless and guard them both!" Mr. O'Brien continued to address the vast audience for half an hour, after which Mr. Kilbride spoke, detailing the iniquitous course of Lansdowne and his agents.

The Banquet.

A feast was given the following Monday evening at the Parker House in honor of the distinguished guest. More than three hundred well-known Bostonians were present. Congressman Collins presided. His Honor the Mayor, Hon. A. W. Beard, Hon. F. O. Prince, Gen. Butler and others of note were seated near him, Editor O'Brien, of course, having the seat of honor. Two hours were devoted to the dinner, which was an elaborate affair.

His Departure.

Mr. O'Brien left Boston on Thursday, June 2d, for New York, where he was received with great enthusiasm, and sailed for Ireland on the steamer *Adriatic*, on Wednesday morning, June 8. *Bon voyage!*

WHAT Archbishop Lynch says of Lord Lansdowne:—"I believe him to be an exorbitant and tyrannical landlord, notwithstanding that a few of his tenants, who are made special pets by his lordship, give him a certificate for generosity. Mr. O'Brien's statement of the cruelty inflicted on the Luggacurran estate is quite correct. Lord Lansdowne borrowed money at one per cent. from the Government and lent it out at five per cent. to his tenants. I did not pay my respects to him since he came to Toronto, because my nature revolts against shaking hands with an oppressor of the poor, as I believe him to be."

The Church in the Hawaiian Islands.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI, who was so gorgeously entertained in Boston a few weeks ago, has many Catholic subjects. Father Clement, under date of Honolulu, January 12th, 1887, contributes the following details of the Catholic missions in these islands. *Illustrated Catholic Missions:* The Hawaiian group, was erected into a Prefecture Apostolic in 1827; but, thirteen years later, the Prefecture was absorbed into the Vicariate Apostolic of East Oceanica, and continued to be so until 1847, when it was formed into the present distinct Vicariate Apostolic. The present Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Hermann Koeckemann, was consecrated at San Francisco, August 21st, 1881, as Bishop of Olba. He is at present assisted by 22 missionary priests of the Society of Picpus, or the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. The total population of the Hawaiian group is estimated at 80,000. Of these, 15,000 Hawaiian, 10,000 Portuguese, and 1,623 Irish, Americans, Germans, &c., are Catholic. The religious *status* on the various islands is as follows: — *Oahu* — Honolulu, the capital, possesses 1 cathedral, the residence of the Vicar Apostolic; 7 chapels; the College of St. Louis, conducted by the American Brothers from Dayton, Ohio, with 430 students; a boarding and day school under the direction of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, with 398 pupils; 1 home for leper children, in charge of the Franciscan American Sisters from Syracuse; 4 priests, and 4,600 Catholics. In other districts of the islands there are 11 chapels, 2 mixed schools, and 3 priests.— *Kauai*, 4 churches and chapels, 1 school, 2 priests, and 2,700 Catholics.— *Marri*, 19 churches and chapels, 5 schools, 1 hospital, in charge of the Franciscan American Sisters from Syracuse, 6 priests, and 5,582 Catholics.— *Molokai*, 7 chapels, 1 school, 1 leper settlement at Kalawao, 1 priest, and 786 Catholics, mostly lepers.— *Hawaii*, 36 churches and chapels, 7 schools, 6 priests, and 10,930 Catholics.

Leo XIII. to the Archbishop of N. Y.

To Our Venerable Brother Michael Augustine Corrigan, Archbishop of New York.

LEO P. P. XIII.

VENERABLE BROTHER, HEALTH AND THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.— Your letter, dated the 2d day of April last, has reached us, in which you lament the contumacious disobedience of a priest, one of your subjects, not only towards yourself, but also towards this Apostolic See; and anxiously seek to bring before the Supreme Tribunal of our Authority, the false doctrines concerning the right of property disseminated by him among the people, in newspapers and public assemblies.

We, therefore, moved by these your words, expressed to us with just grief of heart and in the conscientious discharge of duty, have accurately considered the whole series of facts from the beginning, and have especially seen with commendation your firmness joined with signal charity.

It has been indeed a great grief to us to see the rebellion which has arisen against your authority in your city through the deeds of some, their craftily devised machinations, and the open conspiracy of factious men.

And our anguish has been all the greater since, from information lately conveyed to us, we have learned that there are some others of the clergy imbued with the doctrines of this priest, who have not hesitated to adhere to him, although the clergy generally of the whole diocese, and the greater and better part of the laity, gladly remained with unchanged will in faithful obedience and loyalty to you. It is indeed grateful to us, and approved by us, that you have labored to crush, ere they sprang up, the vicious seeds of doctrines scattered under pretext of helping the masses. Nor is it less to your praise that, with long suffering and patience, you have not ceased with watchful industry to calm proud and restless spirits, although they have not refrained from slanders and reproaches against you and this Apostolic See. It is fitting, then, that you should be of good heart, and with unwavering firmness apply all your strength to the work of the salvation of souls, and in defending the sanctity of faith and discipline. Nevertheless, led by Christian charity, you will leave nothing untried that with paternal benevolence you may embrace those who are deceived by this new doctrine, if they return to wiser counsels.

We, however, will never permit any injury to your good name and dignity, much less to the authority of this Apostolic See, and we will not fail to make known to you, through the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, timely measures for the correction of the rebellious. Meantime, we earnestly pray the God of consolation that he will console you, venerable brother, tried by so many cares; and as a pledge of His Divine favor and a proof of our special affection for you, we lovingly bestow upon you, the clergy and the people committed to your care, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's on the fourth day of May, 1887, in the tenth year of our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XIII.

Ireland and the Queen's Jubilee.

From the Boston *Daily Globe*.

JOHN BRIGHT, in his letter to the Radical Unionist Conference, held at Birmingham, Eng., a few days since, reflects with severity upon the actions of the mayors of Ireland, in refusing to join in the Queen's jubilee celebrations. But why should he, or any other Englishman, wonder at the lack of jubilee enthusiasm on the part of Irish mayors, or the Irish people generally?

The English Parliament is hard at work forging new fetters for the Irish people, and devising new processes of force to enable Irish land-

lords to wring extortionate rents from their defenceless tenantry, and to maintain all their iniquitous powers a little longer. The Queen will sign this tyrannical coercion act, yet her lord high chamberlain, the Earl of Kenmare, himself one of the notorious evicting landlords of Kerry, has the audacity to invite the officials of Irish cities and towns to assist in celebrating her Majesty's jubilee. Nearly all the elected officials, however, have very properly refused to attend, and the Mayor of Cork, in his dignified reply to the invitation, declares it to be little short of an outrage upon the self-respect of the Irish people. And that is the way it will strike American observers.

To ask the representatives of Ireland to join in crying "Hallelujah" over the fifty years of Victoria's reign is, to say the least, a grotesque impertinence. The years of her majesty's rule furnish an Irish chronicle so dark that it cannot be paralleled in any other country on the face of the earth. Mr. Mulhall's Statistics of the World, published in 1884, and recently quoted in the House of Commons by Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Gladstone, tell the terrible story in cold figures which astound by their stupendous magnitude.

On page 188 of that work, under the title, "Deaths by Famine (Ireland, 1847)," appears the appalling total, — 1,029,000 souls. On page 175, under the title, "Evictions (Ireland)," is given a detailed statement of the number of families evicted each year from 1849 to 1882 inclusive. In these thirty-three years no fewer than 482,000 families, numbering 2,410,000 souls were flung out on the roadside by eviction, or about thirty-five per cent. of the population. At page 168, under the title "Emigration (Ireland)," the detailed statement of the emigration from Ireland for the same thirty-three years shows the enormous total to have been 3,130,000 souls.

These statistics only deal with two-thirds of the period covered by her majesty's reign. In face of these astounding facts and of the long series of odious coercion acts under cover of which this wholesale extermination and expatriation was carried out, it certainly savors of cruel and gratuitous insult to invite the Irish nation to swell Victoria's jubilee shoutings.

THE COERCION BILL.—The *Westminster Review* has this to say in an article on the "Eighty-Seventh Coercion Bill": "For the moment ministers will probably succeed in carrying their programme, or at least a portion of it, through. But the day of awakening has come, and the day of reckoning is close at hand. Ministers and parliaments do not live forever. The people finally have their fate in their hands. From all parts of the country — from north and south and east and west — the people have signified their hostility to the proposals of government in terms loud, resonant, and unmistakable. The present tide of indignation may ebb after the bill has been passed into law, but it will flow in full strength once more when the government proceed to put their Coercion Act in operation."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

UNDER A CRAZY QUILT.

He slept, and dreamt that the kangaroo
Had given a fancy ball;
The elephant came with the festive gnu,
The mouse with the ostrich tall.
A funny giraffe, that did nothing but laugh,
Dropped in with a centipede;
And a cricket and flea, that had just been to tea,
Waltzed round with remarkable speed.

A wasp and a bumble-bee had a chat
Just over his little nose;
And a boa-constrictor, upon the mat,
Dressed up in his Sunday clothes.
A crow and raccoon, in a fire balloon,
Paused over his bed to sing;
And a neat armadillo crept up on his pillow
To dance the Highland Fling.

Then all, ere they left, made a graceful bow,
And out in the moonlight sped;
Except a ponderous brindle cow,
Which stopped to stand on its head.
The little boy woke, and grinned at the joke —
Sprang out of his bed with a lilt;
"I can dream it all over," said he, "while they cover
Me up with this crazy quilt."

BRIDGET O'LEARY: THE EFFECTS OF INDULGENCE IN DRINK.

In a dimly-lighted room, a young girl, on whose fair head scarce sixteen summers have shed their golden light, kneels by the bedside of her sick mother. No tears fall from her burning eyes. She has forced them back so often lest they should pain or alarm the invalid, that she believes they will never come again to ease the heavy weight that oppresses her breast.

Four little ones are nestling round the fire, with that sad, mystified look, so painful to behold, that clouds the face of a child when a first grief casts a shadow on its path.

"I am sure you are worse to-night, dear mother. Shall I send for the doctor?" said the eldest girl, with a wistful look at the sick woman.

"No, Bridget; he has done all he can for me. You must try to be brave — resigned, my child."

"Oh, mother! You don't think you will get better then?"

"I never thought so from the first, my darling. You are young for such a task, but I know you will be good to the children; you will be a second mother to them for my sake. It is a great comfort to me to feel that you will, especially as your father is obliged to be often so long absent from home. I may linger some time, or I may be called away in a moment — so the doctor very kindly, but candidly, told me this morning. I think it best to tell you, because the shock will be less painful when the end comes."

Bridget rose from her knees. A stifled sob escaped her lips as she silently took the children out of the room. Bidding the maid servant put them to bed, and then go to rest herself, she returned to her mother's room, and quietly took her seat by the fire, resolved to sit up the whole night.

Bridget O'Leary had been for eight years the only child of her fond parents. Her father, a commercial traveller, being often away from home, she was the special solace and companion of her mother during those first years of her married life. When other children came, she loved and cared for them for her mother's sake.

The young girl's life had been one of comparative ease and comfort for her position, and until now, no great sorrow had checked the natural buoyancy of her spirits. But this sorrow had come so unexpectedly that it seemed to paralyze her. She sat brooding over it, while her mother sank into a deep sleep. Mrs. O'Leary had been ill for two months, but Bridget had always looked forward with hope to her recovery.

As hour after hour passed wearily away, the young watcher never once closed her heavy eyelids. To keep awake she took the fatal dose which more than once she had found to secure wakefulness, a double dose of which she had sometimes taken to send her to sleep when her services were no longer needed and she could safely indulge in it.

So subtle and various are the influences that lead to the "national vice," that those who have the charge of the young need to be very careful not to leave alcoholic drinks in their way. Mr. O'Leary and his wife were sober people. Brandy was ordered by the doctor for the invalid, and in order to get it genuine, as they thought, it was procured in a half-gallon stone jar. This was left open and might be freely taken by any one in the house.

Poor Bridget! The long, long night came to an end. The faint streaks of the gray morning light stole into the room. Still her mother slept. The tired watcher crept noiselessly to the bedside. She had never looked on death, but she shivered with an undefined feeling of dread as she looked at the closed eyes that would never again smile on her.

Sudden death is a terrible trial to surviving relatives even when the long illness of their beloved one has prepared them for it, and by the grace of God they were able to make an act of resignation.

The effect of this trial on Bridget, was to change the once happy, sweet-tempered girl into a gloomy woman, harassed by cares, which,

after all, were imaginary, in bringing up her younger brothers and sisters.

Unsanctified sorrow, not borne with resignation, is one source from which intemperance springs. Poor Bridget sought to drown her grief in the tempting dram, so often resorted to to cheer the drooping spirits. There are not many cases, however, like hers. If her father had not been so often from home for long periods; or if she had had some elderly relative to help and advise her, her propensity might have been discovered and checked in the bud. But Bridget was never seen to be the worse for drink at this period of her existence; she had gradually become accustomed to the fatal draught, but it was sapping the springs of life, and producing a fearful and incurable disease.

At eighteen, she married a respectable and flourishing tradesman, and for a time became more temperate. But the old temptation came again, and she did not resist it. Her husband discovered the painful fact. Bitter words were uttered, and retorted by his wife. Night after night when he returned home from business, the same harrowing scene took place, with sometimes a slight change for the better in the unhappy woman.

* * * * * *

Ten years — miserable years to husband and wife, and their only child — a lovely girl — passed away. Then came the end.

Bridget's case was an uncommon one. Brandy *undiluted* had been taken in steadily increasing quantities from the beginning — from the age of sixteen. Hoping her sad fate would be a warning to the young, she related to her attendant, with heartrending pathos, before her sufferings brought on delirium, how in the beginning she had been tempted to take the fatal dram to keep her awake, and then to drown her grief in oblivion.

But one cannot enter into the details of that terrible death-bed. A fire burning internally that no earthly power could quench consumed her. And so she died — one who was possessed of no ordinary personal attractions, and well fitted to adorn the station of life in which she was placed.

THE CRAB AND THE MONKEY: A JAPANESE STORY OF GREEDINESS.

Once upon a time there was a crab who lived in a hole on the shady side of a hill. One day he found a bit of rice cake. A monkey who was just finishing a persimmon, met the crab, and offered to exchange its seed for the rice. The simple-minded crab accepted the proposal, and the exchange was made. The monkey ate the rice cake; but the crab backed off home and planted the seed in his garden. A fine tree grew up, and the crab was delighted to think of the nice fruit he was to have. He built a nice new house, and used to sit on the balcony watching the persimmons.

One day the monkey came along, and, being very hungry, he exclaimed, "What a fine tree you have here! Could you give me one of those nice ripe persimmons? I will not trouble you to pick it; I will go up for it myself."

"Certainly," answered the crab. "Will you please throw down some to me? We will enjoy them together."

Up went the monkey, but he had no idea of throwing fruit down to the crab. He first filled his pockets; then he ate all the ripest persimmons as fast as he could, and threw the seeds at the crab.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the crab, pretending to enjoy the fun, so as to outwit the monkey. "What a good shot you are! Do you suppose you could come down from that tree headforemost?"

"Yes, indeed!" said the monkey; "of course I can;" and immediately turned around and started down the tree. Of course all the persimmons dropped out of his pockets. The crab seized the ripe fruit and ran off to his hole. The monkey, waiting till he had crawled out, gave him a sound thrashing and went home.

Just at that time a rice mortar was travelling by with his several apprentices,—a wasp, an egg, and a seaweed. After hearing the crab's story they agreed to assist him.

Marching to the monkey's house and finding him out, they laid a plot to dispose of him when he came home. The egg laid in the ashes on the hearth, the wasp in the closet, the seaweed near the door, and the mortar over the lintel. When the monkey came home he lighted a fire to steep the tea, when the egg burst and so spattered his face that he ran howling away to the well for water to cool his face. Then the wasp flew out and stung him. In trying to drive off the wasp he slipped on the seaweed; and then the rice mortar, falling on him, crushed him to death. The wasp and the mortar and the seaweed lived happily together ever afterward. This is a sample of what happens to greedy and ungrateful people.

THE PALM-TREE.

"MAMMA, were the palms that were strewn before our Blessed Lord like those given to us in Church?"

"No, Harry, for we do not have palms in this country. The palm grows near Jerusalem. It is a tall, straight tree, sometimes one hundred feet high. The trunk is full of rugged knots, which are the remains of the decayed leaves; for it is not solid like other trees, but its centre is filled with pith covered by a tough bark, which, with age, grows hard and woody. To this bark the leaves are closely joined. In old trees the leaves are sometimes six or eight feet long, and very broad.

"There are many kinds of this tree. One sort, the palmetto, is found on the American Atlantic coast, from Florida to South Carolina. The cocoa-nut, the sago, and the date-tree belong to this family of

trees, and are among the more useful of them. But the most curious is the date palm, which grows in Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, and Persia. The people use it for many things. They cover their roofs with the broad leaves; they make couches, baskets, bags, mats, and brushes of the branches, and cages and fences, thread and rope, from the fibre of the boughs. The trunk is used for fuel, and the sap produces liquor. The fruit is medicinal, and the camel feeds on the stone. So, as you may see, when the people threw palms before our Lord, they chose the choicest and most treasured tree to show their enthusiasm."

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

On the top of the snow-clad Alps stands the Convent of St. Bernard.

One day, a boy named Fritz was crossing the mountains to go to his home on the other side. He had been away, working in the fields, and earning some money for his mother. He did not care for the rough road over the great mountain, nor the cold, nor the snow, but felt very merry, and whistled as he went along. At last he came to a place where the snow was very deep, and he could not find out which way to turn, so he tried to look up to the top of the mountain and get through the snow as well as he could. But it grew deeper and deeper, and poor Fritz's hands and feet grew numb and stiff, and he began to feel very tired and very sleepy, and at last he sank down in the white, cold snow, and there seemed nothing left for him but to lie there and die.

Just as he had lain down in the snow, and had shut his eyes (for he was too tired to keep them open any longer), he felt something warm coming near him, and then a great tongue licked his face, and a great soft paw came down on his shoulder. What do you think it was? A dog from the Convent of St. Bernard!

When he had licked the poor cold face a little while, Fritz felt warmer, and could sit up; and then he saw that the great dog had a collar on, and a bottle tied to the collar. He took the bottle, and drank what was in it, for he knew it had been sent by the kind monks who lived in the convent at the top of the mountain. He soon felt able to get on the dog's back; and the dog, who knew the way to the convent, carried him up safely. Bright lights were shining in the windows and out into the dark, dreary night. The bark of the dog brought one of the monks to the door. He helped Fritz into the house, and sent the dog to his nice warm kennel.

While Fritz sat by a bright fire and enjoyed his supper of bread and milk, one of the monks told him stories of the wonderful things the dogs of St. Bernard had done, and how many lives of poor travellers they had saved.

Fritz slept soundly that night in a nice warm bed; and the next morning, after paying a visit to the dog who had carried him up the mountain, and seeing many more who looked something like him, he

took some breakfast; then, thanking the good monks for the care they had given him, he set off down the other side of the mountain. The sun shone brightly, and he found the right path, and in a few hours he came to the green fields and to his mother's cottage. You may imagine how happy were both mother and son to be united again after so great a danger.

The Convent of St. Bernard is the highest habitation in Europe. It was founded in 962 by Bernard de Menthon, a Savoyard gentleman.

THE EUCALYPTUS TREE.

The Eucalyptus, though not a very beautiful, is a very useful and and interesting tree. There are no less than six hundred and fifty species of it, the best known of which are the red and blue gums. These Eucalypti shed their bark at certain periods, and it hangs about the trunk in large pieces, giving the tree a very strange and ragged appearance. Insects take up their abode between the bark and the trunk, and you scarcely ever find a piece of the former to which a spider, or some other insect, is not attached. The gum-trees are prettier in spring than at any other time. In this season the blossoms make their appearance, and it is very interesting to watch their growth. You first see a number of peculiar shaped berries, not at all unlike the little sugar basins in dolls' tea sets, with the lid and all complete. These berries increase gradually in size, and after some time, if you remove the tiny lid, you see a number of creamy white petals, all packed closely together, waiting for the proper time to peep out. When the cover falls off, a large white flower, not unlike an aster, appears, and the Eucalyptus seems to be covered with snow. The blossoms of some species are red. The tops of the blossom holders lie in myriads on the ground; they are like doll's saucers, and children play with them. The Eucalyptus is an evergreen, its leaves generally of an oblong shape, are of a dark green color, and taper towards the end. As they hang perpendicularly the tree has always a drooping appearance, and does not give as much shade as the European trees. The gum, which oozes through the trunk of the Eucalyptus, is generally of a red color; it soon hardens, and when handled crumbles into small pieces. This tree is very selfish — a quality which we hope does not belong to the Australians. Wherever it is planted it takes all the good from the soil for its own nourishment, and so when other trees are to grow the Eucalypti near must be destroyed. However, we must acknowledge our tree deserves all the support it can get, for it purifies the air around it, and is wonderful as a health preserver, in places subject to visitations of fever. The Eucalyptus tree attains a considerable height, and is very valuable. A specimen which was cut down in Victoria some years ago measured no less than three hundred feet in length, and sixty-nine in diameter.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Athletic Sports and their Abuse.

THE moral deterioration of athletic sports is to be deeply regretted. That they have so deteriorated no impartial observer will dispute. Base ball, rowing, tennis, cricket, pedestrianism, horse-racing, boxing; all these have become more or less permeated with the foul trail of the gambler and the civilized barbarian. What were once and should always have been sources of physical and moral health have, by the introduction of covetousness and a greed for sordid gain, become veritable bucket shops and traps for the unwary. Some of these sports have been subject to abuses more than others. Horse racing, for instance, once such a source of innocent amusement to all, fell into disrepute years ago. What was the cause? Gambling! Perhaps you have heard now and then that such and such a base ball game has been sold? "Is it possible?" you ask. Yes, indeed, quite possible and extremely probable. What was the cause? Gambling, trickery and general depravity. Similar crookedness might be cited in connection with other athletic sports.

Among men of athletic inclinations may frequently be heard an admiring exclamation in reference to a physically active acquaintance, that he can "take care of himself," because he is "handy with the gloves," or because "he puts the mittens on," and is, therefore, "scienced." It would be well if the boxing-glove and a friendly, good-natured bout for athletic pastime was the sum total of the fisticuff business. It is not the sum total and conseqently it is not well. Too frequently "the mittens" are taken off and the adversary's "claret" responds to vigorous taps on the nasal appendage. Sometimes the results are more serious, and the effect has been death to the vanquished, in more than one instance. Yet prize fighting is tolerated, and frequently licensed by the authorities because, forsooth, "respectable" people patronize these exhibitions and even many of "our leading citizens." Of course, under such auspicious circumstances, the law must be kept in the back-ground although its representatives stand in the fore-ground and help to make a slugger's holiday. We doubt if history can show a more disgraceful scene than the modern prize fight. It is savage, merciless and cruel. It serves no good end, illustrates nothing commendable, but is positively demoralizing to any community tolerating it. The professional slugger should be out-lawed. He belongs to another and a barbarous age. He is a foul eruption on the social body.

To such an extent has dishonesty been allowed to enter into the athletic games of to-day, that the public is rapidly losing all confidence in their management. We, of course, allude to games that are played with financial objects in view. The ancient Irish provided severe penalties for all indecency, or unfairness, in those participating in or patronizing the nanional games, and similar punishment was imposed by the Greeks and Romans. Americans cannot afford to be less vigilant.

HIS Holiness, Leo XIII., speaking of the dignity of labor says: "Labor was

despised by the most illustrious of the ancient philosophers, but Christianity honored and sanctified it. Jesus Christ, the true son of God, submitted himself to an artisan of Galilee, and in the carpenter shop of Nazareth did not disdain to set his blessed hand to labor."

THE *Pastor*, an ecclesiastical monthly publication issued by Pustet & Co., says the "real palms" now coming into general use for Holy Week are a "real humbug."

Religion and Patriotism.

M. OLIVIERI, the distinguished French naval officer who entered the monastery of La Trappe some months ago, after having resigned his position, has been appointed, with his consent, to an important grade in the naval reserve. Though devoting his time at present to religion, he is ready to fight for his country in the hour of need.

The Catholic University.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY of America was incorporated at Washington, D. C., on April 22d. The University is established "to teach philosophy, theology, natural science, mathematics, history, belles-lettres, ancient and modern languages, law and medicine." The incorporators are: — Cardinal James Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Williams, of Boston; Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul; the Rev. Placidus Chapelle, Washington; Bishop Spalding, Peoria; Bishop Keane, Richmond; Bishop Marty, Yankton, Dakota; Mgr. John Farley, New York; Dr. John S. Foley, Baltimore; Bishop Borgess, Detroit; Eugene Kelly, New York; Bernard N. Farden, Philadelphia; Thos. E. Waggeman, Washington; Michael Jenkins, Baltimore, and Thomas S. Lee. The incorporators are almost identical with the provisional Board of Trustees, the exceptions being the substitution of Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, for Archbishop Heiss, of Milwaukee, who declined to serve in consequence of advanced age and lack of strength, and Mr. Thomas S. Lee, who was added. The Board has done nothing recently to advance work on the University buildings, and it is not proposed to attempt any activity in that direction until after the return of Bishop Keane from Rome. He has laid the proposition to establish the University before the Pope, and the approval of the head of the Church is awaited. Soon after he returns there will be a meeting of the corporation, and then steps will probably be taken to lead to the erection of the Divinity School.

THE Rt. Rev. P. A. Ludden, bishop of the new diocese of Syracuse, N. Y., is a native of Castlebar, county Mayo, Ireland, and aged about fifty years.

THE German Catholics have resolved to erect a noble monument in commemoration of the seventy-fifth birthday of their great leader, Dr. Windthorst. As he absolutely declined to receive any personal gift, it has been decided that the memento shall take the form of a Catholic Church, to be built in Hanover, under the invocation of Our Lady. The reason is, that Dr. Windthorst declared that it was his one great desire to see a second Catholic church erected in Hanover, where it is sorely needed.

Mrs. Gladstone to Ireland.

MRS. GLADSTONE has signed the message of sympathy from the women of England to the women of Ireland condemning the crimes bill, promising all the influence they can exercise in favor of the granting of home rule, and "entreating them for their own sakes to endure as patiently as they can the woes of eviction and suffering now bearing so hardly upon them."

MR. LAURENCE KEHOE, who for twenty-two years has been publisher of the *Catholic World*, has felt compelled by the increase of his general business to resign from that special connection. Very Rev. Father Hecker, founder, and still chief conductor of the magazine, adequately expresses his sense of the loss which the *Catholic World* suffers in the withdrawal of Mr. Kehoe. The office of the *Catholic World* will hereafter be at 6 Park Place, and the business manager will be Mr. James J. Farrell.

The Blind Population of England.

THE Earl of Derby, when opening a bazaar in aid of the blind, at Preston, said that it might surprise many to learn that, according to the census of 1881, about

one in every 1,138 of the total population of England was blind, the total number of blind amounting to 22,800 persons. Happily the number was decreasing, thanks to science, while those already afflicted were helped by some fifty institutions in the British Isles.

Return of Bishop Ireland.

BISHOP IRELAND, who has returned from Europe, spent seven months abroad and was anxious to get home. While in Rome the Bishop was granted several audiences with the Pope, and there was scarcely a question of moment to the Catholics of America which was not discussed. He thus had an excellent opportunity of presenting to the Holy Father the views of the Bishops of America on many questions of interest. Bishop Ireland received from the Holy Father the brief in favor of the Catholic temperance movement in America, and also the the brief written to the Archbishop of Baltimore, in which the Holy Father acknowledges the receipt of the petition of the trustees of the proposed new Catholic University in America. About $600,000 have already been raised for the University, and a large tract of land has been purchased in Washington, where it is proposed to erect the buildings. An ecclesiastical school will first be built, and later on, from time to time, the various schools of law, medicine, etc., will be added. The University will necessarily be of slow growth. Miss Caldwell, of Washington, has given $300,000 toward the fund. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, is to be the rector of the new Catholic University of America.

MAYOR-ELECT ROCHE, of Chicago, though a Republican, has re-appointed to the city collectorship, Hon. W. J. Onahan, who has been the Democratic incumbent of that office under more than one administration. This is a well-merited tribute to the honesty and integrity of a well-known Irish-American. He has also made John F. Finerty, oil inspector, a place said to be worth $10,000 a year.

Mrs. Davitt as a Vocalist.

ON May 10th, Mrs. Michael Davitt made her appearance as a vocalist at a monster concert in aid of the schools of St. Agatha's Church, Dublin. The tickets were sold far beyond the capacity of the room, and this caused much unpleasantness at the door. She has a pure, clear soprano voice, sympathetic and full of tenderness and expression. To the accompaniment of the violoncello, played by Dr. Cruise, she sang Gounod's "Ave Maria." For a recall she gave the national song, "O'Donnell Aboo." In tne second part of the programme she sang "The Wearing of the Green," which was vociferously encored. She followed this with "The Star Spangled Banner," felicitously pointing to a section of the room where green and American flags intermingled. Cries of "O'Brien!" "Good luck to him!" "The Star Spangled Banner will protect him!" and the like, followed the applause.

Good Luck.

TWO strapping young Irish peasants from the county of Mayo, recently arrived in Australia, after multitudinous adventures, at the magic ground where, as they had been told, "goold was as plenty as the dirt under your feet, glory be to God." They at once interviewed some of the old hands, and asked, as a neighborly turn, to be shown a "houlding" for themselves where the gold was pretty plentiful. Their primitive manners and costume seemed to point them out as the proper victims for a practical joke. They were planted on the side of a hill, the most unlikely spot, as it was believed, in the whole diggings for a grain of gold dust to lurk. They set to work to dig for gold with the same vigor with which they dig potatoes in the reclaimed bogs of their native Mayo. Their exertions were, to the amazement of the old hands, far more splendidly rewarded. Within a few hours they struck rich gold, the main reef having taken a sudden bend, never dreamt of, up the hillside and right across the "houlding" of our Mayo friends. In six weeks, so the story runs, they sold out for £4,000, and are at the present day two of the most wealthy and prosperous Nationalists in Sydney.

ON the 4th of June, the Holy Father granted an audience to Archbishop Williams of Boston.

HISTORY is repeating itself in the case of the present Pope. Like his predecessors in the middle ages, Leo XIII. is at present practically the peace-maker of Europe and the arbiter in international difficulties.

A Young Dublin Vocalist.

NOW in Italy, Mr. Vincent Barry, is making the most rapid progress in the profession to which he has devoted himself, and for whose more perfect attainment he has gone for instruction and for practice to the land of song itself. The Florence papers give the most glowing accounts of the marked success obtained by him at some recent concerts in that city, and of the enthusiasm excited by his excellent and artistic singing. He sang, with great power and feeling, some of the songs from "Louisa Miller," by Verdi, and he is spoken of as having been especially successful in a melody written by a young composer named Clerici, who was Mr. Barry's accompanist on the piano. Mr. Barry's auspicious beginning anticipates for him a very prosperous future.

The Land Question.

AN eminently practical and business-like examination of the Irish Land Question is conducted in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, under the form of an article on "The Plan of Campaign." The author is Mr. Samuel Laing, late member of Parliament for Orkney and Shetland, an Orkney landlord, who describes himself as neither better nor worse than his neighbors, and, moreover, one who has had the advantage of studying the facts of the land difficulty on the hill-sides and in the glens of Donegal, Connemara, and Kerry. Mr. Laing's argument leads him to the conclusion that the only possible escape from the difficulty is to be sought on the lines of a compromise. "The tenants must pay more than the strict prairie value; the landlords must take less than the paper price based on old figures which can never be realized; and John Bull must be prepared to run some moderate and measurable risk in the way of aiding by his credit the transformation of dual into single ownership in Ireland." Above all, there must be a local parliament.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY paid his first visit to Derry, since he became its representative, shortly after his return from America. A lengthened tour in the United States and Canada prevented the vice-chairman of the Irish party from meeting his constituents earlier, and the delay was prolonged for a few days by the exigencies of his parliamentary duties. But the interval did not dull the memory of the splendid victory by which the Maiden City was converted into a National stronghold. Mr. McCarthy was welcomed by the people of Derry with a warmth and an enthusiasm of which an emperor might be proud. To be able to plant the standard of Irish Nationality upon the walls of Derry, is, itself a victory worth all the labor and sacrifices of the past half dozen years.

Mother Marianna.

SISTER MARIANNA FLYNN, who has been appointed Mother Superior at St. Joseph's, Emmetsburg, has been treasurer of that institution for about three years. She succeeded Sister Teresa, when the latter went to St. Louis. Prior to that time she was in charge of the school and asylum of the Sisters of Charity at Richmond, Va., She is about fifty years of age. As her promotion indicates, she is considered a lady of more than ordinary ability. Her successor as treasurer is Sister Angela Davis, of New Orleans, who was educated at St. Joseph's Academy, and who entered the sisterhood after completing her education. She was at the hospital in Troy, N. Y., until the beginning of the year, when she was sent to St. Joseph's. The *Richmond Visitor* says: Sister Marianna has been appointed as the successor of the late Mother Euphemia, the mother Superioress of the Sisters of Charity. Sister, now Mother, Marianna, will be most kindly remembered by all our people, whose goodwill she secured by her gentle manners and sweet disposition whilst in charge of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. It was during her administration that the new and beautiful addition was made on Fourth Street. We are sure the noble Order of the Sisters of Charity have obtained a most worthy successor to the lamented Mother Euphemia, and our people should not fail to ask of God His help and assistance for her in her new and most arduous labors; for the burden now laid on her shoulders is not light, and although possessed of great abilities, her duties will be hard and trying.

BITTEN BY A TARANTULA.—Bridget Morgan, a girl in a Chicago hotel, while cutting some bananas from a huge bunch which had recently been brought in, was severely stung in the right thumb by a tarantula, which was concealed in the fruit. Instantly her hand and arm be-

came inflamed, and in a short time the entire limb was terribly swollen, while the pain was most excruciating. Medical aid was at once summoned, and every device known was applied to allay the pain and extract the deadly poison. The girl was then placed under the influence of stimulants and conveyed to her bed in a stupor. The physicians are hopeful of saving her life, but are by no means confident of her recovery.

Capital and Labor.

IN the fields of industry, says the Rev. T. J. Conaty, in the *Catholic World*, capital and labor are often in disagreement; but the merciless, ceaseless enemy of labor is intemperance. At times capital and labor agree, and the contest between them ceases or is modified. But between labor and intemperance there can never be any truce, and intemperance will cease to inflict damage only when it has been overcome and not compromised with. Temperance will unite more knots in the labor problem than all the laws that all the Legislatures in the country can pass. Father Conaty's views are sound and timely.

Surgical Operation.

A WONDERFUL surgical operation has been performed at the New Haven City Hospital, it is said, with entire success, the subject being a three-year-old son of George W. Fiero, of Waterbury, Connecticut, who was born with deformed legs, which apparently destined him to be crippled for life. But the surgeon broke one of his legs three times and the other leg twice, and then straightened and reset the bones. The child endured the operation well, under ether, and now walks long distances, with only a slight limp, which will disappear in time.

GEN. JOHN A. GIBBON, of the United States Army, is a brother of Cardinal Gibbons. The General dropped the "s" from his name some years ago for some reason known only to himself.

WE congratulate the Hon. John F. Finnerty upon his appointment, by the Mayor of Chicago, to the position of oil inspector, at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. Mr. Finnerty has labored hard for the cause of good government in Chicago, and his services merit this recognition. However we may have differed at times with Mr. Finnerty upon Irish questions, we have always respected the sincerity of his convictions and admired the eloquent frankness with which they are expressed. — *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.*

So say we all of us down here.— DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

CARDINAL MORAN says the Benedictine monks of Western Australia have proved that the native blacks are capable of being successfully educated in all the higher branches of European civilization.

SUNDAY, May 1st, Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Peterboro', was consecrated at Hamilton, Ont. His Grace Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, was the consecrating prelate. Assistant consecrators, Bishops Walsh, of London, and Carbery, of Hamilton. Rt. Rev. Bishop Cleary, of Kingstown, preached. Bishop Dowling succeeds the lamented Bishop Jamot.

An Electric Shock.

AT St. Mary's Church, in Philadelphia, a young man attended the services. He remained in the church when every one had gone, lying down under one of the pews. He rifled the poor-box and attempted to secure the gold vessels from the tabernacle, but in stepping on the electric mat in front of the altar he rang an electric bell in the room of Father McDermott. The priest summoned the police, who arrested the thief.

Historical Reminiscences.

THE recent disastrous fire in St. Augustine, Fla., recalls the following historical facts: As early as 1512 Ponce de Leon landed in the vicinity of St. Augustine in search of the fabled "fountain of youth;" but the first permanent settlement was made by Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles, who, on Sept. 8, 1565, disembarked with some 1,500 followers, and took permanent possession of the country in the name of the sovereign, Philip II. of Spain. According to trustworthy historical works the point of disembarkation was the site of the present city to which the name of St. Augustine was given in honor of "the greatest of the Fathers," on whose day (August 28) the fleet of de Aviles arrived

off the coast. The first act of this daring adventurer was to attack the French settlement on St. John's River, and two years later the French retaliated on St. Augustine. In 1586 Drake attacked and plundered the town, and throughout the seventeenth century it frequently suffered from the raids of Indians, pirates, and the English settlers of South Carolina and Georgia. St. Augustine was occupied by the English from 1763 to 1783, and in 1821 it passed into the hands of the United States. The city stands on a narrow, sandy peninsula, not more than twelve feet above the sea, formed by the Matanzas and San Sebastian Rivers, and is separated from the ocean by the northern end of Anastasia Island.

THE Very Rev. Father Vilarrasa, O. P., Provincial of the Dominican Fathers in California, celebrated his Golden Jubilee, on Easter Sunday, which was the fiftieth anniversary of his first Mass. The Rev. Father and Archbishop Alemany were ordained together, and both said their first Mass on the same day; the former in the church of the Dominican Monastery at Viterbo in Italy; and the latter in the Monastery church of *Gradi* near Viterbo.

A Room for the Pope.

IMMEDIATELY after the return of Cardinal Gibbons to Baltimore, one of the rooms in the archiepiscopal residence in that city will be fitted up for the use of the Pope, should he ever visit this country. The Vatican requires this of all cardinals. The furniture and hangings must be in red, and in one corner of the room will be a throne, with all necessary appendages. The room will be called the "Papal quarters," and must not be used upon any occasion except that indicated.

THE CHURCH IN AUSTRALASIA.—Intelligence from Rome announces that the Supreme Pontiff has created three new ecclesiastical provinces in Australasia, raising to the dignity of archbishoprics the sees of Brisbane (Queensland), Adelaide (South Australia), and Wellington (New Zealand). The Pope at the same time erects five new episcopal sees: Grafton, Wilcannie, Sale, Port Augusta, and Christchurch (New Zealand), and also apostolic vacariates of Kimberley (Queensland), of the Fiji Islands, and of Melanesia, the last comprising the British portion of New Guinea.

Dr. Chapelle for New Orleans.

THE prelate who rules over the See of New Orleans, feeling age creeping upon him, desired to obtain a coadjutor, and on reviewing the country he could find none more suitable than the Very Rev. Dr. P. L. Chapelle, the pastor of St. Matthew's, Washington, D. C. Accordingly he had, with the hearty concurrence of his suffragan Bishops, prepared an application to the Holy See for the appointment of Dr. Chapelle to the post, which will be no light one, and which may not be regarded by the pastor of St. Matthew's fashionable church as a promotion in any sense. But the coadjutorship generally carries with it the right of succession — in this case it will — and the rulership of the most ancient see within the present bounds of the United States is an honor not lightly to be despised. Cardinal Gibbons, on reaching Rome, filed the documents confided to his care. The Propaganda Fide has judged the matter favorably, and the Pope has approved the choice.

THE OFFICIAL LIST issued by the *Deutsches Handelsarchiv* of the imports from Germany into the Cameroon region of West Africa is highly suggestive. The imports were: 1,524,028 litres of rum, 37,800 bottles of gin, 1,588 old muskets, and 1,000 cartridges. Next to these requisites for intoxication and bloodshed, we get 1,112,000 kilograms of sugar, 56,039 kilograms of tobacco, and, finally, 398,200 yards of cloth. We quote the remark of the *Germania:* "These returns are characteristic of the manner in which 'civilization' is introduced from Germany." Alas, how far is not this true of all European trade in Africa?

Labor, Union, Religion.

APPLAUSE is assuredly misplaced at the close of a sermon, yet if it may ever be excused it was when seven thousand persons, mostly working men, gathered around the pulpit of the Duomo at Florence to hear the Italian Lacordaire, Padre Agostino da Montefeltro preach, for they applauded an eloquence which took men's minds back to the time when Savonarola preached to the Florentines. His thirty-two sermons delivered during last Lent and Eastertide are soul-stirring, if reports of them be accurate. Hours before the time fixed for each sermon, men jostled each other to secure places

in the great church. The preacher, who is said to be dying, was carried to and from the pulpit in a sedan-chair. One of his most impressive sermons was the last but one, addressed to workingmen. He asked them what had men of letters, politicians, economists, philosophers, and their other would-be guides done for them? He showed the falsity of the ideas these had sought to inculcate. Religion alone could console and dignify the workman. Before Christianity where was the dignity of labor? "But," we quote the preacher's words as given in the *St. James' Gazette*, "labor is not enough. Man must have fellowship, must have something that is not for his body only, but for his heart. You have inscribed 'Labor!' on your banner; add to it the word 'Union!' But that is not enough. Man must have a solid base on which he may safely rest everything. Add, then, on your banner the word, 'Religion!' When the working man goes forth under that banner, 'Labor, Union, Religion,' he will not indeed become a rich man, but he will never again be a miserable wretch."

Parnell's Health.

IN a recent letter Justin McCarthy says: "I have not seen Parnell since his return from Dublin. I believe he is better so far as his bronchial attack is concerned, but his general health is far from good. He has aged sadly of late. He is still a young man, but looks stooped and old and wasted. Ten years ago, even five years ago, he stood like a young athlete in strife; but it is the old story, the sword has worn out the scabbard. Parnell is giving his life for Ireland as certainly as if he were sacrificing it for her on a battle-field. Of course, he is greatly missed by his colleagues; but we wish to spare him all we can, as he is not given to sparing himself. Besides, at this moment, with the coercion bill in committee, debates are such as can best be dealt with by clever, skilful lawyers well acquainted with the practical administration of criminal law in Ireland. The fighting work of the Irish party is mainly done these nights by Healy. Marvellous is the fighting work he is doing. One looks on amazed at his inexhaustible readiness and power of debate. He is sustained often by Harcourt, John Morley and T. P. O'Connor." Later accounts say that Mr. Parnell was much better. God save Parnell and Ireland.

THE RULERS of the earth are sincerely desirous of showing their respect to the successor of St. Peter, and the Jubilee presentations which they are making to him are evidently no mere ceremonial gifts, but real peace offerings.

IN Italy there is a manifest disposition to come to terms with the Pope. Italian statesmen have begun to perceive, what Prince Bismarck has already discovered, that injustice towards the Catholic religion, and the Head of the Catholic Church, re-acts upon the source from which it emanates. There may be a good deal of religious indifference in Italy, but the Church holds the heart of the masses, and though they may at moments of national excitement forget their duty to her, they are not willing to sanction a systematic course of persecution towards the Supreme Pontiff and the clergy.

GERMANY.— There are assuredly reasons for congratulation that in Germany religious warfare between the Catholics and the state authorities has been supplanted by good-will.

WHAT are the Catholics of Boston doing about the Pope's Jubilee?

GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY has issued an order to the Knights of Labor recommending the order everywhere to enthusiastically celebrate the glorious Fourth, and to march under no flag, but the stars and stripes. This evidently, is aimed at some assemblies imbued with anarchist tendencies, who flaunt the red flag of destruction, towards which Powderly bears an uncompromising hostility. He desires the Knights of Labor to be American or nothing. He says that if they cannot obtain their rights as Americans, and on American principles, there is no remedy for their grievances.

THE French *Figaro* goes into raptures over an Easter egg transmitted by an English lady to the Holy Father. Certainly from a description it was, to use a proverbial expression, "the pick of the basket." It was a huge spheroid of pure white, unblemished ivory, for the materials of which the biggest tooth of the biggest elephant must have been sacrificed. Within, a jewelled casket reposed

on rich red satin, and within the casket blazed a cross with the red fire of a huge ruby for its centre, and the white flashes of diamonds for the stem and sides. The Pope, it is said, wore the gorgeous cross during a portion of the Easter ceremonies, and the devoted donor has written a letter of respectful gratitude for the condescension.

HON. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, the fearless editor of the staunch defender of the people's rights in Ireland, has just been elected to the House of Commons for the northeast division of Cork, made vacant by the resignation of Edmund Leamy.

Release of Father Keller.

THE Court of Appeal has rendered a decision in the case of Father Keller, the priest of Youghal, who was imprisoned in Kilmainham Jail for refusing to testify regarding his connection with the plan of campaign. The Court of Appeal holds that the warrant for Father Keller's arrest was illegal, and reverses the decision of the Court of the Queen's Bench. Father Keller was released from prison at eight o'clock on the evening of the 21st of May. He drove to the Imperial Hotel in the Lord Mayor's carriage in company with Archbishop Walsh and Mr. Timothy Harrington, M. P., followed by a large crowd of citizens. At the hotel he was received by Messrs. Sheehy and Crilly, members of parliament, and numerous priests. Father Keller addressed a crowd from a window in the hotel. In the course of his remarks he said that he might have been in prison till doomsday before Justice Boyd would have released him. With reference to his treatment while in prison he said that all the officials had shown him marked respect.

The scene on his arrival at Youghal was one of intense joy. The horses were taken from his carriage, and thousands of people cheered and blessed him. Women fell on their knees and wept tears of joy. The pathways were strewn with flowers and laurels. Arches of flags, principally American, crossed the streets. The houses were decorated with green branches and banners. The soldiers of the Scotch Regiment fraternized with the people.

Father Keller said that the Archbishop of Dublin first communicated to him the decision of the judges by driving to Kilmainham Jail. He had had, until then, no hope as to the decision of the judges, and was astonished at the result. He said that Mr. Harrington had handled his case with remarkable skill and was deserving of great credit. The judges' decision was a great triumph for the priesthood. He said that the prison had no terrors for him, and now more than ever was he determined, regardless of consequences, to stand by the Ponsonby tenants threatened with eviction and ruin. Father Keller was presented with an address at Youghal by the local branch of the National League. In his reply, he said that he would rather be in a cell in Kilmainham Jail, great as was his horror of imprisonment, than witness the recent atrocious evictions on the Ponsonby estate.

ARCHBISHOP ELDER, of Cincinnati, O., will attend the Commencement at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md., to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from this famous institute.

ON Ascension Day, May 19, the Rev. Patrick Dowd, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, Canada, and his assistant, the Rev. Joseph Toupin, both celebrated the Golden Jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary, of their priesthood. Both gentlemen are deservedly beloved, especially by the Irish residents of Montreal, for their splendid works of religion and charity. The double jubilee was observed with civic as well as religious honors.

THE N. W. Turner Company, 27 and 29 Bromfield Street, make a speciality of renovations and repairs of church and general metal work. This firm is now well-known to the clergy of New England, and have unsurpassed facilities for furnishing entire churches, convents, hospitals, seminaries, and all public and private buildings.

THE SALE held recently at the residence of Miss Florence Lyman, 14 Walnut Street, Boston, for the House of the Good Shepherd, realized over $900 for that most deserving charity. The alb, on which votes were given, was awarded to Mr. Francis Powers, S. J., of Gonzaga College, Washington, the son of Mr. P. H. Powers, of the Emerson Piano Company, Boston.

THE CATHOLIC UNION of Boston have purchased the estates Nos. 602 and 604 Tremont Street. The secretary, Mr.

John J. McCluskey, informs us that no extensive alterations are contemplated at present. The parlors will answer for business meetings and Wednesday night gatherings till the usual summer closing. Members are urged to come henceforth every Wednesday evening to No. 602 Tremont Street.

THE POPE has sanctioned the election of the Right Rev. Dr. McCormack, bishop of Achonry, to the Episcopal See of Galway, vacant by the translation of the Most Rev. Dr. Carr to the archbishopric of Melbourne. Dr. McCormack is fifty-four years of age, and was ordained a priest in 1862.

REV. FATHER JEAN MARIE, abbot of the Trappists of Bellefontaine, in Anjou, is at present on his way to Canada to visit the two houses of the Order. One of these establishments is in Nova Scotia and the other on the Lake of Two Mountains, near Montreal.

FOR a live, readable, spunky paper, give us the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen*.

ANOTHER landlord, and one of the most powerful in Mayo, Ireland, has yielded to the plan of campaign what he had refused to concede to reason. Sir Charles Gore, would not, until recently, grant an abatement to the tenants who had judicial rents fixed; when the tenants met to adopt the plan, they learned that he had granted substantially all that they required. We are glad that there is to be one struggle the less, and that a further example has been given to the Irish tenants, that if they have the pluck to maintain their rights they are sure to win.

WITHOUT doubt Mr. F. W. Kimball, 357 Washington Street, Boston, has cured more cases of rheumatism than any other man in this country. He uses only a little band of a dark-colored metal, which is worn on the finger, but it banishes anything of a rheumatic nature in short order. The ring is not unattractive in appearance, and resembles platinum, which is much more valuable than gold. We have heard it spoken of in the highest terms by those who have experienced relief from its use. In writing please mention DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

THE total number of emigrants from Queenstown to America during the month of April was 11,584; last year the same month showed a record of 6,656.

SOME of the Irish prelates are administering the total abstinence pledge to the youth of both sexes at confirmation. "Bring up the child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

NEW CHURCH FOR DORCHESTER.—Fr. Fitzpatrick, of St. Gregory's Church has purchased a lot for a new Church. The lot is about fifty rods from the Dorchester station of the New England railroad and the centre of a growing district. It has a frontage of eighty-seven feet on Norfolk Street, and over three hundred feet on Darling Street.

THE KAISER AND THE POPE.—The Pope has received a letter from Emperor William, in which the Emperor thanks the Pope for his wise and conciliatory cooperation in settling the ecclesiastical bill, and expresses the hope that the present religious peace will never be disturbed.

A Worthy Institution.

Boston Herald:—In the State House of Representatives a resolve has been reported from the committee on public charitable institutions to appropriate $10,000 in aid of the Carney Hospital. There will be found few objects more worthy than this one. The Carney Hospital has been admirably managed always, and has been the agent of conferring much good upon suffering people in this community.

THE Canadian Parliament passed anti-coercion resolutions by a vote of 135 for the resolutions by 47 against.

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE, devoted to a record of missions among the colored people of the United States, etc., issued quarterly. Price fifty cents a year. The present number is handsomely illustrated. It is decidedly the most interesting publication in the country. We say to all our readers, subscribe for *St. Joseph's Advocate*, thereby aiding in the conversion of

the colored races. Address, *St. Joseph's Advocate*, 401 Courtland Street, Baltimore, Md.

The Importance of the Holy Mass.

By the sacrifice of Calvary Jesus redeemed the entire world. The Mass is the very same sacrifice as that of Calvary. On the altar, as on Calvary, Jesus is the High Priest, Jesus is the Infinite Victim, and Jesus sheds His blood mythically for man's redemption. "We must needs confess," says the Council of Trent, "that no other work can be performed by the faithful as holy and divine as this tremendous mystery wherein the life-giving Victim, by which we are reconciled to the Father, is daily immolated on the altar by the priest." St. Thomas of Aquin writes: "The Mass is not only the greatest of all God's miracles, but it is an abridgment of all the wonders He has ever wrought." St. Ligouri concludes that "all the honors which angels by their homages, and men by their virtues, penances, martyrdoms, and other good works, have ever given to God, could not give Him so much glory as a single Mass." St. Leonard of Port Maurice says: "The Mass is the sun of Christianity, the soul of faith, the centre of the Catholic religion, the concentration of all that is good and beautiful in the Church of Christ. The Mass is the miracle of miracles, the wonder of wonders. O treasure inestimable! O treasure beyond all comprehension! The Mass the sun of our holy religion, which dissipates the clouds and restores serenity to the heavens. For my part I am persuaded that if it were not for the Holy Mass the world would have long since tottered from its foundations, crushed beneath the enormous weight of its many accumulated iniquities!"

Immigrants.— During the month of April, 1886, 7,378 immigrants arrived at Boston. In April of this year 9,378 — an increase of 2000.

Says the Buffalo *Lecouteulx Leader*, of recent date: — "Some publisher or book-seller — the *Leader* thinks in St. Louis — has been misleading a portion of the public by circulating a report that Mrs. Clements' 'Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints,' edited by Miss Catherine E. Conway, had been borrowed from 'Pilgrims and Shrines.' Evidently the publisher in question had read neither book. One aim of both is to arouse interest in Christian art, but therein lies the only resemblance. 'Pilgrims and Shrines' is a record of personal experiences in and visits to European cities where faith and art have built enduring monuments — written with all the tender grace of expression, extended artistic knowledge, poetic insight, and religious feeling peculiar to Miss Starr. Mrs. Clements' work is exactly what it is designed to be, a 'Hand book of Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints' — a book to be carried about with one travelling, or to keep for easy reference on the library table. Having a large amount of information gathered within a few pages, this book passed through fourteen or fifteen editions before the new one issued last year, when, with Miss Conway's co-operation, the author gave it to the public in its present corrected and improved form. Once having such a volume at hand it is difficult to see how one ever did without it."

Rally for Ireland.

At the great O'Brien meeting at the Boston Theatre on Sunday night May 29, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "*Resolved*, that we hear with indignation through the cable despatch of John Dillon of the renewal of wholesale evictions in Ireland and the need of renewed and increased support of the Irish struggle from America, and we earnestly ask our friends everywhere to rally at once with heart and means, pledging from Boston people their full share." The chairman announced that the proceeds of the meeting, to be sent as the first response to Mr. Dillon's appeal, were over $2,000.

The Archbishop of Melbourne.

Dr. Carr sailed, on May 17, for Australia. He is the bearer of the recently approved "Acta et Decreta" of the First Plenary Council of Sydney, Australia. The Pope has created in Australasia three new ecclesiastical provinces, those of Brisbane, Adelaide, and New Zealand, the metropolis of which is Wellington; the titulars of those three sees are raised to Archiepiscopal rank. He has further erected five new episcopal sees; that of Grafton, of which the Rev. Jeremiah Doyle, of Armidale, is named bishop;

that of Wilcannia, to which the Rev. John Dunne, of Goulburn, is to be bishop, that of Sale, of which the bishop will be the Rev. James Corbett, of Melbourne; that of Port Anguera, of which the Rev. John O'Reilly, of Perth is appointed bishop; and that of Christ Church, New Zealand, of which the Rev. J. Grimes, of the Marist Fathers, is named Bishop.

"LITERARY JUNK" is what the *Ave Maria* calls some of our premium books.

Virtually Settled for the Present.

LONDON, May 31.—Mr. Gladstone writes that as the Unionist Liberals have assisted in passing the second reading of the permanent coercion bill, the Irish question is virtually settled for the present.

LORD LANSDOWNE is a very large land owner in England. In the *Financial Reform Almanac* for this year he is rated as owning 142,916 acres, at a rental of £62,025, an amount equal to $310,125 in American money.

Admitted to the Priesthood.

NEW YORK, May 31.—A ceremony of peculiar interest occurred at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, New York, on the 31st of May, when Archbishop Corrigan ordained Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, of the historic Albany family, as a member of the priesthood. Mr. Van Rensselaer is a convert to the church from the Episcopal ministry.

A DIVORCE obtained in the United States is of no effect in Canada.

Apparition of St. Michael.

THE legend of the apparition of St. Michael, on May 8th, is this. In the pontificate of Gelasius I. there was a man named Gargano, very rich in cattle, who happened to lose a bull. After long search Gargano came to a cave which the men with him refused to enter; but one of them shot an arrow into the cave, and the arrow after penetrating the cave returned back to the shooter. This seemed very strange, and the Bishop of Liponto, who was one of the searchers, prayed and fasted for three days that the mystery might be revealed to him. At the expiration of that time St. Michael appeared and informed him that he (St. Michael) was himself in the cave when the arrow was discharged therein, and that it was he who had turned it back again by his own hand. He then commanded the bishop to build a church on the site of his miracle and dedicate it to St. Michael and All Angels. The Bishop then entered the cave and found it fitted up like a beautiful chapel; so he celebrated Mass in it and many miracles made it noted. Subsequently a church was built on the site called Mount Gargano, from Gargano, the farmer whose bull was lost, but the name was changed to St. Angelo's Mount from the "apparition of St. Michael." This mount is in the Capitanate near Manfredonia, in the kingdom of Naples.

Bishop Harkins at Fall River.

ON the morning of the 30th of May, Bishop Harkins visited Flint Village, and at the Church of Notre Dame confirmed six hundred children. At the conclusion of the Mass an address was delivered to the bishop by Dr. N. Baudet in the name of the League des Patriots. The occasion was the presentation of flags to the society. In the afternoon the bishop visited three picnics of Catholic societies at Forest Hill Gardens, at which he announced his intention of making the orphan asylum an institution for all Bristol County.

O'BRIEN.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* (England) says of WILLIAM O'BRIEN: "If zeal, self-devotion, inexhaustible vigor, and indomitable will should entitle a man to respect and admiration among his fellows, then we know of no man more worthy of honor than the editor of *United Ireland*. If we had but six Englishmen of his calibre, all agreed on one policy, these six men would rule the empire."

A Distinguished Priest.

THE Archbishop of Chicago has appointed the Rev. Dr. T. J. Butler, to succeed the lamented Father Waldron, as pastor of St. John's parish. Dr. Butler is a profound scholar, an able pulpit orator, a loyal American, and a sympathetic Irishman. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1833, and was educated in the Propaganda College of Rome, where his scholarship won him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He has been in Chicago, or in

some part of Illinois, since 1857. He was chaplain of Col. Mulligan's gallant regiment and served with it throughout many campaigns. At Lexington, Mo., he was slightly wounded while ministering to the dying soldiers, who fell under the fire of Price's sharp-shooters. He was, after the war, pastor of the church of the Immaculate Conception, Chicago. His health failed him and he travelled in Europe for some time. At his return he was made pastor of the Catholic Church at Rockford, Ill., and succeeded in ridding his parish of the debt which had previously incumbered it. His health gave way again in 1885 and he crossed the ocean once more, with the result of almost perfect convalescence.

The Coming Struggle.

SIR CHARLES DILKE concludes his series of articles on the present position and strength of the European powers in an article, "Powers on the United Kingdom." The weight of the article is devoted to a demonstration of the alarming weakness of England, both by land and by sea. It says: "The highest foreign scientific and military opinion informs us that a great war in which England is engaged will not end without an attempt at an invasion of he country. Our fleet cannot be certain of being able to prevent an invasion. While it is useless to land in Ireland, or Scotland, or in the North of England, it is a possible operation. One which would undoubtedly be attempted would be to land in South of England and suddenly by surprise to march on London."

THE one hundred and seventh anniversary of the birth of "the poet of all circles, the idol of his own," Tom Moore, was celebrated in various parts of the country on Memorial Day.

The Press at Home and Abroad.

BISHOP WATTERSON, of Columbus, O., having recently arrived from a long absence in Europe, says:—"During the eight months that I have been absent I have visited Europe, Asia, and Africa. One point that I noticed particularly was the marked difference between foreign and American newspapers. The papers on the other side of the water do not seem to care for the same class of news that appears in our dailies. You very rarely ever see an interview in an English paper, or at least that is the result of my observation. They seem to be very stingy in giving space. Personal items are almost entirely overlooked, and prominent men travel without being scouted and trailed as they are in the United States by the enterprising reporter."

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN has just received the Pope's brief nominating him Prelate Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, news of which was cabled a month ago. Cardinal Simeoni sent a flattering letter with the brief. He stated that the honor was conferred on only those Bishops who have done something remarkable for the faith, and that the bestowal of it at this time is especially significant.

The Brownson Monument.

THE Brownson Memorial movement of the Catholic Young Men's National Union is meeting with very encouraging success. Since the publication of the last financial statement many distinguished names have been added to the subscription list. And in Providence, R. I., the Young Men's Lyceum have inaugurated a series of meetings such as similar organizations throughout the country will continue during the year. The amount already subscribed approaches $1,500. Mr. Donahoe will gladly receive subscriptions and forward them to the treasurer.

A Boon to the Housewife.

HOUSEKEEPING has many petty annoyances, not the least being that which the good wife and mother experiences when starch and the polisher fail to do their duty on the collars and cuffs of paterfamilias and the young hopefuls. "Confound this collar!" exclaims the irate husband. "It is as limber as tissue, and as rough as a currycomb!" Then follows the usual explanation, and perhaps tears — neither of which is satisfactory to husband or wife. Now to meet just such cases and thus ensue and promote domestic happiness, the celebrated "Linene" Reversible collars and cuffs were invented. They preserve their form and shape without a wrinkle, and on one side being soiled, they can be turned and worn on the other. The fit of both collar and cuffs is perfection. They have had an extended

trial and have received the highest prizes and honors at the New Orleans and other exhibitions. So the ladies need not fear to trust the male members of their families with a trial of them. We advise all who are troubled in the manner set forth above to secure a sample of these goods, and insist that peace and satisfactory linen hereafter reign in their households. If they cannot be obtained at a convenient furnishing store, 25 cents by mail will secure a box of *ten* collars or five pairs of cuffs, if sent to the Reversible Collar Co., 27 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

Sympathy for Ireland.

St. Louis Republican: When the *London Times* gets "behind the scenes in America," as it promises its readers, it will discover that nearly sixty million of Americans, exclusive of Indians not taxed, are in sympathy with the Home Rule movement.

MR. O'BRIEN'S reception and treatment by the mob in Toronto reminds some of our Boston residents of old anti-slavery days. The Burns and Garrison riots, for instance.

AN important decision has just been made. A woman unknown got hold of Annie Cornell's bank-book and drew $225 from the Emigrant Industrial Bank, New York. The Supreme Court, General Term, holds that a savings bank must exercise ordinary care to see that the person who presents a bank-book owns it, and that the bank must pay Mrs. Cornell her $225.

MR. GLADSTONE will spend part of his Whitsuntide holiday in Swansea, Wales, where he will be the guest of Sir Henry Hussey Vivian. Sir Henry was formerly a Liberal. He wavered, however, in his loyalty to Mr. Gladstone when he introduced his Irish Home Rule Bill, and acted with the Liberal-Unionists. Recently he became converted to the ex-premier's views on the Irish question. It is probable that the Welsh people will signalize Mr. Gladstone's visit by a series of demonstrations in his honor.

MR. O'BRIEN'S election, unopposed, for the northeast division of Cork, has added to the popular feeling in his favor, particularly as before his arrival in Canada cablegrams were published from London stating Mr. Parnell's disapproval of his trip. Mr. O'Brien said at Montreal: "I am sorry to hear I have been elected again to parliament, but I am inclined to think Lord Lansdowne is still more sorry under the circumstances. I am thankful to my colleagues and countrymen."

MISS ADA YATES, the young lady who took such an active part in establishing cottage industries in Carnra, Galway, and other western districts, was so struck by the patience and resignation of the poor during her two years' sojourn amongst them that she has joined the Catholic faith. On Holy Saturday she was received into the Church by Father Hall, of Whitefriars Street, Dublin.

The First Marriage Null.

IN May, 1886, the Ecclesiastical Court at Hartford, appointed by Bishop McMahon, rendered a decision declaring that the marriage of William Grant with Mary Reilly, contracted before a Protestant minister in 1870, is invalid in the Catholic Church because William Grant had not been baptized, was made lawful by his baptism in 1878, and his subsequent living with her. The tribunal was appointed at the request of Mr. Grant, and on receipt of this decision his advocate, the Rev. R. L. Burtsell, D. D., pastor of the Church of the Epiphany, New York, took an appeal to the higher court of Boston. Archbishop Williams has made known his decision, which reserves that of the Hartford court, on the grounds that there was no proof of Mr. Grant's baptism previous to 1870, and that the mere living with Mary Reilly, after baptism, did not make the marriage valid. He therefore concludes that the first marriage was always null, and hence the second, properly contracted, is the only valid one in the eyes of the Catholic Church.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS arrived at New York in the steamer *Umbria* on the morning of June 4, in excellent health. The steamer made the fastest trip on record, being less than six days.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE, a large painting by a celebrated Hungarian artist, is now on exhibition at Horticultural Hall

in Boston. It is well worthy of a visit. It has been visited in various cities in Europe by two millions of people. In New York in six months, two hundred thousand people went to see it.

Convention in Marlboro, Mass.

THE eleventh annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the archdiocese of Boston, was on a grand scale. It took place on Memorial Day, in the thriving town of Marlboro, and was largely attended. Mr. J. E. Kennedy was chief marshal of the procession, and L. E. Kirby and J. P. Rowe acted as aids. Carriages containing Vicar-General Byrne, Boston; Rev. T. J. Conaty, Worcester; Rev. B. Conaty, Spencer; Rev. J. Kavanagh, Lexington; Rev. T. Cusick, Hudson; Rev. P. A. McKenna, Marlboro; Rev. Dr. Talbot, Boston; Rev. J. T. McCoy, Westboro; Rev. P. B. Murphy, Natick; President J. G. Fennessy; delegates to the convention were in the procession. The convention opened in a manner befitting a Catholic organization with Solemn High Mass. The Rev. P. A. McKenna, who has been identified with the Union from its infancy, welcomed the delegates on their arrival, whereupon they were escorted to the church. Rev. T. J. Conaty, of Worcester, delivered the address, and it was an effort worthy even of his eloquence. The next convention will be held in Lowell.

BOSTON *Daily Globe*:— The American consul at Ottawa, Canada, Mr. Hotchkiss, ought to be called home. He draped his house with the stars and stripes in honor of Lansdowne, after refusing to lend it to decorate the hall in which brave William O'Brien was to speak. He acted like a flunkey, but we are not sure that he will be recalled. Secretary Bayard has a soft side for the Hotchkiss style of flunkeyism.

WE would strongly urge our readers who are interested at all in real estate,— and that means all of them, for in this country every man either owns real estate or intends to do so,— the importance of having the titles to property (when purchased) properly examined, and we would further desire to impress upon all minds that there is but one safe way and but one corporation which can and does furnish the buyer with a guarantee. The Massachusetts Title Insurance Company, is obliged, in order to protect itself, to make a thorough examination, and furnishes the buyer with a policy of Title Insurance which gives him absolute protection, and this is done for a moderate charge, known to the buyer before work is begun. In many ordinary matters it is all right to patronize some friend or acquaintance who is a lawyer, because he is a good fellow and a fellow-countryman, but when your home and your hard-earned savings are at stake, it is important that you should adopt every precaution. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

WALLKILL RIVER HOUSE.—At Phillipsburgh, near Middletown, N. Y. James Murphy, Proprietor. P. O. address, Middletown, Orange County, N. Y. This is a delightful summer resort. The proprietor, captain in the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, will receive any of his old comrades who may pay him a visit. There is bass fishing, bathing, and boating. Terms moderate.

The Colored and Indian Races.

OVER $50,000 has resulted from the first of the annual collections for the Negro and Indian missions, ordered for the first Sunday in Lent through out the United States, by the Plenary Council of Baltimore. This is exclusive of what goes to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It will be distributed on the return of Cardinal Gibbons, who, with Bishop Keane of Richmond, Va., and Bishop Curtis, of Wilmington, Del., constitute the commission on missionary work among our colored people. A little over $5,000 was collected in the Archdiocese of Boston, being one half of the whole collection, the other half going to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Lansdowne and O'Brien.

FROM THE *New York Sun*:— Neither Lord Lansdowne nor any of the newspapers arrayed upon his side have seriously attempted to justify the outrageous proceedings at Luggacurran which Mr. O'Brien has denounced. The Irish patriot has challenged the Viceroy or any of his advocates to face him on the platform in debate. Their only answer has been to practically deprive him of the fundamental rights of public meeting and free speech

in the only section of Canada where they dared thus to affront the traditions of justice and the instinct of fair play. They have tried to gag O'Brien in Toronto by the same coercion which Lansdowne has dealt out to his luckless tenants, and which the Tory Government are bent upon applying to the whole Irish people. But how will the great mass of Canadians relish the introduction of this principle? How will they like the demonstration that the only kind of free speech tolerated in their country is the liberty to flatter and fawn upon their British Governors? What do our friends, the French-Canadians of the province of Quebec, the Irish Catholics of Quebec, Ontario, and the maritime provinces, ay, and many a right-feeling Protestant in Toronto itself, think of the strange assumption now made, in fact if not in theory, that where a British land-owner is a party to a controversy, only his side has a right to be heard in the Dominion?

The Young Men's Catholic Union.

THE thirteenth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union was opened in New York on the morning of the 25th of May, by a Solemn High Mass at the Cathedral and an address to the delegates by Mgr. Thomas S. Preston. Over two hundred delegates from five archdioceses and eleven dioceses, as far removed as Charleston, S. C., and Cincinnati, Ohio, were present. The Rev. John M. Grady, President of the Archdiocesan Union, was celebrant; the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C. S. P., deacon, and the Rev. Joseph F. Meehan, National President, sub-deacon. Mgr. Preston welcomed the delegates in the name of Archbishop Corrigan, who, he said, had been unavoidably kept away by his episcopal duties. He congratulated the organization on its permanence and the fact that it had outlived its time of trial, and might reasonably hope to extend and increase its influence.

At the election of national officers the Rev. John M. Grady, pastor of Our Lady of Sorrows, Portchester, N. Y., was elected President by acclamation. Rev. Victor Arnold, of Canton, O., was elected First Vice-President; Mr. H. C. Lowery, of Charleston, S. C., Second Vice-President, and Mr. Peter J. Goodman, of East Newark, N. J., Secretary and Treasurer.

Just before the election Archbishop Corrigan came into the room, accompanied by his secretary, the Rev. Dr. McDonnell. All business was immediately suspended. The Archbishop addressed a few words to the young men, apologizing for his inability to be present at the Mass the day before. The next meeting will be held in Cincinnati next May. A banquet was tendered the visiting delegations by the New York societies at Mazzetti's, in the evening. Rev. J. M. Grady presided, and the following toasts were responded to: "The Literary Work of Our Union," John P. Leahy, of Boston; "Our Union," Rev. J. H. Mitchell, Brooklyn; "Our Sister Societies," Major Edmund Mallet, Washington; "Our Presidents," Mgr. Doane, of Newark.

EDITOR O'BRIEN left the shores of America covered with glory. He not only escaped the bricks and paving-stones of the Orangemen, but a more dangerous element in New York composed of socialists, dynamiters, anarchists, Georgeites, etc. He is fit to be the leader of people.

THE WRITER is the name of a new magazine recently started in Boston. It is edited, with ability, by members of the several newspaper — men attached to the daily press. Sample copies 10 cents; subscription $1. Boston, P. O. Box 1905.

HOW WARS BEGIN.—"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Tommy Seasonby. "Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag."—"No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby, "that wasn't the reason." "But, my darling," said Mr. Seasonby, "don't you suppose I know? You are mistaken; that was the reason."—"No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—"—"Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—"—"Peleg, you know better! You are only trying to—"—"Madam, I am not aware that your opinion was asked in the matter."—"Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus!" "See here, you impudent—; "Don't dare you bristle up to me, you old —"—"Never mind," interrupted Tommy' "I fancy I know how wars begin."

EDITOR O'BRIEN was given a grand banquet in New York the evening before his departure. A check was handed to him of £5,000 ($25,000) for the Irish cause.

Notices of Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

GLEN MARY: A CATHOLIC NOVEL. By Mrs. Junius McGehee, author of "Buried Alive" and "Clouds and Pearls."

The book treats the subject of matrimony, its responsibilities, and its approval by Mother Church.

THE LOST GLOVE. By Henry Conscience. Translated from the original Flemish. Price $1.50.

THE IRON TOMB. By the same author. Price $1.50.

Henry Conscience is among the best of our story writers. The Messrs. Murphy have printed and bound these volumes in excellent style. Good books for premiums.

The Baltimore Publishing Co., Baltimore.

FIORDALISA: A QUAINT ITALIAN TALE. By Antin Giulio Barilli. Price $1.25.

A nice premium book. There is no "junk" about it.

Benziger Bros., N.Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR SCIENCE, with Sketches of the great Catholic Scientists. By Rev. Martin S. Brennan, pastor of the Church of St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Louis; author of "A Popular Exposition of Electricity, with sketches of some of its discoverers." 12mo, cloth, School Edition, $1.00; 12mo. cloth, extra gilt, Premium Edition, $1.25.

The purpose of this book is to refute two widespread notions. One is, that when a man devotes himself to science he must cease to be a Christian; and the other, that the Catholic Church is hostile to scientific progress. Nothing can be more unjust than the impression that the pursuit of science is prejudicial to a man's piety. A close intimacy with the grand designs of the Creator can only enhance our reverence for His divine beneficence. The heart of the true Catholic scientist is instinctly sending up a constant orison to the great White Throne. Gassendi, Picard, Mersenne, Leverrier, Chevreul, and a host of others travelled as far along the path of Christian perfection as along the way of science. How the impression that the Church is hostile to science can live among a reading people, is truly an enigma. The merit of introducing into scientific study the inductive or true system belongs to the children of the Church. They were the pioneers of every branch of science. The greatest names in astronomy, mathematics, mechanics, electricity, galvanism, chemistry, optics, thermotics, mineralogy, and botany, are Catholic ones. Every branch of modern science owes not only its origin but the main part of its growth to Catholic scientists, so that it can be said with sincerest truth that the sceptre of science belongs to the Church.

VISITS TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT. By St. Ligouri.

A new edition of St. Alphonsus de Ligouri's "Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament." This edition, printed from large and entirely new types, is vastly superior to any other existing edition of the book, while its price is remarkably low: maroquette binding, 35 cents retail.

University Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

LETTERS FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Professor of Physical Science in the University of Notre Dame.

Just at this time, these letters are particularly interesting.

E. L. Freeman & Son, Providence, R. I.

HEROES AND HEROINES OF MEMPHIS; or, Reminiscences of the Yellow Fever Epidemics that afflicted the City of Memphis during the autumn months of 1873, 1878, and 1879. To which is added a graphic description of Missionary Life in Eastern Arkansas. By Rev. D. A. Quinn. Price $1.00.

The book is embellished with an engraving of the priests' monument, Calvary Cemetery, Memphis, and is dedicated to his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, former bishop of Nashville, present archbishop of Chicago. Twenty-four priests, fifteen nuns, and some thirty-five others died during the epidemic of the years referred to.

Church of St. Monica, Atlantic City, N.J.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE, AND OTHER SACRED POEMS. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. With a preface by Rt. Rev. Michael Joseph O'Farrell, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J.

In the preface, Bishop O'Farrell says: "Did it contain nothing more than the poem on the conversion of St. Augustine, it would be doubly welcome in this year, which marks the fifteenth centenary of that great event (387), that gave to the Church the son of St. Monica,—the prodigy of genius, the light of Doctors, the hammer of heretics, and the vindicator of the Divine Word. But it gives, besides this, many other important facts connected with the Augustinian Order, and aids one of the best of charities, viz., the erection of a new church in honor of St. Monica by the sea-shore, so appropriate to remind the reader that it was by the sea-shore the pious mother and son

held their last conversation on earth, and together discoursed so sweetly on heavenly things before her pure, sorrow-tried soul quitting its mortal habitation, and, borne on the wings of love, sped to the God of all love."

The book contains some thirty-five poems, is dedicated to St. Monica, and sold to aid in the erection and completion of the Church of St. Monica, Atlantic City, N. J.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH; or, Henry George *vs.* Archbishop Corrigan. By Rev. Willebald Hackner, priest of the Diocese of Lacrosse, Wis.

A pamphlet of fifty-nine pages.

All the above books may be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co. as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RECORDS OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA. Vol. I. 1884–1886. Published by the society. Colleges, libraries, and those desirous of learning the early history of the Church in America, should procure this volume of some four hundred octavo pages. The book is well gotten up both in printing and paper.

FATHER LAMBERT, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," has written a new polemical work entitled "Tactics of Infidelity." It will soon be published.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.—No. 1 of the Angelus Library. Issued by the Angelus Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich. Price, 10 cents.

THE *Hibernian Monthly*.—The April issue of this new monthly received. We should have mentioned its appearance before; but it is never too late to do a good act. The *Hibernian* is a twenty-four page monthly, and is offered at the low price of $1.00 a year. The April issue is embellished with a portrait of John F. Finerty, ex-member of Congress' recently appointed to a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year position in Chicago. We have placed the *Hibernian* on our honorary list, and wish it a long life.

THE Catholic Publication Society Company will soon begin the quarterly publication of a selection of "Readings," to be edited by Miss Catharine A. O'Keeffe, of Lawrence, Mass. Miss O'K. is a teacher in the High School of that city.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "My Snowy Breasted Pearl," words by De Vere, music by Joseph Robinson. "You'll Sometimes Think of Me," by Geo. W. Persley. "An Irish Lullaby in the County Kerry," by Jno. F. Ward. "Sweet Maureen," by same author. "Christ Has Risen," by A. F. Lord. "Woman, Lovely Woman," waltz song, by Felix McGlennon. "Excelsior," by Balfe, arranged for Male Quartette by B. M. Davison. "Happy and Light," chorus from "Bohemian Girl." "Pilgrims' Chorus," from "Tannhauser," by Wagner. "Good Night, Thou Glorious Sun," four-part song, by Henry Smart. "Rose Softly Blooming," by Spohr. "If with All Your Hearts," from "Elijah," by Mendelssohn. "All Hope Has Fled," duet, by C. A. White. "The Daily Question," by E. Meyer-Helmund. "Barney, Come Back to Erin," by Olive E. Sammons. "Father O'Flynn," words by A. P. Graves, music arranged by C. Villiers Stanford. "From Tayo's Strand," march and chorus, Johann Strauss. "O Thou to Whom in Ancient Time," by P. Morrison. "Echoes," duet, words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Frank L. Moir. "Evangeline," by C. A. White, arranged for guitar by Geo. W. Persley. "Spread Out Your White Sails," duet adapted by C. A. White, also same arranged as a solo. "Ave Maria," for piano, violin, voice, and organ by Bach-Gounod. "They're Crossing," by J. G. Hunting. "These Old Comrades of Ours," words by H. O. Hedge, music by C. A. White. "Johnnie and Laura," comic dialogue, by Leonard Marshall. "Lullaby Baby," song for children, C. A. White. "The Broken Ring," as sung by Richard Mansfield.

Instrumental: "Sparkling Gavotte," by T. P. Ryder. "Little Nugget," Polka de Concert, by H. J. Techrist. "Morning Echoes," Schottische Rondo, by C. D. Blake. "Loving Hearts Gavotte," by C. C. Stearns. "Murmurings From The Deep," by C. D. Blake. "Henry Ward Beecher's Funeral March," by C. D. Blake. "La Fileuse," Etude, by J. Raff. "Bitter Sweet Waltz," by Caroline Lowthian. "Venetia Waltzes," by same author. "Jenny Lind's Favorite Polka," by Wallerstein. "Charming Strains," by Aloys Heunes. "Strewing Flowers Waltzes," by E. H. Bailey. "Strewing Flowers Waltzes," also "Auf Wiedersehn Waltzes," by E. H. Bailey, arranged for violin and piano. "Tobogganning Galop," arranged

for four hands, C. D. Blake. "Morning Prayer," by L. Streabbog." "Gavotte," by Carl Reinecke. "The Fair," by Cornelius Gurlitt. "Sunshine and Shadow Waltzes," E. H. Bailey. "Scherzo," by Th. Kullak. "Polka Militaire," by L. Gobbaerts. "Arioso," by H. Lichner.

Books: "Mass of the Angel Guardian," by C. C. Stearns. A very pleasing and melodious work intended especially for children's voices. We can heartily commend this Mass to those seeking music suitable for Sunday-schools. "Czerny's 110 Exercises," Book 2, a standard work for piano students. Both these works are issued by Messrs. White, Smith & Co., in their usual faultless style.

Louis H. Ross & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Parted," words by Emily S. Bonton, music by Geo. L. Tracy. "At Eventide," ballad, Ernest W. Shurtleff.

Instrumental: "At Sunset," by C. V. Cloy. "Strains from the Forest Waltzes," Charles L. Bayrd. "Sweetest Delight," by C. V. Cloy. "Avalanche Galop," by Frank C. Turner.

A WINE-DEALER in Kreuznuch, Beisiegel by name, has lately been sentenced by the court at Coblentz to five weeks' imprisonment and a heavy fine for adulterating wine. In the course of the trial some startling facts came to light. Thus we learn that, among the materials used to "sophisticate" wines are glycerine, tannin, ammonia, tartaric acid, coriander seed, orange blossom water, elderberry oil, pineapple, ether, sugar, dried raisins, spirits of wine, mallow, various coloring matters, and — last but most important — water. Some of these adulterations seem harmless enough, and teetotalers will no doubt think the last named positively beneficial.

The Star of Bethlehem.

"THE Star of Bethlehem, or the Pilgrim, as it is also called," may appear at any moment. It was due in 1880; and ought certainly to be here now — that is, assuming that it shows itself every three hundred years. I believe it has been traced back as far as 320, and there is certainly no reason why it should forget to pay us a visit this time. One can never tell, however, what a variable star will do. Its appearance would strengthen the popular belief that it is the very same star that guided the wise men from the East to Jerusalem.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL, who is an ex-student and doctor of Louvain, has within the last few days decorated with the highest order of his empire two learned professors of his *alma mater*. The present students, who number something like eighteen hundred, are jubilant over the distinctions conferred, and have already enthusiastically applauded the distinguished recipients of the Brazilian honors.

THE *New York Mail and Express* says of the Orangemen's attack on Editor O'Brien in Toronto: "The stones that were thrown at Mr. O'Brien were more eloquent in behalf of his cause than his words."

Burning of a Theatre.

THE Theatre Comique in Paris, France, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 26th of May, when the performance was going on. It is estimated that one hundred lives were lost and a great many injured.

Bad for Connecticut.

THE *Steubenville* (Ohio) *Gazette* says: J. T. P., the historical writer of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, has a great deal to say about the wonderful influence for good brought about by the settlement of the Western Reserve by people from Connecticut. These people are the fellows who made wooden nutmegs on the impotent soil of New England, and introduced into Ohio creamery butter made out of hog fat, and pure maple molasses out of brown sugar and hickory bark.

CARDINAL MANNING is described by a recent visitor as "weirdly impressive at night." Wearing his black cassock and scarlet cap, sitting by a blazing fire in his study, his Eminence will discuss any subject from the Decrees of the Council of Trent down to a paragraph in the society papers. No subject is too large, no topic too small for him to converse upon. He is a teetotaler — has been one for years — as all know; and eats just as much as will keep the machinery of the body properly lubricated and no more. When he was made a cardinal eleven years ago, some of his flock sent round the hat to enable him to pay the fees without personally inconveniencing himself.

DONAHOE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LOWER HALL.

Vol. XVIII. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1887. No. 2.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

"Scotch-Irish" (?) and Irish in the Revolution.

"A LIE well stuck to is as good as the truth," was said by Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, and his saying has passed into a proverb. The truth of the saying has been exemplified in the persistency with which the North Britons, or "Scotsmen," as they wish to be called, have posed before the world for the last two centuries as reformers of society, leaders of civilization, and allies of freedom. In arts, in arms, in science, and commerce, in all that ennobles man and conveys to him a benefit or a blessing, the "Scotsman" and "Anglo-Saxon," according to themselves, are preëminent and supreme. This vainglorious idea has been promulgated by them wherever the English language exists, and those who are not conversant with Irish, Scotch, and English history take the empty vaporings of Aberdeen pedants for historical facts. So great is the lump of self-esteem in a Scotsman, or one of his descendants, that it is utterly impossible to make him believe that a great man could be born out of Scotland. The Englishman entertains the same idea about *his* country, and disagrees with the North Briton on every subject but one, namely, *hatred of the Irish.*

This hate they cherish, and since the reign of James I. have employed all the arts they are masters of to enforce it on others. When a great name looms up in the world of literature, or a great military captain appears, even though his Irish name carries an "O" or "Mac" with it, he is immediately put down as an Englishman or a Scotsman. Every great poet, historian, or general, who by his works kindles the world to admiration of his genius, though he may be born on the banks of Lough Corrib or the Shannon, is immediately claimed by them. But should he be a North-of-Ireland man, born in the grand old province of Ulster, the Ulster of the O'Neills and O'Donnells,—the province that for five centuries defied Norman and Saxon, and is not yet conquered, he is put down as a "Scotch-Irishman," because there is a sprinkling of Scotchmen among the population. Unfortunately for the Irish in America, many journals here copy English and Scotch models, and mould their opinions after them. Prominent among these is the

Boston *Transcript*, which unblushingly states that the Ulster men who came to America were "Scotch-Irish."

With all deference to the genius of the *Transcript*, which, however, we do not bow to, we beg leave to contradict and state that there is no such word in the English language, or any other language, as "Scotch-Irish." It is meaningless, it is an absurdity, and a contradiction of terms. Translated into English it means "Irish-Irish." But this has no meaning. No man is called an English-Englishman, a Scotch-Scotchman, or a French-Frenchman! Why, then, call an Irishman born in the province of Ulster an Irish-Irishman? That is what "Scotch-Irish" means, if it has any meaning. True, custom has confirmed it, and it is now used, but improperly.

To demonstrate this fact we shall refer to history and give proof. Ireland was a civilized country when, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "The Scotch were roving bands of naked barbarians on their rugged hills." In the beginning of the Christian era, according to the Scotch historian, Bucannan, and others, the *Scots* of Ulster colonized the bleak region which is now called Scotland. The meaning of that term is Scots-land, that is, *the land of the Scots*,—the Irish at that time being called Scots.

Jonas, the Abbot, says in his history of St. Columkille, second chapter, "Columbanus, who is also called Columba, was born in Hibernia, *which is inhabited by the nation of the Scoti.*" He lived in A. D. 572.

Bede, also, in the first chapter of the first book of his "History of the Saxons," tells us that Ireland was the native country of the Scots. Here are his words: "*Hibernia propria Scotarum patria est.*" "Hibernia is the proper fatherland of the Scots." Bede also states that Ireland was then known as Scotia. He is the most authentic as well as the most ancient of English historians. Bede lived about seven hundred years after Christ. Orosius, who lived less than four hundred years after Christ, states the same fact. Serarius, Capgravius, and Marianus, the latter a Scotchman born, bear testimony to this. Sir Walter Scott acknowledges it, and it is admitted by every intelligent man, who is versed in the history of Ireland that Ireland is the mother-country of Scotland, and that the word SCOTSMAN and Irishman are identical.

Ireland colonized it, gave to it her laws, her learning, and her Christianity. She did more: she gave to the barbarians her language, gave kings, law-givers and judges, and, in fact, raised the inhabitants from barbarism to civilization. One hundred and twenty Irishmen from the mother-country, *Scotia Major*, Ireland, ruled *Scotia Minor*, Scotland (the Irish Colony), from the time of the first settlement down to the days of Bruce and Wallace. Facts are stubborn things, and, no matter how a newspaper may endeavor to distort them, cannot be disputed.

When the Romans invaded England and Scotland the Irish were called on by these countries to drive them out. They gave them aid. Bannockburn was won by Irish bowmen. An English chronicler of the time says:—

"To Albian Scots we ne'er would yield,
The Irish bowmen won the field."

Ireland and Scotland were allies until the time of John Knox, the Catholic Church razer and burner. This man, by his fanatical vehemence, inspired the Scotch to rebel against the old faith. The lessons he imparted and the principles he proclaimed were, unfortunately, too well taken to heart and acted upon by his countrymen. He and the followers of Mary of Scotland's son, James I., sowed the first seeds of dissension between the Scots and their fathers, and gave birth to the hatred which at present exists.

When, in 1702, during the reign of Queen Anne, the union between Scotland and England was effected, the Scotch people threw away their nationality (as they had before done with their faith), and, sinking their nationality into nothingness, became WEST BRITONS! As such they remain to this day. But they still retain their Irish names and Irish language, at least in the Highlands. This is how an American writer gets mixed up when dealing with this subject. He thinks the Irish and Scotch are two distinct peoples. They are not. They are both Irish.

During the reign of Queen Anne the Irish penal laws were enacted. These laws virtually deprived the Irish people of all political and religious rights. The province of Ulster was divided amongst a lot of hungry Scotch and English adventurers previous to her reign; but she and her adherents, as well as her successors, the Georges, endeavored to stamp out the Irish and plant Scotch in their places. The Scotch and English who came received grants of land from the crown. They came as landlords, not as laborers or workingmen, and their miserable descendants, such as the Hamiltons (Abercorn family), Chichesters, etc., are the curse of Ireland to-day.

The Irish were legally made slaves. They had no voice or power in their own land. They saw their lands, which their fathers for three thousand years had occupied and left to them as an inheritance, in the possession of men who looked on them as enemies. They would not submit to be slaves, and chose the only alternative left — emigration to the "Tobacco Plantations," which the thirteen Colonies of America were then called. They emigrated to the Colonies; they settled there, and THEY WERE THE MEN WHO MADE THE REVOLUTION!

More than a century and a half before that event England had been employed in depopulating Ireland. This barbarous policy, inaugurated by Elizabeth, was continued by her successor, James I., and in fact has come down to our own times. After the Revolution of 1688 the tide of emigration set in towards the American Colonies. The laws of William and Anne were enacted to destroy the trade and manufactures of Ireland, and to subdue the spirit of the Irish people. The Irish linen manufactures were suppressed and thousands of Irishmen were thrown out of employment. The suppression of the trade of Ireland opened a market for English wares, and the British workman found employment at home. He had no need to emigrate. The looms of England and Scotland gave him support; they supplied him with beef and beer, and the idea of emigrating to the wilds of North America never entered his mind. Even if he did wish to emigrate there was a fairer land lying at his very door. There was Ireland with her millions of fat acres waiting for the Englishman and Scotchman to come and

possess them. Wars and penal laws had dispossessed the rightful owners of their inheritance; English "civilization," that is, war, famine, and slavery had opened a fair field for the Briton, and he came to Ireland. But what became of the Irish who were evicted from those lands? What became of the thousands of mechanics, farmers, and laborers who were thrown out of employment on the suppression of Irish trade? They would not be allowed to cultivate the soil of Ireland because they were rebels to the government that had robbed and deprived them of their just rights; they could not find employment in England because they *were* Irish; they would not be allowed to emigrate to France or Spain, or join the armies of these countries, because these powers were opposed to English domination and intolerance, and were her most formidable enemies. It is true thousands of Irishmen escaped to France and joined her military service, but the great majority of the people could not escape. English cruisers lined the Irish coasts, and English sails whitened the Irish waters, watching for a glimpse of a foreign ship coming with friendly succor to the Irish! And this continued without intermission from 1691 down to 1776. What then became of the Irish?

The question is easily answered. They emigrated to the North American Colonies and settled there. They came to Virginia, North and South Carolina, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Maine, and other Colonies, in possession of the British crown. No other place was open to them. England, glad to get rid of them, permitted them to emigrate, and so we find that in the beginning of the last century, and during the last half of the preceding one, shiploads of "emigrants from Ireland" arrived at the different American ports. We have no positive means of ascertaining the total amount of Irish that emigrated to this country during the century immediately preceding the Revolution; but gathering together the loose data that has floated down to us, and basing our estimate thereon, we have no hesitation in endorsing the opinion that out of the three millions who inhabited the thirteen Colonies at the beginning of the Revolution, one million of these were Irish by birth or descent!

And here we direct attention to a circumstance regarding Irish and English names which has escaped the scrutiny of the *Transcript* and its "Anglo-Saxon" correspondent. The popular idea prevails that every name that has not an "O" or a "Mac" attached to it is English. There are many thousands to-day in the United States who have gained honor and distinction in their various professions, whose names are regarded as peculiarly "Anglo-Saxon," but do not belong to the race. Being indifferent about it themselves, they do not contradict it, and so, in time they come to be regarded as of English descent. So it was in the Revolution. There also was another cause which, not being mentioned by the historian, leaves an erroneous impression on the American mind in regard to the number and services of the Irish during the War of Independence. As we have said, the English penal laws were enforced in Ireland. Every thing that tyranny could do to subjugate the people was resorted to. Not only was their religion a crime, but their names also, which often served as a pretext for their hanging. Laws

were passed compelling the Irish to abolish their names and substitute English ones in their stead. Almost all the old Irish names in the province of Leinster were accordingly abrogated. The same, to a more or less extent, occurred in the other provinces, particularly Ulster. Irish names were not fashionable among the English or their descendants. The British government held possession of America, and after the fall of Quebec, when the French were driven from the continent, and the Briton became master of Canada, his insolence and intolerance knew no bounds. He looked down upon the colonists as an inferior people; even his own countrymen, the English settlers, he despised and treated with contempt. When this was the case with their own kindred, how must it have fared with the Irish whom they regarded as their natural enemies? The latter, to a great extent, had dropped their Irish appellations before emigrating and adopted English equivalents. This was absolutely necessary in many cases in Ireland and America, in order to obtain subsistence, for, as we have said, Irish names were not fashionable, and anything not savoring of English would not be tolerated. Besides, the Dutch, French and English settlers could not properly pronounce or write Irish names, and hence they have become so corrupted that it is now almost impossible to distinguish them from English. Thousands who served America in her two wars against England are put down as "Anglo-Saxons," who were Irish both by birth and blood. Ulstermen, if they achieve distinction in any part of the world are denominated "Scotch-Irish," when the fact remains that the whole population of Scotland comparatively would not make a corporal's guard, when compared to the men of Irish birth and extraction on the habitable globe.

One hundred years ago England had the ear of the world, and with unblushing effrontery, she and her loyal Scotch subjects poisoned the nations against the Irish. Every means tending to glorify Britain and degrade Ireland was resorted to. Towns founded and settled by the Irish, French and Dutch, and called after their birthplaces in their respective lands, were robbed of their names and given English titles. But the Irish settlers spread and multiplied in the land. The smoke of their cabins rose on the banks of the Wateree; their log-huts stood by the banks of the Ohio and Potomac, and the ring of their axes was heard from the Juniata to the woods of Maine as they broke down the defences of barbarism and reclaimed the unbroken wilderness. Following came the Irish of 1745–46, who had been the allies of Prince Charles, the Pretender. He and they were defeated at Colloden. Some escaped to France, while many of them and their Scotch brethren came to the Colonies. For years a tide of emigration came from both countries, the Scotch generally settling in the Carolinas, the Irish in all the Colonies. (See Ramsay's "History of South Carolina;" Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," etc.) In North and South Carolina the Scotch were very strong, but were far outnumbered by the Ulster Irish. In reading the local histories of the counties and towns of the Thirteen Colonies, one is surprised to find how vast was the emigration from Ireland, and how many towns were founded by the Irish. Philadelphia was then the leading seaport of North America, and before the Revo-

lution broke out her streets swarmed with emigrants as New York's do to-day. "Every ship brought hundreds of Irish emigrants," says Ramsay, "and every week THOUSANDS were landed in Philadelphia." Many arrived in Boston and settled in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Pennsylvania, New York, and the other Colonies received their quota. This stream of emigration, as we have said, flowed steadily on from the reign of Queen Anne until the commencement of the Revolution. In Ulster, where Scotch and English adventurers usurped the lands of the natives, these adventurers brought from Scotland and England their own workmen, thus throwing the native out of employment. The Skinner's Company and others of London were granted thousands of acres in the county of Londonderry, and settled their own countrymen on the lands. *These imported Scotch and English workmen did not emigrate to the Colonies; they remained in Ireland, and their descendants are there to this day, and known as "Prentice Boys" and "Orangemen."* They had no need to emigrate, for the landlords,—their countrymen,—protected them. But the native had either to emigrate or starve. It was then and afterwards that the O'Neills, Dunlaps, Jacksons, Johnstons, Gibbons, Starks, Gastons, Whipples, Thompsons, Reeds, Nelsons, and thousands of others came to the Colonies. These men brought with them a holy hatred of the government that had deprived them of their lands, and disseminated it among the Colonial settlers.

We have the testimony of American historians that large contingents of Irish emigrants arrived and settled in the American Colonies during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that none of them were "Scotch-Irish." We have also the testimony of American historians that ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND IRISH shipped to the plantations in the century preceding the Revolution; that the Scotch and English settlers were Tories, and that twenty-five thousand of them were in arms for King George. We shall first take up the Irish in America previous to the Revolution, and give authority for our facts.

The Irish Sent to New England in 1653.

In Prendergast's "History of the Cromwellians in Ireland" we read:

"Just as the king of Spain sent over" [to Ireland] "his agents to treat with the government for the Irish swordsmen, the merchants of Bristol" [England] "had agents treating with it for men, women, and girls to be sent to New England. The commissioners of Ireland gave them orders upon the governors of garrisons to deliver to them prisoners of war; upon masters of workhouses for the destitute in their care 'who were of an age to labor, or if women were marriageable and not past breeding,' and gave directions to all in authority to seize those who had no visible means of livelihood, and deliver them to these agents of the British merchants, in execution of which latter direction Ireland must have exhibited scenes in every part, like the slave hunts in Africa. How many girls of gentle birth must have been caught and hurried to the private prisons of these men-catchers, none can tell. Capt. John Vernon was employed by the Commissioners for Ireland into England, and contracted in their behalf with Mr. Daniel Sellick and Mr. Leader under his hand, bearing date 14th of September, 1653, to supply them with two hundred and fifty women of the Irish nation above twelve years, and under the age of forty-five; also three hundred men above twelve years of age, and under fifty, to be found in the country within twenty miles of Cork, Youghal, and Kinsale, Waterford and Wexford, to transport them into New England."

This is but one instance; had we space we could multiply it a hundred-fold. These were not Scotch-Irish (?). The Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, in "The Irish Race in the Past and Present," says:—

"It is calculated that, in four years, these English firms of slave-dealers had shipped six thousand and four hundred Irishmen and women, boys and maidens, to the British Colonies of North America."

Sir William Betty (English) says:—

"Of boys and girls alone (exclusive, consequently, of men and women) six thousand were thus transplanted; but the total number of Irish sent to the Colonies was estimated in Irish accounts at *one hundred thousand!*"

In 1762 an exodus took place from Ireland.

"In this year" [Thebaud says] "no resource remained to the peasantry but emigration. Those who had means sought an asylum in the American plantations."

McGee, in his "Popular History of Ireland," says:—

"Outraged in their dearest civil and religious rights, thousands of the Irish of Ulster, and the Irish of the other provinces, prepared to encounter the perils of an Atlantic flitting rather than abide under the yoke and lash of an English oligarchy."

"In the Year 1729,"

[says Ramsay] "five thousand six hundred Irish landed at the single port of Philadelphia. In the next ten years they furnished to the Carolinas and Georgia the majority of their emigrants. Before the end of this reign (George III.) *several thousands of heads of families*, all bred and married in Ireland, were rearing up a free posterity along the slopes of the Blue Ridge in Virginia and Maryland, and even as far north as the valleys of the Hudson and the Merrimac. Of all countries none has furnished the provinces with so many inhabitants as Ireland. Scarce a ship sailed from any of its ports for Charleston or Philadelphia that was not crowded with men, women, and children."

"In Maryland

the Irish were settlers from an early date, and continued to flow into it up to the beginning of the Revolution. So numerous were they that, in 1708, the Protestant inhabitants, blinded by bigotry, passed an act imposing a fine of 'twenty shilings for poll on Irish servants, to prevent the importing of too great a number of IRISH PAPISTS into the province.' But this had not the desired effect, for we find that in 1717 another act more stringent than the former was passed against Irish Papists."—*History of Baltimore.*

A Good Cargo of Rebels.

In the first number of the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*, dated Aug. 20, 1773, the following bit of news occurs:—

"Within this fortnight three thousand five hundred passengers have arrived from Ireland."

The First Explorers of Kentucky.

Cotter's *American Monthly* for March, 1875, says:—

"A very large emigration from the North of Ireland to Pennsylvania took place between the years 1720 and 1730. They at once pushed to the frontier of Chester County, and settled along Chicgues, Alungo, Swatara, and Paxtang Creeks in the township of Donegal. They were a brave and hardy race and exceedingly pugnacious."

The following are some of the names mentioned by the *Monthly*:—

"Davenport, Baily, Gordon, Harris, Hendricks, Croghan, McNeely, Lowery, McGinty," etc., etc. "The two latter" [says the *Monthly*] "travelled Kentucky both ways and explored Kentucky before Gist made his appearance south of the Ohio."

What a Revolutionary Chaplain Says.

Hugh Henry Brackenridge, the author of "Modern Chivalry," one of the finest political satires America has produced, makes the clown in his book an Irishman. It was published at Pittsburgh in 1794, just thirteen years after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. It was through no disrespect for the Irish that he chose his clown from their country. He had been a chaplain in Washington's army, and was well acquainted with the spirit, enterprise, and bravery of the natives of that country. In his preface he tells us the reason:—

"It has been asked why, in writing this memoir, I have taken my clown *from the Irish Nation?* The character of the English clown I did not well understand; nor could I imitate their manner of speaking. That of the Scotch I have tried, as may be seen in the character of Duncan. But I found it, in my hands, rather insipid. The character of the Irish clown, to use the language of Rosseau, 'has more stuff in it.' The American has, in fact, yet no character,—neither the clown nor the gentleman,—so that I could not take one from our own country, which I would more rather have done, as the scene lays here. *But the Midland States of America and the western parts in general, being half Ireland,* the character of the Irish clown will not be misunderstood. It is so well known among the emigrants here, or their descendants, that it will not be thrown away."

The Rev. J. A. Spencer in his "History of the United States," vol. I., says:—

"In 1737, MULTITUDES OF LABORERS AND HUSBANDMEN IN IRELAND, unable to procure a comfortable subsistence for their families in their native land, embarked for America."

Speaking of New Hampshire in 1738, he says:—

"The manufacture of linen was considerably increased by the coming of Irish emigrants to this colony. In 1764 liberal inducements were held out to encourage free laborers from Ireland."

Again the Reverend author, speaking on the subject of emigration to the Colonies, previous to the Revolution, says:—

"No complete memorial has been transmitted of the particulars of the emigrations that took place from Europe to America at this period, but (from the few illustrative facts that are actually preserved) they seem to have been amazingly copious. In the years 1771 and 1772, the number of emigrants to America from Ireland alone, amounted to SEVENTEEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY! Almost all of them emigrated at their own charge; a great majority of them consisted of persons employed in the linen manufacture, or farmers possessed of some property, which they converted into money and carried with them. Within the first fortnight of August, 1773, there arrived at Philadelphia three thousand five hundred emigrants from Ireland, and from the same document which has recorded this circumstance, it appears that vessels were arriving every month, freighted with emigrants from Holland, Germany, and especially from Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. As most of the emigrants, and particularly those from Ireland and Scotland (the Highlands), were personally discontent with their treatment in Europe, their accession to the colonial population it might reasonably be supposed, had no tendency to diminish or counteract the hostile sentiments towards Britain which were daily gathering force in America."

In Massachusetts,

as well as in the other colonies, Ireland was represented. Boston contained many families of Irish birth or extraction. We are told by Mr. Froude in his "History of Ireland," that Bunker Hill was named after one in Ireland. In the Boston Massacre, which occurred on the 5th of March, 1774, one Irishman was wounded, and subsequently died of his wounds, one of the first martyrs of American liberty. Manchester, N. H., was first called Derryfield by the Irish who settled it, but was afterwards changed to Manchester by the English, just as the names New Amsterdam and Fort Duquesne were blotted out by the same people. Goldsmith, in his poem of "The Deserted Village," written before the Revolution, thus feelingly portrays the sorrows of the Irish emigrants leaving their native land to seek their fortunes in America:—

"Good Heavens! What sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away,
Where the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain,
For seats like these beyond the *Western main;*
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief."

Immense Emigrations of Irish.

"From the many ruinous effects of the *double yoke* of sectarian and anti-commercial legislation, under which Ireland groaned for the greater part of the century after the Treaty of Limerick," [says Newenham,] "it can afford no matter of surprise that, notwithstanding the extraordinary physical advantages of that country *it was distinguished above all others by immense emigrations of people.*"

An Early Irish Trader.

"As early as 1690, Doherty, a trader from Virginia, had visited the Cherokees, and afterwards lived among them for a number of years."—*Ramsay's Annals of Tennessee.*

Exploring Expedition.

"Even in 1770, while Boone was wandering solitary in those Kentucky forests, a band of forty hunters, led by Col. James Knox, had gathered from the valleys of New River, Clinch and Holston, to chase the buffaloes of the West. Nine of the forty had crossed the mountains, penetrated the desert and almost impassible country about the heads of the Cumberland, and explored the region on the borders of Kentucky and Tennessee."—*Perkins's Annals of the West.*

The Founders of Louisville.

"The party which Bullit led, and in which were the two McAfees, Hancock, Taylor, Drennan, and others, separated, and while part went up the Kentucky River, explored the banks, and made important surveys, including the valley in which Frankford stands, the remainder went on to the falls, and laid out, in behalf of John Campbell and John Connelly, the plan of Louisville. This took place in the summer of 1773."—*Sparks, in the Appendix to the Second Volume of his Washington Papers.*

Grave of the first Emigrant in the Valley of Virginia.

"Let us pause a few moments at this rough, low, time-worn stone, in the very centre of the graves, the first with an inscription, reared in the valley of Virginia, to mark the resting place of an emigrant. You will scarcely read the inscription on one side or decipher the letters on the other. The stone crumbled under the unskilful hands of the husband, who brought it from that eminence yonder in the west, and, in the absence of a proper artist, inscribed the letters himself, to be a memorial to his young and lovely wife. Tradition says he was the schoolmaster.

(On one side)	*(On the other)*
JOHN WILSON	FROM
interred here	IRLAND.
THE BODIES OF HIS 2 CHILDREN & WIFE	July Vith, 1737.
YE MOTHER MARY MARCUS,	Coty. Argma.
who dyed Agst.	I. H.
the 4th, 1742.	S.
Aged 22 years.	

"On the side on which Ireland is chiselled, the pebbles in the stone, or his unsteady hand, made large indentures, and rendered the inscription almost illegible. Here the stone has stood, a monument of affection, and marks the grave of the early departed, while the graves of a century have passed away."—*Foote's Sketches of Virginia.*

First Settlers of New Jersey.

Of the first settlers of Newtown township, old Thomas Sharp, an Irish Quaker, has left a quaint account, to wit:

"Let it be remembered that, it having wrought upon ye minds of some Irish Friends, and such as came from England to Ireland, and a pressure being laid upon them for some years, from which they could not remove until *they gave up* to leave their friends and relatives there, with their comfortable subsistence, to transport themselves and their families into this wilderness. In order, thereto, they sent from *Dublin, in Ireland*, to one Thomas Lunkin, a Friend in London, commander of a punk, who came and made his agreement to transport them into *New Jersey*, viz: Mark Newby, Thomas Thackera, William Bate, George Goldsmith and Thomas Sharp (the writer), then a young man and single. But while the ship lay at Dublin, Thomas Lunkin, getting sick, remained behind, and put the command under his mate, John Daggar, who set sail the 19th 9th month, following, where they were well entertained at the house of the *Thompsons* who had before gone from *Irelana*, in 1677. These had attained a good living by their industry. From there we went to Salem, where were several houses that were *vacant* of persons who had left the town to settle in the country. In these we resided for the winter, which proved to be moderate. At Wickacoa (Philadelphia), we purchased a boat of the Swansons, and so kept to Burlington, to the Commissioners, of whom we obtained a warrant of survey from the then Supervisor General, Daniel Leeds. Then, after considerable search to and fro in what was then called *the third of Irish tenth*, we at last pitched upon the place then called Newtown, which was *before* the Settlement of Philadelphia. In the spring of 1682 we all removed from Salem, together with Robert Zane, who had before *come with the Thompsons from Ireland*, and was also *expecting* us. So we began then our Settlement; and though we were at times pretty hard bestead, having all our provisions, as far as Salem, *to fetch by water*, yet, through the mercy of God, we were

preserved in health and from any extreme difficulty. A meeting was immediately set up in the house of Mark Newby* and in a short time it grew and increased, into which Mr. Cooper and family, that lived at the Poynte, resorted. We had then zeal and fervency of spirit, although we had some dread of the Indians as a savage people, nevertheless, ye Lord turned them to be serviceable to us, and to be very loving and kinde. Let, then, the rising generation consider that the settlement of this Country was directed upon an impulse, by the spirit of God's people, not so much for their ease and tranquillity, as for their Posterity, and that the wilderness, being planted with a good seed, might grow and increase. But should not these good purposes of the good husbandman come to pass, then they themselves shall suffer loss. These facts I have thought good thus to leave behind, as one having had knowledge of these things from the beginning."— *Watson's Annals, Appendix.*

The First Schoolmaster in Schoharie County, N. Y.

"Sir William Johnson had a secretary named Lafferty, who was a good lawyer, and did his legal business. He had a *Bouw-master*, an Irishman, named Flood. *Bouw* is a low Dutch word signifying *honest*, or as here used, an overseer or manager of the whole farm. He had also a physician named Daily. Johnson erected a school-house in Johnstown soon after he located there. One of the earliest, if not in fact the first, teacher of this school was an Irishman named Wall."— *Trappers of New York by J. R. Simms.*

Dublin, N. H.

"The town was incorporated by the name of Dublin. In the petition for incorporation it is described as 'a tract of land, commonly called and known by the name of Dublin (or Monadock).' When it was first known by the name of Dublin does not appear. The town was named from Dublin, Ireland."—*History of Dublin, N. H.*

The Kasson Family.

"James Kasson, with his father and six brothers, came from Belfast, Ireland, in 1722, landed at Boston and settled at Voluntown, Connecticut. He removed to Woodbury about 1742, settled near the present line of Southbury, built a house in Bethelem Society in 1760, and removed his family the same year, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred February 5, 1791. His descendants are numerous and are found in almost every state of the Union.—*History of Ancient Woodbury, page 603.*

The McDowells.

Foote, in his "Sketches of Virginia," page 80, says: "Whether Ireland or Scotland was the birth-place of the McDowells is left in doubt," and at page 93 he states that they were the first of the *Saxon* race committed to the dust, etc. This is how the Anglo-American writers, at the expense of truth and the Celtic element, endeavor to make England appear as the "Mother-Country." The fact is there were McDowells from both Ireland and Scotland, and to this day they are found in both. We again quote from Foote:

"In the latter part of December, 1743, the inhabitants of Timber Ridge were assembled at McDowell's dwelling in wonder and alarm, to resist one of the murderous incursions of the Indians from Ohio, who would not yield the Valley of the Shenandoah to the whites but with bloodshed. McDowell had rallied his neighbors. Not well skilled in savage warfare, the company fell into an ambush at the junction of the North River and the James, and at one fire McDowell and eight of his companions fell dead. The Indians fled precipitately, in consequence probably of the unusual extent of their murderous success. The alarmed population gathered in the field of slaughter thought more of the dead than pursuing the savages, whom they supposed

* This Newby brought out many half-pence of 1680, which were called *Patrick Money*, and some of them are now preserved by Jos. O. Cooper in Newtown.— *Watson's Note.*

far on their way to the West, took the nine bloody corpses on horseback, and laid them side by side near McDowell's dwelling, while they prepared their graves in overwhelming distress. The burial-place of these men you may find in a brick enclosure on the west side of the road from Staunton to Lexington, near the Red House or Maryland Tavern. Entering the iron gate, and inclining to the left about fifteen paces, you will find a rough, unhewn limestone about two feet in height, on which, in rude letters, and unpractised hand, is the following inscription, next in age to the Irish schoolmaster's wife in the graveyard of Opecquon:

HERE LYES THE BODY OF
JOHN MACK DOWELL
Deced. December, 1743."—*Foote's Virginia, pp. 92–93.*

The Edmonds Family.

"Robert Edmonds was born in Dublin, Ireland; married Mary Marks in Cork; emigrated to the country in 1754; landed at Philadelphia, December 23; removed to Bridgeport, Conn.. and died at the advanced age of 93. He left behind him a numerous offspring."—*History of Ancient Woodbury.*

Early Irish Settlers in Orange County, N. Y.

"The village of New Windsor is thought to be the oldest in the county. The western portion of New Windsor was first settled by emigrants principally from Ireland, who located there in considerable numbers in 1731, at the head of whom was Charles Clinton, the grandfather of De Witt Clinton. In like manner the eastern portion of Montgomery, as it was before the erection of Hamptonburgh, was settled by Irish emigrants. The Irish continued to keep up an emigration to various localities in the county, and contributed quite their proportion to the general mass of the population and labor of settling a new county."—*Eager's History of Orange County, p. 46. Edition of 1846.*

Redemption Servants.

"Numerous servants used to arrive every year from Germany and Ireland, who engaged themselves for a term of years to pay their passages. Some of them turned out frugal and industrious, and became in time a part of our wealthy citizens. In some cases they appear to have been convicts from Ireland. 'In 1727,' says the *Gazette*, 'in Newcastle Government, there arrived last year 4,500 persons, chiefly from Ireland; and at Philadelphia, in one year, 267 English and Welsh; 43 Scotch — all servants; also 1,155 Irish, and 243 Palatines, of whom none were servants.'"—*Watson's Annals of Philadelphia.*

Virginia and Pennyslvania.

In Foote's "Sketches of Virginia," edition of 1855, he tells us that the Irish swarmed into Virginia in 1736 and 1737. Among them were the Colovans, Wilsons, McGills, McAuleys, Vances, Glasses, etc., etc. The Irish emigrants did not begin to come to Pennsylvania until about the year 1719. Such as came out first settled at and near the disputed Maryland line. James Logan, writing of them to the proprietaries in 1724, says:—

"They have generally taken up the southern lands (meaning in Lancaster County), and as they rarely approached him to purchase, he calls them bold strangers, saying, as their excuse when challenged for titles, that we had solicited for colonists, and they had come accordingly. They were, however, understood to be exempt from rents by an ordinance of 1720, in consideration of them being a frontier people, forming a kind of cordon of defence, if needful."

In 1725 James Logan states that there are one hundred thousand acres of land possessed by Irish persons who resolutely set down and improved it without any right to it, and he is much at a loss to deter-

mine how to dispossess them. In 1727 he expresses himself glad to find that the parliament is about to take measures to prevent the too free emigration to this country. In the meanwhile, the assembly had laid a restraining tax of twenty shillings a head for every servant arriving

"But this was evaded in the case of the arrival of a ship from Dublin with *one hundred Papists*, by landing them at Burlington. *It looks*" [says he] "*as if Ireland was about to send all its inhabitants hither*, for last week no less than six ships arrived, and every day, two or three arrive also. The common fear is, that if they thus continue to come they will make themselves proprietors of the province."

In New York.

"Yesterday arrived the *Needham*, Capt. Cheevers, with three hundred passengers from Newry. The times of servants of both sexes to be disposed of to pay for their passage.."—*Rivington's Gazette, New York, August* 4, 1774.

The Great Campbell Family.

"John Campbell, the great ancestor of the Campbells of Holston, came from Ireland to America with a family of five grown sons and several daughters, in the year 1726. About the year 1730 he removed to what was then Orange, afterwards Augusta County, where he resided until his death, and where his numerous descendants resided for many years. Patrick had a son Charles, and he a son William, who was the Gen. William Campbell of the Revolution, and the grandfather of Mrs. Gen. McDowell. David, the youngest son of John, married May Hamilton, and he had a family of thirteen children, seven sons and six daughters, the youngest of whom was nineteen years old when they removed to Holston. In 1765, John, the oldest son of David Campbell, in company of Dr. Thomas Walker, explored the western wilderness, and purchased for himself and his father an ancient survey near the head waters of the Holston."—*Sketches of Virginia.*

Simon Kenton.

This celebrated Irish-American is thus spoken of in the Marysville, Ky., *Eagle* of Jan. 13, 1875:—

"In the year 1775 the famous pioneer, Simon Kenton, erected a cabin within the present county of Mason, and planted the first corn ever planted at any point on the north side of the Licking River."

One of the Early Irish Settlers.

"The first missionary who entered within the borders of the State of New York, and the first priest who came to the Island of Manhattan, was Father Isaac Jogues, a distinguished missionary of the Society of Jesus. He was made captive by the Indians, and during his captivity he wrote a letter to Father Lalemant, dated from "Rensselaerwick," Aug. 30, 1643, in which he states that he found a Portuguese woman and a young Irishman on the Island of Manhattan, whose confessions he heard."—*History of the Catholic Church in New York.*

Did the English and Scotch Settle the Country?

"The Colonists are composed of adventurers, not only from Great Britain and Ireland, but from almost every other European government where the principles of liberty and commerce have operated with spirit and efficacy."—*Letters from America, Historical and Descriptive, from 1769 to 1777. By Wm. Eddies, London, 1792.*

An Irish Editor and Printer.

"Mr. John Dunlap, a native of Strabane, Ireland, issued, in 1771, *The Pennsylvania Packet*, the first daily paper published in America. He was printer to the Con-

vention of 1774, and to the first Congress, and the first who printed the Declaration of Independence. In 1775 he established a weekly paper by the title of *Dunlap's Maryland Gazette*, under the direction of James Hayes, who became its editor in 1778." — *Griffeth's Annals of Baltimore, 1824.*

An Irish Colony.

"By this time (1737) an account of the great privileges granted by the crown for the encouragement of emigration to Carolina, had been published through Britain and Ireland, and many industrious people in different parts had resolved to take the benefit of the king's bounty. Multitudes of husbandmen and laborers in Ireland oppressed by landlords and bishops, and unable, by their utmost diligence to procure a comfortable subsistence for their families, embarked for Carolina."— *Rise and Progress of Carolina and Georgia, by Alexander Henrett, London, 1779.*

Irish Settlers in the Colony of New Haven.

"Some of the early planters of Milford purchased large tracts of land in other places. Richard Bryan bought land at Huntington, Long Island, N. Y. Three sons of Richard settled on this land also. Their descendants on Long Island are numerous. Thomas Welsh left New Haven in 1702 and settled on Long Island."— *Lambert's History of the Colony of New Haven.*

First Settlers in Wilkesbarre.

"In May, 1772, there were only five white women in Wilkesbarre. Mrs. McClure, wife of James McClure, was the mother of the second white child born in Wilkesbarre."— *Miner's History of Wyoming.*

The Plymouth Colony.

Bancroft, after describing the sufferings in New England during King Phillip's war, says: —

"Let us not forget a good deed of the generous Irish; they sent over a contribution — small — it is true, to relieve in part the distresses of Plymouth Colony."

Irish-Americans.

"The Starks, Whipples, Sullivans and Thorntons had all Irish blood in their veins, and partook largely of the Irish character."— *Carleton's New Hampshire Worthies.*

The Kelleys of Massachusetts.

"One of the original settlers of Newbury, Mass., was John Kelley; he was of Irish descent. The only descendant of John Kelley, and bearing his name in Newbury or Newburyport, is Dr. Eldridge S. Kelley, though many descendants are found in New Hampshire and most of the New England and other states. Twenty-six persons of the name, are known to have graduated at the different colleges of the Union."— *Coffins' History of Newbury.*

Benefactors of America.

"One of the first offsprings of American Independence was Pennsylvania College, and its first president was an Irishman, the celebrated Dr. Allison, the great master of many of the heroes of the Revolution. His pupil and countryman, Charles Thompson, won celebrity by his version of the Septuagint and his generous treatment of learning and learned men. An Irishman, Christopher Colles, was the principal projector of the canals of the United States, and the son of poor Irish parents, Robert Fulton, launched the first boat ever propelled by steam power."—*Irish Settlers in America.*

The Depopulation of Ulster Feared.

"The assemblies appropriated large sums for bounties to such industrious poor people of Britain and Ireland as should resort to the province within three years and

settle on the inland parts. Two townships, each containing forty-eight thousand acres, were laid out,— one on the river Savanna, called Mecklenburg, and the others on the waters of Santee, at Long Caines, called Londonderry,— to be divided among emigrants, allowing one hundred acres for each man, and fifty for each woman and child that should come and settle in the backwoods. Several persons from England and Scotland resorted to Carolina after the peace. But of all other countries, none has furnished the province with so many inhabitants as Ireland. In the northern counties of that kingdom emigration seized the people to such a degree that it threatened almost a total depopulation. Such multitudes of husbandmen, laborers, and manufacturers flocked over the Atlantic that the landlords began to be alarmed, and to concert ways and means for preventing the growing evil. Scarce a ship sailed to any of the plantations that was not filled with men, women, and children."—*History South Carolina, London, 1779.*

The reader will perceive that in adducing these evidences of the early emigration of the Irish to the American colonies, that we have, with one or two exceptions, quoted from American and English historians. We could quote many others, but those we have given will, we think, convince the most sceptical Scotchman that the Irish in colonial times far outnumbered his countrymen. All the American historians assert that the Ulster emigrants were filled with a spirit of disloyalty towards the British government, and that this sentiment they diffused among the people. Many of their Irish names were similiar to those of their kindred in Scotland, and through ignorance the Scotch claim them as their own, forgetful that Ireland is the mother-country, and from her *they* got their names. The Routeleges, Gastons, Pickens Nelsons, etc., are claimed by them ; but so clearly has Ramsay, Lossing, and other American writers demonstrated them Irish that we do not trouble ourselves to again refute the falsehood. The majority of the Scotch settled in the Carolinas, and when war broke out one of them, a Macdonald, raised the banner of King George, and called on his countrymen to rally round it. They did to the number of fifteen hundred, but were ignominiously defeated by Moore, at Moore's creek, South Carolina. The details will be found in "Lossing's Pictorial, Field Book of the Revolution." This Lossing, by the way, was a Know-Nothing, wrote for the *Harpers* of New York, and not supposed to be over friendly towards the Irish.

The fact is that Scotch were loyal to the English crown. Very few entered the Revolutionary army. Stirling and Mercer were the only two who gained distinction there; they were both generals. The loyalty of the Scotch to England was so well known and deprecated by the men of the Revolution that, says Lossing — "In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence Jefferson denounces, in the clause beginning with the words, 'Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren' — those who permit the sending over of SCOTCH and foreign mercenaries to invade and destroy the people. The word *Scotch* was struck out at the request of Dr. Witherspoon, of New Jersey, one of the signers and a native of Scotland. The majority of the Scotch and English in America were changelessly true to the King and Crown, and were called by the Revolutionists "Tories" and "Loyalists." Speaking of these loyal settlers, Sabine, in his "History of the Loyalists in the American Revolution," says: — "Regarding the Tories who opposed the rebels *in the field*, our writers of history have been almost

silent, and it is not impossible that some persons have read books devoted exclusively to the Revolution without considering that a part, and a considerable part, of the force employed to crush the 'rebellion' was composed of our countrymen. From the best evidence I have been able to obtain, I conclude that there were, at the lowest computation, twenty-five thousand Americans who took up arms against their countrymen, and in aid of England. In fact, the addresses then presented by loyalists to his Majesty, informed him that *quite as many, if not more,* Americans had joined the army of King George, as had entered those raised by the 'rebel,' Congress!" We read of English and Scotch Tories, but the historians do not mention Irish Tories, therefore we conclude that those mentioned by Sabine were all English and Scotch.

The Scotch soldiers in the English service were shipped in regiments to America during the Revolution, and side by side with the Hessians fought against Washington and liberty, from Long Island to Yorktown. When levelling Fort Greene, in Brooklyn, the buttons of the Highlanders were unearthed, and more recently, while excavating on the Hudson opposite Fort Lee, on the site of Fort McGaw, hundreds of the Scotch soldiers' buttons were dug up. McGaw, an Irish-American, defended this fort in the Revolution against Hessians, Scotch and English, until he lost, in killed and wounded two thousand men and was himself captured. There were but few Irish soldiers in King George's army, but what few there were manfully refused to fight against the Americans. When England could get no more Hessians she called upon the Irish, but they did not respond. Their sympathies were with the Americans. Arthur Lee, among others, vouches for this :—

"The resources of the country, that is to say, England, are almost annihilated in Germany, and their last resource is to the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and they have already experienced their unwillingness to go: every man of a regiment raised there last year having obliged them to ship him off tied and bound. And most certainly the Irish Catholics will desert more than any other troops whatever." —*Arthur Lee's letter to Washington.*

Had the Americans been defeated and the rebellion crushed, the brave Ulstermen who took part in it would not have been claimed by the Scotch, or "Anglo-Saxons," but on the contrary would have been repudiated by them. From the beginning of the struggle to its close the Irish were faithful, and without their aid, the Revolution would not have come to a successful issue. In this paper we have simply glanced at the Irish in America previous to the Revolution; in our next we shall state what the Irish did in that great struggle for human rights, and how faithfully they served Washington from Bunker Hill to Yorktown.

New York, June, 1887. WILLIAM COLLINS.

A LITTLE girl was asked how it was that everybody loved her. "I do not know," said she, "unless it be that I love everybody."

An Exile's Return.

T'was autumn and a cheerless day
In Erin's Isle beyond the sea,
When from afar an exile came,
His native home and land to see.

The sky above look'd dark and drear,
And all the landscape, green and gray,
While, one by one, the leaves fell off,
And, one by one, were borne away.

Great waves of shadows slowly crept
In solemn stillness, steadily
O'er vale and hill with equal speed,
O'er all the land and out to sea.

The jacksnipe, in his lofty flight,
In trembling tones neigh'd loud and shrill:
The scatter'd herds of diverse kinds,
Brows'd here and there o'er vale and hill.

O'er many miles of land and sea,
He sped in haste 'mid hopes and fears,
For eager were his eyes to see
The happy scenes of early years.

But when he came upon the hill
Where first he saw the light of day,
Where many happy years he spent,
Where oft in childhood he did play;

"Alas!" thought he, "is this the place
From which I parted long ago,
So wild, so waste, so desolate?
Oh, no! it cannot be — yet 'tis so.

"An ash, a few hawthorns remain,
Some old landmarks, I still can see,
And in the distance, too, can hear
The loud, the far resounding sea."

And as his eager eyes went round
Where humble peasants' homes had been,
His heart sank low within his breast,
For lo! not one was to be seen.

He paused some time, and now and then,
In low and broken accents said:
"They call it fate — 'tis grasping greed
And crime, that to this end have led.

"And these are noble lords, forsooth,
Who cause such waste and misery,
Who force the peasants from their homes,
And call it law and equity.

"Alas, such times! that bring such woes,
That crush the upright and sincere,
That make of homes a desert place,
That wrought such desolation here.

"Where once were bright and cheerful hearths,
With songs and tales and mirthful glee,
And where all join'd each day in pray'r,
The wild hare now can safely flee.

"They are gone for aye — God speed them,
We scarce shall see their like again,
If e'er this place shall cease to be
A hunting ground, a waste domain."

And sitting down he wiped the tears
That hung like dew-drops on his face,
For, though no friendly voice remain'd,
A charm still bound him to the place,

Until the evening twilight came,
And all the landscape dimmer grew,
When he arose and left the scene
That he was never more to view.

P. C.

The Art of Taking Leave.— Not a few people have still to learn the art of taking leave. Some will say, "It is time I was going," and then talk on aimlessly for ten minutes. They will even rise and keep their host standing; by an effort they may succeed in getting as far as the hall; then a new thought strikes them; they brighten visibly and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping everybody in a restless state. After the door is opened, leave taking begins again. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, and his friend must risk a cold to hear it to the end. There is no need to be offensively abrupt; but, when you are ready to go, go at once — gracefully and politely if you can, but at any rate without tiresome delays.

Physical Characteristics of the Irish People.

Dr. Roemer, the German naturalist, calls Ireland "the land of the giant stag and giant causeway;"[1] he might have added "of the giant dog,"[2] and even "of the giant man."[3] This notion has been fostered by writers, such as Stanihurst and Dr. Lombard, both gentlemen of the Pale;[4] and by Lord Hutchinson[5] in the House of Lords, and O'Connell at the hustings, both of whom pronounced their countrymen to be "the finest peasantry in the world." The idea has been countenanced even by Dean Swift, who says: "I have seen the grossest suppositions passed upon the English, such as, that the wild Irish were taken in toils, but in some time they would grow so tame as to eat out of your hand, . . . and upon the arrival of an Irishman in a country town, I have known crowds coming about him wondering to see him look so much better than themselves."[6]

On the other hand, the cartoonists of *Punch*, who, if true to the instincts of art, would shrink from creating and perpetuating a falsehood, invariably represent the Irishman as "of a low, savage type;"[7] and men of science tell us that generations of half-starved[8] or under-fed men, as the Irish are, must be undersized, and deteriorate and sink to the level of the lowest tribes of Australia.[9]

In order to estimate the value of these teachings of the men of science and art, and the truth of the high-pitched panegyrics of Irish orators and writers, it is not necessary to ransack the old cemeteries for bones and skulls, or to measure the living specimens according to the methods of Topinard and Wirchow. We can get light enough from a bright cloud of English eye-witnesses — military, literary, and scientific — all of them impartial, many of them eminent, and some immortal. All have written hard things about the Irishman under his moral, social, and political aspect; but with regard to his form, color, size, and strength, their British ideas, arising from personal and immediate perception, far from being in conflict, are quite in harmony with the Irish national conceit. On this point the wealth, the worth and cumulative force of their evidence must win the assent of their admiring countrymen.

Let us first hear the testimony of these warriors, who saw the "Irish enemye" face to face on many a battlefield, and, in their victorious career through the land, had every opportunity of observing the

[1] *N. Jahrbuch*, f. Min. und Palæon. 1877.

[2] The wolf dog "bigger of limb than a colt" (Campion).

[3] "Populus magnus est sicut gigantes "(Camden's "Britannia," p. 789). A large proportion of giants, it will be observed, are Irish, the climate being humid like that of Patagonia ("English Cyclop." ed. Bradbury, article "Giant," col. 1137).

[4] Stanihurst's "Description of Ireland". Lombard's Report to the Holy See in 1600, p. 54 of his *Commentarius de Regno Hiberniæ*, ed. by Cardinal Moran.

[5] He succeeded Abercrombie, and drove the French out of Egypt.

[6] "Works," vol. vii. p. 135.

[7] So say Mr. A. Becket and Mr. Burnand in the *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1886. On November 7, 1886 the correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, writes that "he had not yet met in Ireland the Irishman of the English illustrated papers."

[8] "The traveller is haunted by the face of popular starvation" (Thackeray's "Sketches in Ireland," vol. i. p. 146).

[9] L'Irlandais "qui a subi l'influence de la faim et de l'ignorance rappelle les peuplades les plus inférieures de l'Australie" ("De Quatrefages' L'unite de l'Espèce Humaine," p. 227, Ed. 1861).

physique of the people. Of these men generally the poet Spenser[10] writes: "I have heard some great warriors say, that, in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, nor that cometh on more bravely to his charge." But I will corroborate this statement by the evidence of such men as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir George Carew, Sir John Pelham, the Earl of Essex, as well as of minor military worthies.

The Earl of Essex[11] wrote to Elizabeth in the year 1599: "The people in general have able bodies by nature, and have gotten by custom ready use of arms. . . . In their pride they value no man but themselves. . . . They are so many and so framed to be soldiers, that the war, of force, will be great and costly, and long. Their common soldiers are too hard for our new men. They have, though I do unwillingly confess it, better bodies, and perfecter use of their arms than those men whom your Majesty sends over. This is the hand of him who will live your dearest, and will die your Majesty's faithfulest servant,— Essex."

Carew, Lord President of Munster and Earl of Totnes, says:[12] "The Irish have the same bodies they ever had, and therein they had and have the advantage of us. From their infancies they have been and are exercised in the use of arms. That they are better soldiers than heretofore their continual employment in the wars abroad assures us; and they do conceive that their men are better than ours."

According to Sir Walter Raleigh,[13] "The Irish in the last war have been victorious with an equal or even with an inferior force. The reason is, that, in place of darts, as of old, they are now furnished with as good pikes and muskets as England hath." Sir John Pelham[14] states: "Touching the comparison between the soldier of Berwick and the soldier of Ireland, alleging him of Berwick to serve in great toil, if I have any judgment, all the soldiers in Christendom must give place in that to the soldier of Ireland; and so much difference there is, if Captain Cace, Pikeman, and Walker may be judges, as between an alderman of London and a soldier of Berwick."

Barnaby Rich, who had served against them for forty years, writes: "I can take no exceptions to their ability of body. To speak the truth of the Irish, I say they are beholding to nature, that hath framed them comely personages, of good proportion and very well limbed. And to speak truly, the English, Scottish, and Irish are easily to be discerned from all the nations of the world besides, as well by the excellency of their complexions as by the rest of their lineaments, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. And although in the remote places the uncivil sort so disfigure themselves with their glybs, their trowes, and their misshapen attire, yet they appear to every man's eye to be of good proportion, of comely stature, and of able body."[15]

Sir William St. Leger, "Sergeant-Major-General of the Army,"

[10] "View of the State of Ireland," p. 116, Ed. 1809.
[11] "Fynes Moryson's Itinerary," part ii. p. 36.
[12] "Calendar of Carew Papers," an. 1614, p. 306.
[13] "Miscellaneous Works," vol. iii. p. 304.
[14] Letter to the English Privy Council from Clonmel, February, 1580.
[15] "Description of Ireland," Ed. London, 1610.

having reviewed at Carrickfergus nine thousand recruits, of whom eight thousand were Irish Catholics, "saw such willingness and aptness in them to learn their exercises, and that mettle and gallant appearance which would recommend them to be chosen for a service where a crown lay at stake, made no scruple to pronounce that, considering how newly they had been raised, no Prince in the Christian world had, for their number, a better and more orderly body of men in his service."[16]

I will conclude this military evidence by comments of Macaulay[17] on some disparaging statements made by French officers in the service of James the Second. He says: "The (Irish) army which Tyrconnel had formed was, in proportion to the population from which it was taken, the largest that Europe had ever seen. It was the fashion both in England and on the continent to ascribe these defeats and disgraces to the pusillanimity of the Irish race. That this was a great error is sufficiently proved by the history of every war which has been carried on in any part of Christendom during five generations. The raw material out of which a good army may be formed existed in great abundance among the Irish. Avaux informed his government that they were a remarkably handsome,[18] tall, and well-made race; that they were personally brave. After extolling their strength and spirit, he proceeded to explain why it was that, with all their strength and spirit, they were constantly beaten. 'It was vain,' he said, 'to imagine that bodily prowess, animal courage, or patriotic enthusiasm would, in the day of battle, supply the place of discipline. . . . But the horse were, with some exceptions, excellent. Some regiments had been raised and disciplined equal to any that he had ever seen. One of Lauzun's officers was so unjust as to represent the people of Ireland, not merely as ignorant and idle, which they were, but as hopelessly stupid and unfeeling, which they were not. They were insensible to praise or blame, to promises and threats. And yet it was a pity of them, for they were physically the finest race of men in the world.'"[19]

The inefficency of the Irish was, in that age, commonly imputed, both by their enemies and by their allies, to natural poltroonery. How little ground there was for such an imputation has since been signally proved by many brave achievements in every part of the globe. It ought, indeed, even in the seventeenth century, to have occurred to reasonable men, that a race which furnished some of the best horse soldiers in the world, would certainly, with judicious training, furnish good foot soldiers. But the Irish foot soldiers had not merely not been well trained, but had been elaborately ill trained.[20]

Such is the evidence of military men, which I could easily confirm by quotations from distinguished soldiers of more recent times. In the

[16] Carte, quoted in "Macariæ Excidium," p. 335, Ed. 1850.

[17] "History of England," vol. iii. pp. 417, 586, 623.

[18] "Les plus beaux hommes qu'on puisse voir. Il n'y en a presque point au dessous de cinq pieds cinq à six pouces (français). Ils sont très-bien faits. Jamais troupes n'ont marché comme celles-ci" (Avaux).

[19] Desgrigny to Louvois, May 27, 1690, quoted by Macaulay, who gives such French passages as, "Les menaces ne les étonnent point. Ce sont les gens du monde les mieux faits."

[20] Macaulay (see note, 19 *supra*).

second line I will produce the testimonies of literary men, travellers, and others, and I will arrange them more or less in the order of time. According to Gerald of Wales, the companion of the first Anglo-Norman invaders: "All animals of Ireland were smaller than those of other lands, man alone retaining all his majesty. Nature alone has moulded the Irish; and as if to show what she can do, has given them countenances of most exquisite color, and bodies of great beauty, symmetry, height, and strength."[21] On these statements of Gerald Barry, Sharon Turner[22] writes as follows: "According to Giraldus, the Irish did not nurse their children elaborately, as was then usual elsewhere; but they left them to nature. The Irish may be proud of the remark, though meant to be censorious, for their custom was wiser than the art they neglected. They did not adapt them (their children) to cradles, nor swathe them in bands, nor cherish their tender limbs in baths, nor compose them by art. Their midwives did not erect their noses, nor depress their faces, nor pull out their legs; but they left nature to fashion the limbs as she pleased." This, of course, was very barbarous; but the consequence was, says Turner, that the Irish were remarkable for tall and handsome bodies, and pleasing countenances.

Sir John Froissart,[23] in the fourteenth century, reported the following remarks, which he heard from an English squire, Henry Castide: "No man-at-arms, be he never so well mounted, can overtake the Irish, so light of foot are they. Sometimes they leap from the ground behind a horseman and embrace him so tightly that he can in no way get rid of them. They are a very hardy race, of great subtlety and of various tempers. It chanced in their pursuit my horse ran away with me into the midst of the enemy. One of the Irish, by a great feat of agility, leaped on the back of my horse and held me tight with both his arms, but did me no harm; for more than two hours he pressed my horse forward. His name was Bryan Costeret, and a very handsome man he was." An old writer, quoted by Camden,[24] says the Irish are a gigantic race, of powerful frame and brave men of war. Albert Dürer, "the Homer of Painting," has left us a sketch on which is written: "Here go the war men of Ireland beyond England, here go the poor men of Ireland, 1521 A. D." The original is at Vienna, and a photograph of it is in the British Museum. The "war men" and "poor men," as seen and drawn by Dürer, are very like what you would see all through Ireland, and very unlike the creation of the cartoonists of *Punch*,—all are men of fine physical appearance. From the great painter turning to a great poet, we read in Spenser:[25] "I have heard some great warriors say that, in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge; neither is his manner of mounting unseemly, though he lack stirrups, but more ready than with stirrups; for in his getting up his horse is still going, whereby

[21] "Pulcherrimis et proceris corporibus congruis et coloratissimis vultibus" (Cambrensis, "Topographia," D. 1, c. 24; D. 3, c. 10).

[22] Turner's "History of England," 3d Ed., vol. iv. p. 282.

[23] "Chronicles," Routledge's Edition, p. 429.

[24] "Britannia," p. 789.

[25] "View of the State of Ireland," Ed. 1809, p. 116.

he gaineth way. Sure they are very valiant and hardy, for the most part great endurers of cold, labors, hunger, and all hardness, very active and strong of hand, very swift of foot, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprises, very present in perils, very great scorners of death. *Eudoxius:* Truly, by this that you say, it seems the Irishman is a very brave soldier. *Irenæus:* Yea, surely even in that rude service he beareth himself very courageously. But when he cometh to experience of service abroad, and is put to a piece or a pike, he maketh as worthy a soldier as any nation he meeteth with."

Another poet, Sir Walter Scott,[26] writes from Ireland to Johanna Bailie: "In spite of all the disadvantages which have hitherto retarded her progress, Ireland yet will be the queen of the trefoil of kingdoms. I never saw a finer country, or, to speak my mind, a finer people." Another child of song, who was also an Elizabethan statesman, writes: "During the time of my service I have visited all the provinces of that kingdom (Ireland) in sundry journeys and circuits, wherein I have observed the bodies and minds of the people endued with extraordinary abilities of nature."[27] Another distinguished man of letters, and contemporary of Spenser and Davis, Father Campion, states, that "the Irish are not without wolves, and dogs to hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt; their kine, as also their cattle, and commonly whatever else the country engendereth, *except man*, is much less in quantity than ours of England. Clear men they are of skin and hue. The women are well favored, clear-colored, fair handed, big, and large, suffered from their infancy to grow at will, nothing curious of their feature and proportion of body."[28] It is well to remember that Father Campion wrote these words in Ireland, and that he reflects the Anglo-Irish ideas of the Pale.

Other writers and travellers, who have not the same weight, perhaps, as the foregoing, state that: "The Irish are good and hardy men of war, who will adventure themselves greatly on their enemies seeing time to do it, good watchers by night, and as good soldiers by night as others by day; their sons learn to be men of war from the age of sixteen, and be continually practised in the toils thereof."[29] They are in body strong, very active, of high, daring spirit, of energetic and martial temper, prodigal of life and capable of enduring labor, hunger, and cold.[30] "In swiftness they equal and sometimes surpass horses;[31] they were quick-witted and of good constitution of body;[32] of complexion they are clear and well-favored, both men and women, of tall and corpulent bodies;[33] they are warlike, witty, remarkable for the just proportion of their limbs, for the suppleness of their flesh and muscles,

[26] October, 1825, Lockhart's "Memoirs of Sir W. Scott.

[27] Davis, "Historical Tracts," Ed. 1787, p. 2.

[28] Campion's "History of Ireland," Ed. 1809, p. 24.

[29] Nowell, Dean of Lichfield, "Description of the Power of Irishmen," MS. British Museum, of circ. 1570.

[30] John Good in Camden's "Britannia," p. 789. He lived in Ireland about 1566.

[31] A Spaniard's Report to the Holy See in 1581. See Cardinal Moran's "Archbishops of Dublin," p. 91.

[32] Payne, as an English undertaker, so describes them in 1589 in "Briefe Description of Ireland," Ed. by the R. I. Academy.

[33] Dymmok's "Treatise of Ireland," p. 6. He came in the suite of Essex.

and for their incredible agility. All living things except man and those hunting dogs which we call greyhounds, are smaller than in England;[34] the men and greyhounds are of great stature;[35] the men are, for the most part, of large proportion of body and clear complexion.[36]

Two companions of the Nuncio Rinuccini[37] observed that the men of Ireland were good-looking, of extraordinary strength, swift runners; able to bear patiently and with alacrity any hardship, and were all given to arms. The women are of surpassing[38] height and exceeding beauty; and with comeliness combine matchless modesty and piety, by which their native attractions are enhanced. They have large families, and their children are very handsome, of great stature and muscular strength; the majority of them have fair or yellow hair, and white and ruddy complexion.[39]

Sir William Petty[40] remarks, that in their shape, color, stature, and complexion he saw nothing inferior to any other people, nor any enormous predominance of any humor. According to Dean Swift,[41] "the Irish were generally esteemed the best forces in the French service, and they have always behaved themselves as such in the late wars; their officers are of approved courage, great skill and experience in military affairs. The gentlemen of Ireland, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valor and conduct in so many parts of Europe, I think above all other nations. . . . I do assert, from several experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms, I have found the poor cottagers here, who could speak our language, to have a much better natural taste for good sense, humor and raillery, than ever I observed among people of the like sort in England. . . . I have known crowds of English coming about an Irishman in a country town, and wondering to see him look much better than themselves."

According to Adam Smith,[42] "The common people in Scotland, who are fed with oatmeal, are in general neither so strong nor so handsome as the same rank of people in England, who are fed with wheaten bread. They neither work so well, nor look so well. . . . But it seems otherwise with potatoes. The chairmen, porters, and coalheavers in London, and those unfortunate women, who live on the streets, the strongest men and the most beautiful women perhaps in the British dominions, are said to be, the greater part of them, from the lowest rank of people, in Ireland, who are generally fed with this root. No food can afford a more decisive proof of its nourishing qualities, or of its being peculiarly suitably to the health of the human constitution."

"There are three races in Ireland," says Arthur Young,[43] "so distinct as to strike the least attentive traveller. The Spanish of Kerry,

[34] Camden, pp. 789, 680. [35] Fynes Moryson.
[36] Dyneley's "Tour in Ireland," about 1660, Ed. by Kilkenny Archeol, Society.
[37] Massari's Letter, October 19, 1645; Malascana's Letter, November 10, 1645.
[38] "Supra miraculum excellunt decore et pulcritudine. Passano il segno in grendezza e bellezza."
[39] "Capillis flavis et pelle alba et rubicouda. Biondi e di carnagione bianca e rossa."
[40] "Political Anatomy of Ireland," ch. xii.
[41] "Swift's Works," vol. viii. p. 353; 125. Vol. xii. p. 257.
[42] "Smith's Wealth of Nations," Edit. 1806, p. 222.
[43] Young's "Tour in Ireland in 1780," ii. pp. 107, 33. Appendix, pp. 87, 114.

of part of Cork and Limerick, are tall, thin, well-made. The food of the common Irish is potatoes and milk; it is said not to be sufficiently nourishing for the support of hard labor; but this opinion is very amazing in a country, many of whose poor people are as athletic in their form, as robust, and as capable of enduring labor, as any upon earth. When I see the people of a country, in spite of political oppression, with well-formed, vigorous bodies, and their cottages swarming with children; when I see their men athletic, and their women beautiful, I know not how to believe them subsisting on unwholesome food. . . . I have known the Irish reapers in Hertfordshire work as laboriously as any of our own men, and living on potatoes, which they procured from London, but drinking nothing but ale. Our own service both by sea and land, as well as that (unfortunately for us) of the principal monarchies of Europe, speaks their steady and determined courage. Every unprejudiced traveller, who visits them, will be as much pleased with their cheerfulness as obliged by their hospitality; and will find them a brave, polite, and liberal people."

Dr. Arnold, in his "History of Rome,"[44] remarks, that "there was one point in which the difference between the Celtic race in ancient and modern times has been unduly exaggerated. The Greek and Roman writers invariably describe the Gauls as a tall and light-haired race in comparison with their own countrymen; but it has been maintained, that there must be some confusion in these descriptions, between the Gauls and the Germans, inasmuch as the Celtic nations now existing are all dark-haired. This statement was sent to Niebuhr by some Englishman, and Niebuhr, taking the fact for granted on his correspondent's authority, was naturally much perplexed by it. But had he travelled ever so rapidly through Wales or Ireland, or had he cast a glance on any of those groups of Irish laborers who are constantly to be met with in summer on all the roads in England, he would have at once perceived that his perplexity had been needless. Compared with the Italians, it would be certainly true, that the Celtic nations were generally both *light-haired and tall.* I should not have ventured to speak so confidently, merely from my own observation; but Dr. Pritchard, who has for many years turned his attention to this question, assures me, that he is perfectly satisfied as to the truth of the fact here stated; to me it is only surprising that any one should have thought of disputing it."

According to the American, Dr. Brownson, "The race is remarkable for its manly and female beauty, and unmatched strength. This may be explained by their freedom from vice, and the purity of the women."[45] "The race," says De Lasteyrie, "possesses every charm, grace, eloquence, beauty, and misfortune." Another Frenchman, Count d'Avèze, observes that — "The women of Galway have oval faces, hooked noses, and blue eyes. The color of their hair is brown, and their skin is singularly white. The smallness of their hands and feet rivals that of the ladies of Andalusia. The men have handsome and strongly marked features, with bright, intelligent eyes. Their build is generally athletic

[44] "History of Rome," Ed. 5, Vol i. p. 531.
[45] Review of Father Thébaud's "Irish Race."

and slender, and their bearing is noble. In dress they resemble the Castilians more closely than any other people I know. In the province of Connaught, in general, the men are handsome and well-made, their features are sharply cut, their look is independent and keen, their whole countenance indicates spirit and energy. Artists will find in this remote corner the purest specimens of the original race of the island. The appearance of the women is not less striking. Their large almond-shaped eyes, their hooked noses, and brown hair, which falls in waves over their broad shoulders, the outlines of their features, are quite southern and even Spanish. They might be easily taken for natives of the Peninsula, if the transparent whiteness of their skin did not lead us to believe them to be daughters of the North, like the English and Scotch. To conclude, the beauty of the peasant women of Connaught is one of the greatest surprises that a traveller in Ireland will meet with."

George Petrie,[46] the son of Scotch parents, expresses amazement at Pinkerton's assertion, that the wild Irish are, at this day, the veriest savages on the face of the globe. As the result of much inquiry and attentive observation, Petrie praises their primitive simplicity, ingenuous manners, singular hospitality, and honesty. He says they are brave, hardy, and industrious, enterprising, thoughtfully intelligent, innocent. "Lying and drinking form no part of their character. They never swear, have a high sense of propriety, honor, and justice. They are healthy, comely, and prepossessing, of fine intellect, and delicate sensibility."

From the men of war and letters let us turn to the men of science for more accurate information. From measurements made by Professor Forbes of Edinburgh on *students* at his University, and by Quetelet on Belgian *students* of the same class, we have the following tables:

	STATURE IN INCHES.				STRENGTH IN POUNDS.			
Age.	Irish.	Scots.	English.	Belgians.	Irish.	Scots.	English.	Belgians.
18	68.7	68.5	61.1	67.2	389	360	364	280
19	69.4	68.9	68.5	67.7	404	378	378	296
20	69.8	69.1	68.7	67.9	416	392	385	310
21	70.0	69.2	68.8	68.0	423	402	392	322
22	70.1	69.2	68.9	68.1	427	410	397	330
23	70.2	69.3	68.9	68.2	430	417	401	335

According to "Chamber's Information for the People,"[47] this table places the Irishman uppermost in the scale of stature. The comparison seems fair as regards the parties taken, for if there were any peculiarity in their condition as students, it must have been common to all. As a comparison of national heights, therefore, the table perhaps exhibits conclusions pretty generally applicable, and we shall find it borne out by similar comparisons of weight and strength.

Mr. Field,[48] an eminent mechanical engineer of London, examined the relative powers of British and Irish *laborers* to raise weights by a crane. He communicated his results to the Institute of Civil Engineers

[46] "Petrie's Life." By Dr. Stokes, p. 44. [47] Vol. i. p. 53.
[48] Quoted in Sir Robert Kane's "Industrial Resources of Ireland."

in London. He found that the utmost effort of a man, lifting at the rate of one foot per minute, ranged as follows:

The Irish	from 17,325 lbs.	to 27,562 lbs.
The English	" 11,505 lbs.	" 24,255 lbs.
The Welsh		15,112 lbs.

The Anthropometric Committee[49] gives the stature of Irish recruits as 5 feet 8.04; the Scotch, 5 feet 8.03; English, 5 feet 7.71.

The statistics of the United States Army[50] give the average stature of those examined for admission into that army as follows: 3,476 Scots, 67.07 inches; 30,557 Irish, 66.74; 16,196 English, 66.58; 54,944 Germans, 66.54; 1,104 Welsh, 66.42; 1,302 Swiss, 66.38; 3,343 French, 66.28.

Here the Scots overtop the Irish, but perhaps this might be accounted for by the relative numbers. Again, the Scots surpass the Irish in stature in Table I. of the Anthropometrical Committee, but then the Irish were "almost entirely" immigrants, who are of the poorest class, and could not fairly represent the Irish in general or the agricultural classes at home; and "the Committee regrets that it has not been able to obtain more than one return direct from Ireland." The results, in inches, were Scots, 68.71; Irish, 67.90; English, 67.36; Welsh, 66.66; and the Irish are the lowest in weight. Only 346 Irish were measured, and, curiously enough, we find[51] the height for Connaught, 68.73; Munster, 68.52; Ulster, 68.41; Leinster, 68.21. From these returns the Committee says: "The western provinces of Ireland possess a high stature similar to the Scotch Highlands, with which they may have a common racial origin, while the lower stature of the eastern provinces is probably traceable to the comparatively recent Scotch and English immigrations. The Irish returns are, however, too few to be relied on, until they are confirmed by more extended inquiries."[52] These returns, indeed, are quite misleading, for I have been informed by Mr. French, of Trinity College, Dublin, that so good a judge as Dr. O'Donovan often declared in his hearing, that the finest and biggest men of Ireland are to be found in Wexford, and in that part of Tipperary which is nearest to Wexford." He meant, I think, the people of the quadrilateral formed by the towns of Wexford, Waterford, Cashel, and Kilkenny. Dr. Beddowe,[53] who agrees with O'Donovan, says: "The people of North and West Wexford and in the city of Waterford and its neighborhood are tall and fair, the prevailing type in the county of Tipperary, though very often brilliantly fair, is not English. In West Cavan (Ulster) the people are fair, large-limbed, comely, and smooth-featured.

"Scotch recruits are about equal to those of Leinster and Munster in stature and weight, and superior in both respects to the Irish, taken collectively, and they clearly exceed in girth of chest both English and

[49] "Report of 1882-3," p. 17.
[50] See "Report of the Anthropometric Committee," p. 16.
[51] "Report," p. 11.
[52] "Report," p. 14.
[53] "Races of Britain," pp. 266, 238, 142, 27; and vol. iii. of "Memoirs of the Anthropological Society." "On the Bulk and Stature of the People of Great Britain," pp. 569 et seq.

Irish, though the Welsh may equal them in this point. The Welsh recruits weigh heaviest, but their stature is considerably lower than that of the Irish. The English vary very much. Some agricultural counties yield large men, but on the whole they do not quite equal even the Welsh in stature, or the Irish in weight; and this seems to be mainly due to the low average of the recruits from the metropolis and from manufacturing districts, and to the short stature (perhaps a race character) prevailing in the south-eastern, or Saxon part of England. At Bristol, the Munster men inspected compare pretty favorably with those from the neighboring districts, to whom they are decidedly superior in girth of chest; and at Liverpool the Irish have the advantage in all three respects of the native Lancashire recruits. Dr. Beddowe continues: "Why are the people of Southern Leinster as tall or taller than the Munster men, and these latter so much taller than the Connaughters?"

"Let us see what can be made of the popular solution of the matter — the theory that the Connaughters had degenerated under the influence of semi-starvation, until their kinsmen across the Shannon would no longer acknowledge the connection. This view was brought forward years ago by a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and so forcible and graphic was the picture he drew of the dwarfish, pot-bellied, abortively-featured, prognathous "spectres of a people once able-bodied and comely, that haunted Sligo and Mayo," that it has been quoted by every monogenist writer at home and abroad ever since. The passage *is entirely a libel* on the natives of Eastern Sligo; but as I never visited Mayo, I am not prepared to deny that it may be more applicable there. It does not apply to Connemara, where the people, though small, are well-built and well-favored; nor to Joyce's and O'Flaherty's County, near Galway, where they are notoriously tall. The military returns show that the Mayo people have the Irish color-type in a high degree; the people of Irishmurry (Sligo) are a decidedly fair race and not uncomely."

Dr. Beddowe shows here more anthropological prudence and caution than Dr. Hall[54] and M. de Quatrefages,[55] who innocently propagated this "libel" of the *Dublin University Magazine*.[56] It is, indeed, "entirely a libel," not only "on the natives of Eastern Sligo," but of all Sligo and Mayo and Leitrim, and the Barony of the Fews; for it is of the poor laborers of these very counties that Dr. Pritchard and Dr. Arnold said, that they are "generally both light-haired and tall."[57] I have accumulated overwhelming evidence of this, and of their fine size and symmetry, from the published books, or private letters to myself of military, literary, and scientific men, such as Colonels Cooper, Raleigh-Chichester, Wood-Martin, and Blake, who commands the North Mayo Battalion; Major Leech, of Irish Rifle Team celebrity; Mr. Wakeman, our great archæologist and artist; Dr. Sullivan, President of the Queen's College,

[54] His edition of Pickering: Introduction.

[55] "In Revue des Cours Scientifiques en France et à l'Etranger," and in pp. 227-8 of "Unité de l'Espèce Humaine," Ed. 1861.

[56] No. xliii.

[57] See the passage in full, supra, from "Arnold's Rome," vol. i. p. 531.

Cork; of the Marquis of Sligo, the Earl of Granard, and many others. I may produce their testimony at another time in refutation of the statements made in the *Dublin University Magazine*, in which, according to Dr. Karl Vogt,[58] "party spirit speaks, painting the Irish in as gloomy colors as possible, and probably assuming a few broken-down beggars to be a type of the whole race."

Though this subject has been started by Dr. Beddowe, I will not pursue it further at present, and I conclude by saying with Barnaby Rich, "the Irish appear to every man's eye to be of good proportion, of comely stature, and of able body," and with Sir John Davis, "their bodies are endued with extraordinary abilities of nature." In presence of the distinguished array of unimpeachable evidence produced in this paper, I fancy fair-minded Englishmen must think and feel, that the ideas about Irishmen, current in Great Britain, are not correct, and that the savage representations of the "Comic Journals" constitute a libel on Ireland, a scandal to the Empire, and a conspiracy against the truth.

EDMUND HOGAN, S. J., in *The Month.*

The Old Queen: Her Antecedents.

WE quote the appended facts and reflections from the *New York Herald:* Born May 24, 1819, Victoria succeeded to the throne June 20, 1837. Hence on June 20, 1887, she completes the fiftieth year of her reign. Six lives, or more, stood between her and the throne at the time of her birth. Six attempts, or more, have been made to kill her since her accession. Yet she still lives, and bids fair to live, to finish her jubilee; pretty surely to surpass the fifty years' dominion of Edward III.; perhaps to reign as long as the fifty-six years of Henry III., and possibly to equal the phenomenal fifty-nine years of George III. If other people had their way, Queen Victoria would have been known as Queen Alexandrina. For that was her first name, and she was called "Drina" as a child before she was called "Vicky." But she liked Victoria best,—it was the name of her mother,—and Victoria she was crowned. The granddaughter of George III. (being daughter of his fourth son, Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent), she is a descendant of that George II. who was so cordially hated, not only by the English social world, but by his own family.

"Not one magnanimous or humane action is recorded of him," says Macaulay. "He inherited," observes another critic, the paternal disgust for all 'boets and bainters.'" He loathed his own eldest son as his father had loathed him, and Caroline of Auspach, his wife, shared the unnatural yet partly excusable feeling. She called him (to Lord Hervey) "the greatest ass and the greatest liar and the greatest *canaille* and the greatest beast in the whole world," and made no bones of wishing openly for his death. The wish was granted. He died of drink

[58] "Lectures on Man." Lecture xv. pp. 427–9.

and dissipation mainly, at, for his family, the early age of forty-four, but he left a son who became George III. We refer to these facts with deliberate purpose. Men say, with Scripture, "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Was it to be expected, with such a lineage, that the Queen of England should be what she has been or is? Was not a monarch rather to be looked for like one of the many who have been curses rather than blessings to their people? Surely all the hereditary theories, whether of Galton or others, are mocked and set at naught by this experience. In other words, the *Herald* means that Victoria has been better than her immediate predecessors, which is true enough, but is saying very little in her favor.

The Time to Build a Home.

THE time to build a home is now. When a man is young and active—when his hands are strong and his heart hopeful—then is the time to prepare for a shelter for old age and a haven of rest and love for his children. We venture to say that what the average laboring man squanders in useless and injurious indulgences during the age of twenty-five and forty-five years would build and furnish him a beautiful home. Good suggestions; but will they have any influence on the average young man of the day? We fear not; there are too many expensive social affairs nowadays, with which the average young man must be identified if he "wants to be anybody." He must keep a horse and buggy; must belong to some high-toned military company, extravagant base ball, rowing, toboggan, or other expensive club; must spend time and money to keep up with the other boys and girls of the period, spend all he earns and sometimes more—drawing on the surplus funds in his care belonging to his employer,—to meet the demands of costly fun and the demands of high-toned society. And if ever he does stop to consider the importance of getting a home, or to look into the future far enough to realize the necessity of providing for the solid realities of life, an empty pocket-book stares him in the face, a salary drawn in advance rises up before him, and he turns to contemplate with envious eye the man of forty-five or fifty years of age, who, by honest endeavor and steady toil, has secured a home and a moderate competency, and to curse the fate which has made him the impecunious cuss he is, with no better prospects for the future. And as he grows older he bemoans his fate and attributes it to the grinding monopoly of money power,—capital starving labor,—lives from "hand to mouth," and when he dies his wife must take boarders, do washing or sewing, and his children be dependent upon the charity of an uncharitable world.

A man who has a good physical constitution, is blessed with average good business tact, has met with no crushing calamities and has no home at fifty is not an object of pity, and no "anti-poverty society" will better his condition.

The Dignity and Rights of Labor.

II.

Let us, then, enlarge our idea of capital, and take into that conception all that I have enumerated — the muscular and mental, and manual and mechanical power which has been created by labor. Therefore, as I said before, I claim for the man that can only bring to the field of labor his strength without skill, as well as the man that brings his strength with a half skill, or with a complete skill, or with a scientific industry — I claim for them all the name of honest laborers; and I believe that if they be honest, that is, mentally and morally exerting their power for their own good and the good of their neighbor, they are entitled to all respect for the dignity of their state and of their work. And I cannot better express what I mean than in these words, which I find also quoted by Mr. Brassey, and his selection of them shows how he sympathized in what I am saying. Quoting some words of Mr. Ruskin, who has written lately with great sympathy for working men and for all who are engaged in labor, Mr. Brassey says that "there is one thing necessary for us all, and that is 'reverence.'"

I know nothing that is more undignified than for a man to think there is nobody of higher stature, morally or intellectually, than himself. The smallest man on earth is the man who thinks there is nobody greater than himself. A man who is able to lift up his eyes to excellence, wherever he finds it, and who has an honest and earnest admiration for it, without a spark of jealousy and without a particle of envy, I think that man is worthy of the name of a true laborer. "Now," Mr. Ruskin says, "this is the thing which I know, and which you laboring people usually know also, that reverence is the chief power and joy of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, and great among the dead, and marvellous in the powers that cannot die." (*Wages in* 1873, p. 53. By Thos. Brassey, M.P. Longmans. 1873.)

I will turn now to the other part of my thesis; that is, to the rights of labor. I am not going to be communistic, and I have no will to be revolutionary. Adam Smith says, "The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands; and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a plain violation of this most sacred property." Therefore, first of all, I claim for labor the rights of property. There is no personal property so strictly our own. It is altogether and entirely personal. The strength and skill that are in a man are as much his own as his life-blood; and that skill and strength which he has as his personal property no man may control. He has this property in him. Lawyers say a man's will is ambulatory, that is, it travels with him all over the world. So the working man carries this property with him as ready money. He can buy with it, and he can sell it. He can exchange it. He may set a price on it. And this

ready money which he carries with him he may carry to every market all over the world; and what is more he will not be impeded by any foreign currency. No coins, no difficult calculations, decimal or otherwise, obstruct his exchange with other nations of the world. And further, in one sense it is inexhaustible, except that we all have limits and dimensions, and our strength and skill are bounded by what we are. But there it is, perennial, going on always through his life till old age diminishes it; then what remains in him is to be honored with a reverence of which I spoke just now.

Shakespeare gives an account of what a true laborer is in this way. He says in "As You Like It," and puts it into the mouth of the laborer, "I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm." Well, then, I claim for labor (and the skill which is always acquired by labor) the rights of capital. It is capital in the truest sense. Now our Saxon ancestors used to call what we call cattle "live money"; and we are told that what we call chattels and cattle and the Latin word *capita* are one and the same thing; that is, "heads" of cattle, or workers, or serfs. This was "live money." And so is the labor, the strength, and the skill in the honest workman "live money." It is capital laid up in him; and that capital is the condition of production. For capital which is in money, which I will call dead capital, or dead money, receives its life from the living power and skill of the laborer. These two must be united. The capital of money and the capital of strength and of skill must be united together, or we can have no production and no progress. And, therefore, "labor and capital must," as the book I quoted from before puts it, "ride on the same horse;" and that book says, in a sort of mother-wit way, that "when two men ride on a horse one must ride behind." It says that capital rides before. Well, now, if they cannot ride side by side, they ought to walk hand in hand. Whatever rights, then, capital possesses, labor possesses.

Once more: labor has a right of liberty. We read in Columella, who wrote a book on Roman agriculture in the first century of our era, that the soil all around Rome became so sterile, barren, and unproductive, and year after year so perceptibly lost its fertility that the philosophers of Rome accounted for it by saying that the earth was growing old. We do not find that England has grown old, as comparing King John's time with our own. But the secret of this diminution in productiveness was very easily discovered. It was cultivated by slaves, and slave labor is labor without a heart; it is labor without a will. It is not the strength of the arm, but it is the vigor of the will that makes the axe ring upon the root of a tree. Every laborer has a right to work or not to work. If he refuses to work, for an idler there is an old law which says: "If a man will not work, neither let him eat." (2 Thess. iii. 10.) That law has never been repealed. And the same law says that "the laborer is worthy of his hire" (St. Luke x. 7), and I am happy to say that law still stands in the sacred statute-book. Well, a laborer has a right to determine for whom he will work, and where he will work. I do not mean in any capricious and extortionate way, but he must be first and last the judge and the controller of his

own life, and he must pay the penalty if he abuses that freedom. This carries with it also the right to say whether he can subsist upon certain wages. This is undeniable. He may set too high a price upon his labor, but then he will pay the penalty. No man can appraise it for him. Another man may offer him his wages, and if he is not content he may refuse it. He cannot say, "you shall work." Well, now in England serfdom lasted until the fourteenth century, and I have no doubt that serfdom was one of the reasons why the fertility of England was not what it is now — one, I say, for I do not forget capital, skill, and science. Serfdom died out under the benign action of Christianity. Then for many centuries there existed a state of labor in this country which, though it was free in one sense, was not altogether free in another. It was under certain social circumscriptions which limited the freedom of the laborer — the old law of settlement and the like, into which I will not enter. At the present time the labor of Englishmen is, I may say, as free as the air. They may go where they will, they may labor where they will, they may labor for what they can obtain; they may even refuse to labor. This again is undeniable. I do not see how anybody can deny this without denying a right which belongs both to property and to capital.

Let me here enter a protest, though I have no doubt you do not need it. I have said it before, in Manchester, some years ago, and I cannot help saying it again in Leeds. There are some people who are trying to force into the mouths of Englishmen a very long word — the *proletariat*. I have no doubt you have all heard it and all read it. When I see it in a book I suspect the book at once. When a man says it to me I doubt whether he is an Englishman. Our old mother-tongue has a great many more monosyllables than polysyllables in it, and I love it all the more for that, for I think our old Saxon monosyllables have the strength of a strong race in them. Now I had ten thousand times rather be called a working man than a *prolétaire*. I will tell you my reasons against the name of *prolétaire*. It is pedantry; it is paganism; it is false; and it is an indignity to the working man. It is pedantry, because it was dug up out of the old Roman law by certain French writers, chiefly in or about the time of the first French Revolution; and that accounts, perhaps, for its paganism in its revived state, because that was a period very rank with paganism. It is strictly pagan in its origin; it belongs to the Roman civilization, such as it was, before the Christian era. But, further, it is utterly inapplicable to our present state, and I will tell you why. The population of Rome was distinguished into classes. There were those who were called in legal phrase *capite censi*, or men told by the head. They were mere numbers; they possessed nothing; they were nothing; they could do nothing; they had two eyes and two hands and two feet; and they were entered in the poll tax by the tale. These were the lowest of the Roman population. Next to them were the *proletarii*, or men who had homes and families,— if you call a home a roof or a shelter where a man could lie down, but they were destitute of property. They had nothing but their children. They could only serve the state by themselves and by their children in military service, or something of that sort. Moreover, they

were slaves, or to a great extent they were slaves. They were the greatest of idlers, and the most profligate and the most dependent of the Roman populace. They lived on alms; or what is worse, they were the followers and flatterers of those who had anything to give them. Well, now, I ask whether it is not an indignity to English working men to call them *prolétaires?*

Labor has a right, not only to its own freedom, but it has a right to protect itself. And now, gentlemen, I know I am treading very near to dangerous ground; nevertheless I will speak as an historian or as a political economist, but certainly not as a demagogue. If you go back to the earliest period of our Saxon history you will find that there always were associations distinct from the life of the family on the one side and from the state on the other. The family has laws of its own — laws of domestic authority, laws of domestic order, and, I will say, after King Solomon, laws of very salutary domestic punishment. On the other hand the state has its public laws, its legislature, and its executive. But between the public and the domestic life there is a wide field of the free action of men and of their mutual contracts, their mutual relations, which are not to be controlled either by domestic authority, and cannot be meddled with by the public authority of the state — I mean the whole order of commerce. Commerce existed as soon as there was the interchange of one thing for another, and these free contracts between man and man, between employer and employed, are as old as civilization. Clearly, therefore, there is a certain field which must be regulated by a law of its own, by tribunals of its own; and as soon as we begin to trace anything in our Saxon history, we begin to trace the rise of guilds. They were of a religious character at first. Some have thought they were religious only, but that is a mistake; they were also what we should call benefit societies; they were also for protection; they were again for the vindication of liberty from the oppressive jurisdiction of those who held local authority. There were guilds, or gilds, of many kinds — some were called "frith-guilds," and others were called "craft-guilds," and these craft-guilds were composed of masters and of men — of employers and of employed.

In all the history of civilization, if you go back to the Greeks or to the Romans, you find that trades and professions always had their societies and fellowships by which they were united together. It seems to me that this is a sound and legitimate social law. I can conceive nothing more entirely in accordance with natural right and with the higher jurisprudence, than that those who have one common interest should unite together for the promotion of that interest. I hope to show before I have done that this has always been a principle of the most solid civil and political order, and it is that with which I am now concerned. To tell the truth, the Leeds Mechanics' Institute, as described to me by its excellent President before I came here, appears to me to be a "craft-guild;" for, as I understand, there are in it both employers and employed — there are both capitalists who hold what I have called the dead money, and there are capitalists who hold the live money — and therefore you are united in a common interest. You seem to me, if "craft-guilds" are dangerous bodies, to be a very dangerous body. Well,

the whole of our social order in England springs from organizations of this sort. First of all let me refer you to a book which I can only name, because I heard the clock just now, and though I was kindly told that I might have a large margin, for very shame I should not venture to go up to the frontier that was assigned to me. Therefore all that I can do will be to refer to a book by Brentano, a Bavarian writer, on the history of craft-guilds, tracing them down to present associations of trades of various kinds; and I confess that book took out of my mind entirely the erroneous conception which in some degree I had formed, that such associations have anything about them which is not perfectly innocuous if they are rightly conducted.

Only let us remember this one fact. All the great mercantile cities of England are little more than the aggregation of these guilds. In Norwich there were twelve; and that was when as yet Leeds was nothing. In King's Lynn there were twelve; in Bishop's Lynn there were nine; in Cologne there were eighty; in Lubeck there were seventy; in Hamburg there were one hundred; in London there were seventy; and, as I think I can show, London itself is the greatest example of an aggregation of craft-guilds, for, as Brentano says, "The oldest reliable and detailed accounts which we have of guilds come from England. They consist of free guild statutes. The drawing up of these statutes took place in England in the beginning of the eleventh century. In the case of one of these guilds there is no doubt whatever as to the accuracy of this date. This guild was founded and richly endowed by Orcy, a friend of Canute the Great, at Abbotsbury." ("Brentano on Guilds," p. i. Trübner, 1870.) He says again: "The forbiddance of guilds in the Frankish Empire, for abroad they were not well regarded, could only be justified from certain motives relating to their mode of being conducted; but from England we hear nothing whatever of any evil in these guilds." (*Id.*, p. 15.) It appears that Englishmen at all times knew better than continentals how to maintain their right of free and independent action, and their government seems to have known, even at that time, how to make use in an excellent manner, and in the interest of public order, of organizations freely created by the people. At Canterbury a guild, following the same ends, stood at that time at the head of the city, whilst two others existed by the side of it. There are also accounts of a "Guildhall" at Dover, from which a craft-guild may be inferred; and charters of a somewhat later time frequently mention many other guilds besides these as having been long in existence. The organization of the guilds was thus, in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, not only completed, but probably already widely extended amongst the Anglo-Saxons, who even recognized all their ordinances, or at least permitted them, in legislation. The guilds enjoyed already such authority in England that their agreements bound even non-members, and town constitutions were already developing themselves from them. I may say, in passing, that York at that time had three and Beverly had four. As an example of what they were, here is a curious extract from the guild of Killingham, in Lincolnshire: "If a brother or a sister is unlucky enough to lose a beast worth half a merk, every brother and every sister shall give a halfpenny towards getting another beast. If the house of

any brother or sister is burned by mishap, every brother and every sister shall give a halfpenny towards a new house." ("Toulmin Smith on English Guilds," p. 185.) Brentano then goes on, but I must not venture to give you all the matter which I have before me. He says that a much higher degree of development comes in with the amalgamated guilds. These amalgamated guilds had each grown up distinctly and separately; then they were amalgamated together. "The fact of London preceding other places in this development presents no difficulty, since England must be regarded as the birthplace of guilds, and London, perhaps, as their cradle. At least there is documentary evidence that the constitution of the city was based upon a guild, and it served as a model for other English towns.

According to the *Judicia Civitatis Londoniæ* of the time of King Athelstane, the Frith guilds of London united to form one guild that they might carry out their aims more vigorously. This London guild governed the town, as is proved by the fact that their regulations bound even non-members. The occasion of this union was, perhaps, that here, as afterwards in other places, other guilds had gradually been formed at the side of the original old guild, and the rivalries between the old and the new prejudiced the objects of the guilds — the protection of freedom and of right." Brentano shows that "a similar union took place three centuries later at Berwick-on-Tweed in the year 1283-84. The townsmen of Berwick agreed upon the statute of a single united guild, that where many bodies are found side by side in one place, they may become one and have one weal, and in dealings of one with another have a strong and hearty love." ("Brentano," p. 35.) Now London at this moment has, I think, some seventy-three or seventy-four liveries or companies, which are strictly the old traditional guilds surviving to this day. The Lord Mayor of London invites them to a great banquet once a year, and they are solemnly introduced to him with all the ceremonies of the city of London, as representing the original guilds.

From this it would seem to me to follow that the protection of labor and of industry has at all times been a recognized right of those who possess the same craft; that they have united together; that those unions have been recognized by the legislature; that whether they be employers or employed; whether they possess the dead capital or the live capital — the dead money or the live money — all have the same rights. And I do not see, I confess, why all men should not organize themselves together so long as they are truly and honestly submissive to one higher and chief, who is superior over us all — the supreme reign of law which has governed, at all times, the people of England. There is a passage of great interest quoted in this same book. I verified it, lest there should be any inaccuracy on the part of a foreign writer, and I found it entirely correct. At a time in the early part, I think, of this century, or at the close of the last, when there was great suffering at Nottingham, when the stocking weavers were under severe depression, and there were very painful and hostile conflicts between the employed and the employer, Mr. Pitt said in the House of Commons: "The time will come when manufactures will have been so long established, and the operatives not having any other business to flee to, that it will be in

the power of any one man in a town to reduce the wages; and all the other manufacturers must follow. Then, when you are goaded with reductions and willing to flee your country, France and America will receive you with open arms; and then farewell to our commercial state. If ever it does arrive to this pitch, parliament (if it be not then sitting) ought to be called together, and if it cannot redress your grievances, its power is at an end. Tell me not that parliament cannot; it is omnipotent to protect." (*Pitt's Speech on the Arbitration Act*, quoted in vol. 23, p. 1091. Hansard.) I think it remarkable that Mr. Pitt at that day should have foreseen the questions which are before us at this moment; but it is not remarkable that he should have had the statesmanlike prudence of seeing that the remedy lies in the supreme control and protection of the law.

HENRY EDWARD, *Card. Archbishop.*

Part III. next month.

The New Life-Line Rocket.

ROCKETS have been employed by various nations for throwing lines to wrecked vessels for many years, and are still employed in the Russian, German, and English services to the exclusion of other appliances. In the United States service a mortar is used, which is far more accurate and obtains greater range than any of the appliances in use elsewhere.

But a new invention has been recently tested by various departments of the government service called the Cunningham Line-Carrying Rocket, with results far exceeding in range anything ever before attained in the history of life-projecting missiles.

Patrick Cunningham, of New Bedford, who invented the bomb-lance harpoon for whale killing, which is now used the world over by whalers, has perfected a rocket for carrying its own line that not only attains a tremendous range, but greater accuracy than any known projectile of the rocket kind.

Various experiments with rockets of foreign manufacture by Lieut. Lyle, U. S. A., at Sandy Hook in 1880, resulted in ranges of from 350 to 540 yards. The Lyle gun has a record of 694 yards, No. 4 line.

At various trials of the Cunningham rocket before the Life Saving and other departments of the government service, ranges of 600 to 750 yards have been attained with the No. 7 or large line, and from 1,000 to 1,200 yards with the smaller line, No. 4; the lines being the same as those now in use by the Service.

In any of these trials no line has ever parted or been burned off by the action of the rocket, and no explosion or blowing out of the rocket head has occurred. These defects are common with the rockets of foreign manufacture.

Tests were made before the Board of Steam Vessel Inspectors, several members of Congress, naval and military officers, superintendents of Revenue, Marine and Bureau of Navigation and representatives

from the Life Saving Service at the Arsenal Grounds in Washington, Dec. 31, over the firing range.

On this occasion ranges of from six hundred to one thousand yards were obtained with various sized lines. This exhibition was especially designed to illustrate the value of these rockets when carried on board vessels for their own salvation in case of wreck. In such cases the firing is always with the wind and the whole shore is the target; accuracy is a secondary consideration. There is no possibility of failure to land a line under these circumstances. In some recent cases many lives could have been saved by such means. In the case of the *Knickerbocker* and *Cranmer*, rockets could have been fired from the steamers' deck across the *Cranmer* and a hawser passed. The vessel and crew could have been saved, and there would have been no need for that noble-hearted crew to sacrifice themselves in a futile attempt to outride the hurricane of seas. In the recent disaster on the Virginia coast, when twenty-seven lives were lost, a line might have been shot ashore in a few seconds, while six attempts to reach the wreck by shots from shore with the mortar were futile.

All who witnessed the tests of this rocket fully concurred in the statement made by an official present: "On shipboard they are invaluable, and their tremendous range makes them a necessary adjunct to the Life-Saving Service."

The idea of carrying by means of a rocket tail tube is not only adaptable to the throwing of life-lines, but furnishes a new and useful element in mechanical science as well as a powerful weapon when so desired. In place of the life-saving line, life-destroying elements and explosives may be carried and discharged by percussion; and the fact that one man can carry anywhere a fully equipped rocket and firing stand and discharge twenty pounds of dynamite from two-thirds of a mile to a mile in range, makes it a horribly effective weapon and one man a small army.

In projecting cables for suspension and other bridge construction, pontooning during war campaigns, stringing telegraph and other wires where the lines are straight, and for the rapid projection of lines to the tops of high buildings in cases of fire, the tremendous lifting and carrying power, the cheapness, portability, simplicity of operation and unusual accuracy of this rocket makes it indeed a valuable acquisition to the list of mechanical forces.

The development in range within a few months from 550 to 1,200 yards by improving and enlarging the rocket renders it certain,—experts generally admit the fact,—that any desired range up to one mile or over may be readily attained.

Their durability is illustrated by the fact that the first one fired at the Navy Yard in April last had been loaded seven years, and the flight was as perfect as if loaded but the day before. This one had been at sea during an Arctic voyage and in all sorts of varying temperatures.

It is designed to make the cost so low that all vessels may afford to carry them, and then, with the longest range and most powerful sizes added to the present effective equipment of the life-saving stations, the loss of life on account of shore wrecks would seem to be well nigh impos sible.

Andrew Fingar Brophy, Decorative Artist.

Mr. Brophy was born in December, 1846, at Ballyleigh, in Ireland, and is one of a family originally consisting of eleven sons and two daughters. His father was for some time in business, as a builder, in Dublin. Whilst very young Mr. Brophy went to live with his elder brother, Nicholas, who was then — and is now — art master to the Government Schools of Art at Limerick; and from him Mr. Brophy received the foundation of his art education, and a very sound foundation it proved to be; for, in 1862, we find him gaining the third grade certificate. This, the highest given by the art department at Kensington, enables the holder to claim the government grant to the masters, for success in competition obtained by their students in the local school of art. The student passing an examination, or obtaining a prize, also gains for the master a sum of money, more or less, according to the importance of the success attained; a kind of payment by results. Nor was it only the theory of art which Mr. Brophy studied, he made himself also practically acquainted with his subjects. For example, in 1861, he spent a year in working in a joiner's shop, and on the buildings, studying construction. The following year he competed for and obtained the advanced mechanical certificate 6a (now a science certificate). This signal success was immediately followed by the award of a national scholarship, by means of which he came up to London, in 1863, to study furniture and general design for two years, in the South Kensington Museum, and was thus able to associate with the gifted men we have mentioned, besides making friendships which enables him even to the present day to keep touch with the highest ranks of artistic circles. At the expiration of their scholarships Luke Fildes took up drawing on wood, working mostly for the *Graphic*, his work for which, culminated in his wonderfully fine drawing of "The Casuals" for that paper, causing him to be introduced to Charles Dickens, for whom he began to illustrate "Edwin Drood," Dickens' last work. Mr. Joseph Harris became master of Salisbury Art School, whilst the subject of our sketch accepted an appointment with Messrs. Trollope & Sons as head of the art department; thus stepping into a leading position at once.

Daily experience shows that it is energetic individualism which produces the most powerful effects, and Mr. Brophy has this quality in a great degree. For example, whilst employed at Messrs. Trollope & Sons, his active spirit incited him, still, to compete at South Kensington, and with such effect that, in 1867, he gained the gold medal for furniture design; whilst in 1869 he also acquired the honor of another gold medal for architectural design, certainly the highest honor of all, which may be said to have put the pinnacle upon his competitive work. "Still achieving, still pursuing," Mr. Brophy found time, in the midst of his daily duties and frequent competitions outside them, to invent a process of staining woods, the patent for which was purchased by his employers, and largely used by them in their extensive business. For this method of staining wood they caused to be invented the astounding name of "Xylotechnagraphy." This process, like many other things of an advanced character, caused considerable criticism at the time, and even drew some remarks from Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Burgess the architect.

It consists of a method of staining white woods with bright dyes, and, like all that Mr. Brophy does, is highly artistic in character. It is a manner of staining, remarkable for graduated tones of great brightness, which become (after French polishing) of considerable permanence. In skilful hands, very beautiful and artistic effects can be, and are, produced.

Messrs. Trollope, upon becoming possessed of the patent, put it

ANDREW FINGAR BROPHY.

extensively into practice, decorating whole rooms with it, besides many doors, cabinets, and other pieces of furniture.

It was to the eleven years' connection with Trollopes that Mr. Brophy attributes his success in teaching the technique of applied art. Whilst still engaged with this firm, Mr. Brophy was elected head master to the Westminster Art Schools (St. Mary's), the third grade certificate before alluded to enabling him to accept it and make it profitable. This was in 1874. His usual success still attended him, for after a few

years he gained a prize of £50, which was offered in competition, to be given to the most successful master holding an appointment in the Government Schools. In 1877 he again was fortunate enough to secure the £50, thus obtaining the prize twice out of the four times it was offered in competition. The prize has since that time been withdrawn. He was six years at this school, gaining experience in design teaching. His class consisted of industrial students, to whom he gave instructions in art, applicable to their industry. As he says himself, "Explaining the reason for art ornamentation applied, and why the nature of the material of any object, its construction and use, suggests the proper ornamentation." He also tried to cultivate in each student a love of their work, as the only way to true excellence. It was owing to this success that he was elected as an examiner to represent technical applied design to the industries on the Board of Examiners at South Kensington. We must account for the rapidity of this progress to the happy coincidence of external advantages with internal genius. As Fuseli says, "Some enter the gates of art with golden keys and take their seats with dignity among the demigods of fame; some burst the doors and leap into a niche with savage power; thousands consume their time in chinking useless keys, and aiming feeble pushes against the inexorable doors." Leaving now the account of Mr. Brophy's connection with the Government Schools, we will follow up that part of his active career which is devoted to teaching, as it reflects honor to the individual, and confers benefit on his contemporaries.

Notwithstanding the amount of success which has attended the Government Schools of Art, there has been for some years in this country a growing emulation of the technical schools on the Continent. This has induced the Corporation of London to turn their attention to technical education. To its honor it has taken the lead, commencing by instituting a Technical College at Kensington, with branch establishments at Finsbury, Lambeth, etc. As head master for art to the Finsbury branch, Mr. Brophy, by his special study of applied art, and his experience in teaching, was naturally fitted, Finsbury being a great centre in London of industry. The Corporation, first sending him to inspect the most important of technical schools on the Continent, therefore, gave him the appointment. Technical schools are still recent in their institution in this country, and the subject of this paper is in the prime of life. In spite, therefore, of his numerous successes, we make bold to expect greater things of him, and may fairly consider that he has only commenced his career.

Mr. Brophy's opinion coincides with that of Herbert, "that you cannot be a signpost and runner too," and says that when he gets to that Elysian state of things, that he has time on his hands, then he will turn author. Ideas such as these, have prevented him from writing upon art, and his public utterances have been very few. Still, as he has been so successful as a teacher, his opinions have weight. In order to convey an idea of his manner of instruction, we cannot do better than give quotations from an address upon "The teaching of drawing and coloring as a preparation for designing and decorative work." It was given at the International Conference on Education, held at the

Health Exhibition, at Kensington, and is full of strong, healthy opinion. He started by saying that "drawing is the soul of art, color but the garments the artists' creations wear. That nature possesses the most varied contrasts and the most subtle harmonies, all beyond the definition of a rule, and defying classification in the infinite varieties of their blending hues, still every color obeying the great fitness of tone for its position — a lesson the very best to govern all colored schemes of decoration." He went on to say, "The student taught to draw, whose observation has impressed him with color, and whose education has been to observe the life, character, color, and forms of what he sees around him in nature, has prepared a mind from which a practical hand will draw inspirations." Our readers will agree with us, that it was a valuable point he made when he insisted that even the beginner must be helped to love his work, "above all things, not allowing him to feel his first work is a grind at something that will prepare him FOR art work, but must be made to feel that he is engaged in making use of a useful material, and about to develop a work which will show some of his own feelings." He further says, "The artisan student should spend no time in drawing or shading in a material that is used for school practice only." Thus it is easy to see that Mr. Brophy is original in his methods of teaching, as he is in everything else he takes in hand.

He further says: "That no matter what the material is in which the student happens to be a worker, it will entirely depend upon himself, upon the conception of some idea of interest brought into his scheme of decoration or ornamentation, whether such work be a work of art or not." "You must love your labor to do good work, and you must think your work worthy of your labor." He says that "picture painting is sacrificing the many for the sake of the few," and earnestly recommends instruction in art to the non-industrial classes — "When our artisans are true to their name — art workers — and when the public are educated so that they appreciate their efforts, then we may hope for art work."

He divided the student's training into three periods — the Elementary, the Historic, and the Practical. The elementary class period, he thinks the most important, because of the difficulties to be overcome in capturing the student's whole attention. To accomplish this, place before him an outline drawing of some simple form, directing his attention to what the copy is — an illustration of which he is to make a note — then tell him he is to sketch it the correct shape, when it will be corrected as to form. The best material he can use to do this is willow charcoal, because of the freedom of line, and the ease with which you can both sketch and erase. When the form is declared correct, you teach him how to hold and use a brush. The student now exercises his own taste or fancy in covering the form in some color or colors. This brings all the student's powers into play at once. He feels, when the form is declared right, the pleasure is in store to exercise his own judgment in selecting the colors and the finishing with brush outline; he gets a completeness in his work that becomes with him a habit through his career; he even learns from his failures what to avoid; above all, he learns to *finish his work.*

He then went on to speak of the details of geometry, perspective, model drawing, etc. We are only giving the leading principles enunciated by Mr. Brophy, which, whilst very original, still are in harmony with the opinions of most of our leading decorative artists, and from which, we think, students can gather many hints.

When, with a knowledge of drawing and painting in some material, the student leaves the elementary and enters the historic ornament class, the best examples of the different styles are placed before him to both draw, color, and paint in the same material as the original, if possible. The first thing is to explain to him the art or beauty of the example, where it was used — whether as a piece of decoration it stood alone, or whether it formed a background for some other object, because its position has determined its treatment ornamently. It is interesting to note that Mr. Brophy puts the exact feeling by the student of the inspiration of the ornament in the place of importance, rather than strict accuracy as to size. He says :

"To explain this most important part of my system I will take, for example, a piece of Italian Arabesque ornament, with scroll and subject introduced. The student sketches in charcoal the size of subject panel ; then in striking the scroll, he is allowed a slight latitude in the size, so long as he draws that scroll with the same grace and with the same feeling as the original. To exactly measure, or even measure in an increased or diminished proportion, to obtain by precise points the exact position through which must pass all the details of this scroll, will be to prevent the possibility of the drawing having the same grace or elegance ; the work will look labored and cramped, lack the go or vitality of the original. No ornament gives such pleasure as that which seems done with ease. Time spent in obtaining mathematical exactness in free-flowing ornament is misspent. The sooner the pleasure of drawing ornament quickly is felt, the better.

"I would have all students to feel the necessity, when studying from ornament, to do so in a material in harmony with the subject — to attempt to copy the large, rich foliage of the Roman scroll with a fine wire line or attempt to render delicate light and shade examples, except in light and shade, is bad practice."

And now we come to practical design.

"With these lessons the student is now in a fit state to receive the instruction in the advanced class that will complete his training.

"In this, the latter period, to which I have given the name of Practical, I only wish to give this especial name, because here, by bringing the student face to face with Nature, I want him to acquire that knowledge and creative power that will so store his mind with material drawn from the life, that the filling of a space with appropriate ornament becomes to him an instinct, and he has merely to be given some object whose manufacture he understands to beautify it. Clothed either with new beauties of ornament that will emanate from his own mind, or in applying ornament that has a known character or style, to so apply it as if it was originally created for the object immediately before him.

"Here also the charms of Nature's coloring, always varied, never

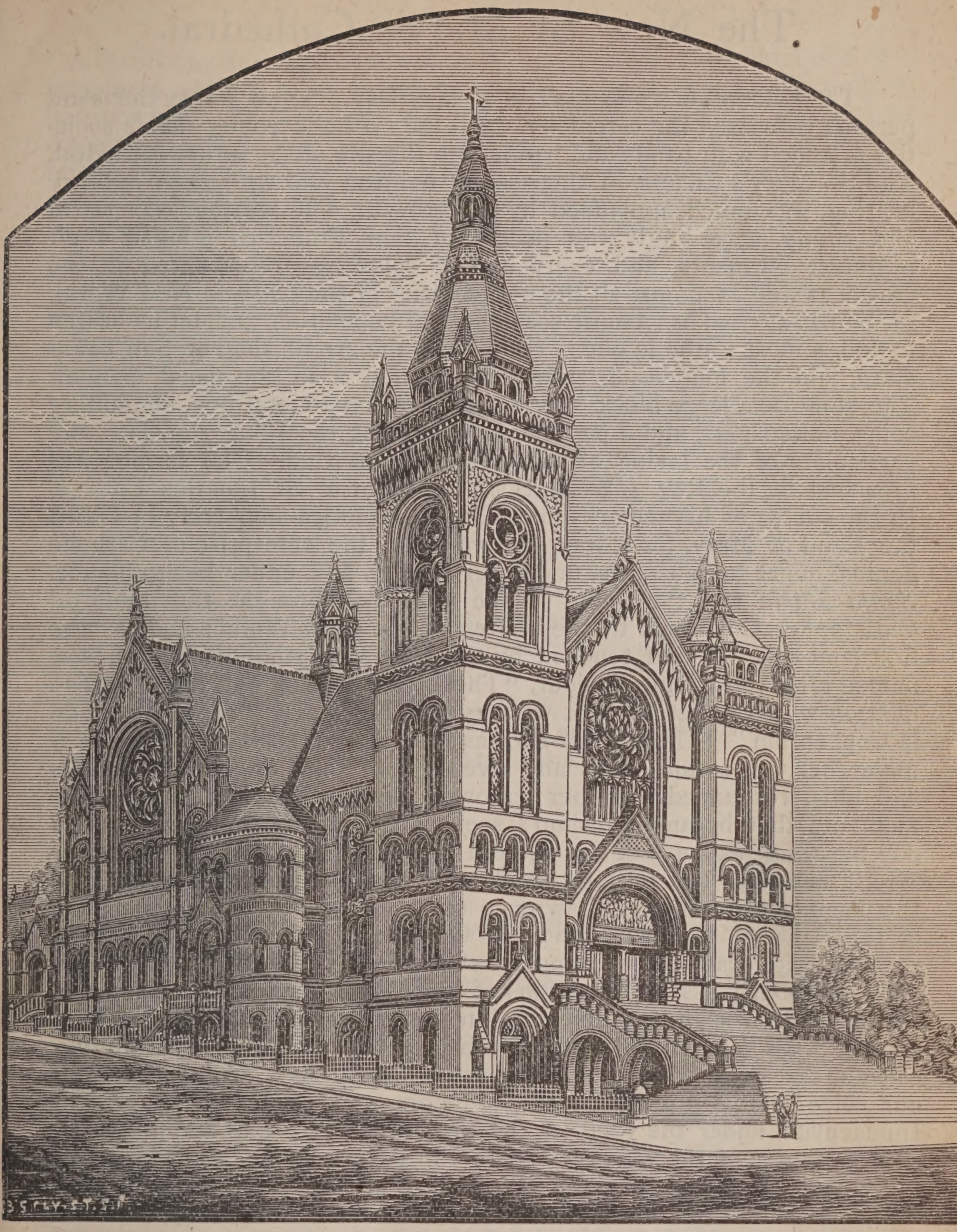
an exact repeat, changed to suit every position, are carefully noticed. "The student commences the study of Nature by having placed before him a plant in flower. In a given time he will be required to make this study. To feel its precise value as a scheme of color, he will have to execute this on some neutral background, white for choice. In the drawing he will be instructed to, above all things, catch the growth of the plant — how the leaves and flower spring from the stem, and, in drawing the flower, how the different petals spring from the centre. Let the brush with which he draws suggest this growth even in the drawing. Let him not stop for exactness of size. Time, which is important in the drawing of plant forms, will be lost; also, there is a risk of losing what is most important still — the feeling of life or growth. A flower, a little different more or less in size, can still have the correct character. So also with a leaf, or group of leaves. The student now has the scheme of color that the plant suggests pointed out: how the stems with their leaves and their varying tones of green take the place of a harmonious background to the flowers; how these flowers themselves often suggest arrangements of color. What can be more beautiful than that given by a pale yellow rose, with its various tones, from pale to deep rich gold, the centre giving those few touches of purer and more positive color that are just wanted to make the scheme complete without disturbing the harmony. Here is a lesson for application. Take the flower, a harmony in yellow. This, by careful study, reveals the fact that although the harmony is complete, every tone of yellow differs; still yellow is felt throughout as the prominent hue or color. From the flower alone an exercise should be insisted on, the two conditions of all decorative work being given as the bases; one in which it is required to design a panel as a background, with a repeat of the plant giving the ornamentation as an arrangement in yellow, the other exercise a decoration that, not forming a background, shall have to stand by itself an ornamental treatment of the plant.

"This practice will serve as better lessons in colors than attempting to make all decoration subject to a rule that insists on the presence of the primary colors in certain relative proportions, a rule which if carried out would condemn those beautifully decorative treatments — a peacock blue room — a gold room — a grisaille plaque, or a Henri Deux candlestick, treatments all of which are both beautiful in design and color. Any rule would have to change every time the conditions varied, which would give a rule for every particular condition or position in which such a decoration was placed. This would end in nothing but confusion. The sense of fitness for its position seems to me the only general rule that can be laid down for all decoration, whether colored or not. For example, you may want to give a cheerful or brilliant tone to what may be a dark or badly-lighted room; on the other hand, a room that is so constructed that the sun is continually there, may want subduing. Again, you have some gems of art workmanship that you wish to show to the greatest advantage; the colored scheme of decoration used behind these can be so toned that the eye is satisfied that nothing interferes with the objects on which you wish to be able to concentrate all your attention; or, again, you may want in some hall

or passage to the principal rooms, to make the ornament the complete decorative finish of that part. Here ornament that asserts itself by strong contrast, and is pleasant to the eye by its beauty and variety of line, is evidently the right one for the position. Yet these ideas can only be put as suggestions. The artist's mind must conceive and carry out what is evidently appropriate, suiting his color to the requirements of his position.

"The next step will be to acquire a knowledge of animal forms, their actions studied from life, so that the student can use them in what position in his composition he pleases. Now, versed in all the difficulties of the technique of the material in which he is working, he approaches the study of the human form that is, and should be, the crowning knowledge of every ornamentist, and without which he can never give to any composition that interest which awakens the emotions. I would have him first draw the extremities — life size, or as near life size as possible — filling in the bones and muscles to the different parts, then attempting whole length figures, executed in a given time, varying the exercise by making small studies of the figures in motion. These studies should be painted in tones of one color; that would make the exercise one in drawing alone, color being used to carry this to its utmost limit. When the student can make a complete study of the human form from the life, I would place him before an antique statue, that he might work from an admitted perfectly-proportioned figure; then, on his return to the life class, I would require him to execute drawings of draperies on the figure, always trying to finish his study in the one sitting, varying the practice again by endeavoring in rapid sketches to catch the movement of draperies on the figure in motion, aiming in all his attempts at perfect draughtsmanship. When a student can draw the human form, some exercises in composition should be given him, to be wrought out in monochrome. Where the figure is used, his composition should be so designed, that the action which he wished to convey was evident in the composition; the principal lines or masses leading up to it to give the required impression in all its strength, sacrificing the details for the sake of breadth. The value of this quality has been the strongest argument in determining that the student must work in monochrome."

PLEDGING ABOLISHED.—"You complain of my taking the pledge," said a reclaimed man to an acquaintance. "Strong drink occasioned me to have more to do with pledging than ever teetotalism has. When I was a consumer of strong drink, I pledged my coat, I pledged my bed, I pledged, in short, everything that was pledgeable, and was losing every hope and blessing, when a temperance friend met me and convinced me of my folly. Then I *pledged myself*, and by so doing soon got my other things *out of pledge*, and got more than my former property about me."



THE NEW ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

Corner of Van Ness Avenue and O'Farrell Streets, San Francisco, California.

GENERAL DIMENSIONS.—Width at towers in front, 88 feet. Width at transepts, 105 fe
Length from front of towers to end of vestries, 192 feet. Two towers at front, each 24 feet squa
112 feet high. Main tower will be 172 feet from sidewalk to top of cross. Seating capacity ab
1,500. Materials: Pressed brick, granite, and terra-cotta trimmings. The main roof will be
slate; it will have copper gutters, galvanized iron cornices at the eaves and gables, and an or
mental ridge of galvanized iron; it will be substantially constructed of stout timbers, which will
securely tied with iron rods and bolts. THOS. J. WELSH, *Architect*

The New St Mary's Cathedral.

The foundation stone was laid on May Day. Some twenty thousand persons witnessed the ceremony. All the Catholic young men's societies marched with bands and banners to the site of the future cathedral. The St. Mary's Cadets, in their smart uniform and with their military bearing, was much applauded by the crowd. The weather was warm and sunny, accordingly the people of San Francisco donned their brightest garments, and every hue of color was represented in the crowd, as well as almost all the nationalities of the Old and New World, for San Francisco has a most cosmopolitan population, and, let us hasten to add, a most Catholic one. His Grace, the Archbishop of San Francisco, laid the foundation stone and blessed it in the usual manner. The stone is a large block of granite, in which a metal box, containing coins, newspapers, and a parchment document recording the date and particulars of the laying of the stone was inserted. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Sasia, S. J., president of St. Ignatius College. In the course of his remarks he said that America may truly be called the Land of Mary, for it was discovered by the enterprise of Catholic genius, under her auspices, under her banner, and under her guidance. *Santa Maria* was the name of the ship that brought the immortal Christopher Columbus to the shores of the New World; and, as the first land descried and touched by the intrepid Catholic navigator was named after the Divine Saviour, "The Island of San Salvador," so the next on which he set his foot was styled after Mary, "Santa Maria de la Conception." The earliest shrines in this new continent were reared under her invocation; bays and rivers, plains and mountains, valleys and hills, resounded with her hallowed name. The first city on the mainland that became a bishop's see was St. Mary's, and now on this day the whole expanse of the western continent, from the icy regions of Arctic snows to the burning sands of Patagonia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Missouri, along the banks of the Amazon, the Plata, and the Orinoco, this continent, I say, is studded with cathedrals, temples, shrines, and altars, around which daily and hourly assemble millions of her devoted children to chant the praises of her who, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, sang in prophetic strain: "All generations shall call me blessed." And it is certainly a cause of great joy for us to be able at no distant time, we hope, to join our voice to this mighty chorus of hymns and praises to the Virgin Immaculate under the vault of the new St. Mary's Cathedral, erected on the shores of the western sea, in the great city of San Francisco, the Queen of the Golden Gate. We rejoice in the second place because the erection of every new Catholic church in our midst furnishes additional evidence of the progress of Catholicity in this country. In this country, I say, where, thanks to the Giver of all good, there is civil liberty without persecution; law without tyranny; where the Catholic Church, untrammelled by any interference of secular powers, can display all her vitality, appear before men in all the splendor of her truth and beauty, exhibit before their eyes her charms to their submission in all their brightness, and steadily advance in the peaceful conquest of human souls, created in the image of God, redeemed by the precious blood of

e Incarnate Son, and destined in the next life to the enjoyment of a happiness perfect in its object, boundless in its extent, and eternal in its duration. The annals of the New World from the very dawn of its discovery even to the present day bear testimony to the paramount influence of the Catholic Church in the Christian civilization of America. Her sons were the first discoverers of the new continent upon which we stand, and her missionaries from every part of Christian Europe were the first to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the savage tribes that roamed through these trackless regions. The beautiful names given to our harbors, cities, towns and hamlets speak to us of the deeply religious sentiments that animated the Spanish missionaries that first discovered and settled the fair portions of Southern and Northern California. The impartial historian, overwhelmed by an array of evidence that no honest man can gainsay or resist, is forced to acknowledge the truth of this honorable, noble fact, and to point to the proud record of commercial enterprise, educational influence, missionary zeal, and Christian heroism displayed by the children of the Church of Rome. As we glance over the vast domain of this great republic, from its northern boundaries in Canada to its southern limits in the Gulf of Mexico, from the Pacific to the Atlantic states, and contemplate the existence, organization, and ever-increasing development of sixty-seven dioceses and eight vicariates, with seventy-five bishops and nearly five thousand priests ministering to the spiritual welfare of more than seven million of Catholics, our heart expands and a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the Supreme Benefactor and Author of all good spontaneously bursts forth from our grateful lips.

Working Men at Home and Abroad.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, in comparing the condition of the laboring classes here and in Europe, said:

"The condition of our working people here is far superior to that of the working classes in any of the European countries. Whatever may be the grievances of the American mechanic, I am prepared to state as the results of my own observation that he is better housed, better fed and clothed than his brethren on the Continent of Europe. Love the land which God has given you; it is the best on earth. You can be faithful to your church and loyal to your republic at the same time. Remember that we all have a share in the commonwealth that gives us liberty without price, and dispenses authority without despotism. The man who is not satisfied with this is not to be trusted, but there is another class of whom I regret to have to speak. I refer to the Anarchists and Socialists. These are the ungrateful men who enter the asylum of our country, and strive by foreign artifices to create discord and dissension among our people and to pull down the structure that gives them shelter. God guard us against them and preserve our republic intact, no matter how insidiously it may be assailed by the machination of bad men."

The Chieftain's Triumph.

Written in memory of Very Rev. Peter Beckx, late General of the Society of Jesus, who died recently in Rome, at the advanced age of ninety-three years.

LEADER of the wondrous legions!
Chieftain of the mighty bands!
That through earth's remotest regions,
O'er her wildest, loneliest lands,
Send their soldiers, calm and daring,
Vowed to service all divine,
Love's immortal banner bearing,
Blazoned with His saving Sign!
Oh, can title greater, grander,
Crown of dauntless warrior be,
Than the one, thou blest commander!
By thine armies twined for thee,
When, in thy strong arm confiding
(That so oft had crushed the foe),
They first chose thy glorious guiding,
More than sixty years ago?
Ah! celestial inspiration
Never showed a safer guide,
For the blest work of salvation
Ne'er on firmer strength relied,
Never named a nobler leader
To the blissful promised Land,
Never bade more potent pleader
Heavenward lift his suppliant hand.
Worthy son of grand Ignatius!
Of the pure and peerless knight
Who, from lands and castles spacious,
And from longed-for fields of fight,
Turned with steps that would not falter,
And, in lonely vigil, laid
Meekly, on Our Lady's altar,
Steadfast heart and shining blade,
And the nobler Knighthood founded
Of the sweet, all-saving Name,
And its battle-tocsin sounded,
And its glorious Chief became.
Spread ere long his wondrous legions,
Through the error-poisoned lands,
Till, o'er earth's remotest regions
Bravely trod those hero-bands.
Winning, as the silent ages
Sped adown the aisles of Time,
Conquests meet for angel-pages,
Bloodless victories sublime,
While in ceaseless, grand succession
Came the valiant chiefs who led
That most wonderful procession
Marching on with tireless tread,
And of all the glorious leaders
In that blest, unbroken line
(Bravest chieftains, potent pleaders,
Heralds of the King Divine),
None, than *thou*, were braver, grander,
'Mid these blest, heroic ones,
Matchless General! Meet Commander
Of Loyola's valiant sons!
None to deeds of loftier daring
Sent the Jesuit hosts sublime,
Cross-emblazoned banners bearing,
Undismayed, from clime to clime.
Undismayed, though demon Error
Wide his haughty flag unfurled,
And his grisly forms of terror
Rose to aid his slave, the world.
Slandered, robbed, imprisoned, banished,
Bravely still the heroes wrought,
While full many a Herod vanished,
Slain by Him whose "life he sought."
Never once thy warriors yielded;
Firm, as in the ages fled,
Stood they, by *thy* pleadings shielded,
By *thy* mandates safely led.
Well, then, son of great Ignatius!
From thy loved and loving Lord
May'st thou claim His greeting gracious,
And His infinite reward.
"Come!" he saith, "Oh, soldier loyal!
Sheathe thy sword, and take thy rest
With my white-robed princess royal,
With *thy* brethren, brave and blest.
Loftiest place in realms eternal
Shalt thou, with thy legions claim,
Strongest foes of hosts infernal!
Truest wearers of My Name!"

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE (Marie), in *The Monitor*, San Francisco.

MISSIONARY WORK IN CENTRAL AFRICA.— The illustrious African explorer, Dr. Juncker, declares that the services rendered by Catholic missionaries in these countries are immense. The Anglican missionaries, he said, do not make serious converts. In Uganda, the ferocious King Monganda massacred four hundred Catholics. These latter were living even in his Court. Notwithstanding severe penalties decreed against them, the blacks visited the missionaries at night for instruction. Three Catholic missionaries from Algier and a Protestant one are prisoners of the King of Uganda. Notwithstanding this, Père Lourdel, owing to his varied knowledge, has been able to preserve very great influence.

The "Ship."

FEW of the Catholic churches in and around London have more historical associations than belong to the old "Sardinian Chapel," the church of St. Anselm and St. Cecilia in Lincoln's Inn fields. Some of these, oddly enough, are closely connected with an ancient hostelry called the "Ship" in Gate Street, which boasts a record of more than three hundred years. In the bad old days of persecution, when it was felony to preach the Gospel, and priests were tried for their lives for saying Mass, the "Ship Tavern" was a great trysting place for the sufferers, by the penal laws. It was here that Bishop Challoner used to meet some of his flock — the greatest secrecy being observed. The room, which is still to be seen, was hired by the year as a sub-room, and on the night of meeting a sturdy Irishman was posted at the door to admit none but the faithful who said the appointed watchword. In his "Sick Calls" the Rev. Edward Price tells us that the saintly prelate used to visit the "Ship" in colored clothes.

To still further save appearances, in case the priest-hunters should break in, a pint of ale or porter was put before each person, the bishop included. His lordship, however, never tasted the refreshment, which was afterwards drank by one or other of the little flock, whose turn it was to have the honor of drinking the "Bishop's Beer." The sedate and good young lad who was chosen to wait on the little audience on "club nights," became especially endeared to the good bishop, who sent him from the "Ship" to a school, and thence to Douay, where he became a priest, and was known as Dr. Archer, the celebrated preacher of the Church at Warwick Street. In another room in the tavern, many meetings of the Catholic laity were held for purely secular purposes, and it is a coincidence that, close by the "Ship," are now the extensive warehouses of Messrs. Ullathorne, a Catholic firm of merchants.

In the riots of 1780, a most determined attempt was made, and with partial success, by the aggressive Protestants of the period, to raze the Sardinian Chapel and the house of the Ambassador to the ground. When the last bayonet charge or raking volley had suppressed the riots, and the civil trials in connection with the disturbances were over, the persecuted Catholics rebuilt their church, which now occupies the ground, that previous to 1780, was used for the stables of the Sardinian Ambassador. The scene of these "No Popery" riots has been depicted in "Barnaby Rudge" by Charles Dickens, who records how the rioters "from the chapel, tore down and took away the very altars, benches, pulpits, pews, and flooring; from the dwelling-houses, the very wainscoting and stairs. This Sunday evenings' recreation they pursued like mere workmen who had a certain task to do and did it. Fifty resolute men might have turned them at any moment; a single company of soldiers might have scattered them like dust; but no man interposed, no authority restrained them; and, except by the terrified persons who fled from their approach, they were as little heeded as if they were pursuing their lawful occupations with the utmost sobriety and good conduct."

After their attack on the chapel, the rioters made a most deter-

mined but unsuccessful raid on the "Ship." From the smoking ruins in Gate Street they took to the fields, which Bloomsbury was just beginning to cover. Here, having secreted the most valuable of their plunder, they burnt the rest. Rich vestments, statues of saints and angels, exquisitely worked, altar furniture, and valuable household property were cast into the flames; and round these bonfires the wretched rioters danced and howled deliriously.

When the mob approached Gate Street, the priest of the Sardinian Chapel was hiding at the "Ship," but the Sacred Host reserved on the altar and the holy vessels were secured by a Mrs. Ann Roberts, and brought to the clergyman at the Inn. As he was fasting at the time, he at once said Mass as an act of thanksgiving for the preservation of the Blessed Sacrament and of the holy vessels. This was said in a room on the first-floor, on an altar stone laid upon a table with one cloth doubled up three times, two candles and a cross, and a small missal which the priest had in his pocket. Mrs. Roberts was the "server" at the function performed under such strange circumstances. She afterwards became housekeeper for thirty-six years to the late Rev. Abbé Morel, who founded the Catholic Church of St. Mary at Hampstead; and there she died at the advanced age of ninety-three. The Abbé himself, who had been driven from France by the Revolution, frequently visited the "Ship," and his likeness and snuff-box are still shown by Host Cox to the curious.

H. STONEHEWER COOPER, in *Merry England.*

Hot Weather Diet.

A NEW publication called *The Cook*, which is supposed to be good authority in all cuisine matters, says that housekeeping presents more varied difficulties to the young housekeeper in summer than in any other season of the year. It is the season when heavy joints should be eschewed, and light, tempting viands, arranged in neat, appetizing form, served in their stead.

Summer menus are much more difficult to arrange than others, as our systems demand cooling viands. There is nothing more acceptable than cold meats, such as cold roast lamb, cold roast squabs and chickens, and among cold vegetables, cold asparagus. These, if neatly arranged on the dishes and prettily garnished, if with nothing other than a few fruit blossoms, will please the eye and more easily tempt the palate. Salads presents an endless array of good cheer during summer, and are most acceptable. A liberal diet of fresh, thoroughly ripe fruit is of the highest importance to most of us, but care must be exercised not to eat too heartily of it at any one meal. Vast quantities of liquids should be avoided when fruit has been eaten.

At no season of the year is it more important to have good, reliable servants than in summer. If they condescend to remain in the city, it is with reluctance and an increase of salary. The summer presents to them

visions of sea beaches, green fields, and flirtations, not to be cast aside without strong financial inducements, and even then they feel and act like caged birds struggling to be free. Consequently watchfulness greater than at other times must be exercised, to see that they do not neglect the proper care that food should receive at this season. Viands of all kinds should be purchased from day to day, and delivered early in the morning or after sundown. When this is not possible, one should have a good-sized ice box capable of holding a good supply of ice. It should be so arranged that milk, butter, etc., are separated from meats and vegetables. When huddled together they lose their identity, so far as their individual flavors are concerned, and become tainted with the flavor of one another. This is particularly true of milk and butter, which rapidly absorb impure or obnoxious flavors. Cleanliness is nowhere more important than in the ice box, which should be thoroughly scrubbed at least twice a week.

Milk is a very important summer diet, but should be used in moderation, or it is liable to produce ill effects. Drink it in small mouthfuls, and rest a moment between them. Dyspeptic persons are advised to beat the milk a few moments before drinking. This treatment breaks the butter globules, and renders digestion easier. We strongly recommend skimmed milk and fresh buttermilk as summer drinks instead of ice water. The ice water dyspepsia, a common malady during the summer months, may be entirely relieved by using small quantities of freshly churned buttermilk accompanied by what is known as a moderately dry diet.

Breakfast should not be a heavy meal, and hot food should be used in moderation. Hot tea and coffee, liberally partaken of, prevent one from feeling comfortable all day. Radishes ice cold, oatmeal crackers and milk, a dainty slice of cold lamb, fresh fruit, and cold asparagus, presents a breakfast menu that makes hot weather a luxury.

How Mr. Dupont Came to Own a Holy Face.

As is well known, the Veil of St. Veronica on which was miraculously imprinted the Holy Face of our Lord while on His way to Calvary, is religiously preserved in the Vatican Basilica at Rome among what are called the Major Relics of the Passion. The fact, however, is not generally known, that in the present condition of the precious relic, nothing but a dim outline of the Sacred Face can be traced.

The Veil of Veronica is exposed to the veneration of the faithful on certain stated occasions, and also, when the necessities of the church are peculiarly urgent. It was while Pius IX. was in exile at Gaëta, in 1849, by reason of a revolutionary uprising in the city of Rome, that a remarkable event occurred in connection with the public exposition of the Veil of Veronica. Prayers had been ordered said in all the churches of Rome for the intention of imploring the mercy of God in the great straits to which His Vicar was reduced, and the Veil and True Cross were presented for public veneration. Suddenly, it was noticed that the Holy Face assumed a vivid and distinctly life-like appearance, and

beamed with a gentle radiance. The fact first attracted the attention of the canons who were on guard before the Major Relics, and they in turn hastened to inform the clergy of the cathedral of what they had witnessed. The faithful crowded the Basilica, and the greatest religious excitement prevailed throughout the Eternal City. Some were moved to tears; others were filled with joy unutterable, and a profound impression was produced in all minds.

An apostolic notary was summoned, and a solemn act was drawn up to attest the wonderful fact which had been witnessed by so many persons. The act of attestation was duly forwarded to the Holy Father for his approval.

The very night of this prodigy, several white silken reproductions of the Veil of Veronica were placed in contact with the miraculous image, and distributed among various localities of France. The practice of distributing fac-simile copies of the Holy Face, which had touched the original, became common subsequently to these events, and it is known that Mr. Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours, was among the first who were favored with an authentic Vera Effigies.

This pious Christian had the precious image framed and hung in his sitting-room, where he was in the habit of receiving those who came to see him on business. It was on Wednesday of Holy Week, that he placed his holy picture in position. The inspiration came to him to light a lamp before it, and he did so, intending to keep it burning during the rest of Holy Week. As his visitors might naturally ask him why his lamp was kept burning brightly in broad daylight, he concluded to answer all inquiries on this subject by the statement, that when his visitors had accomplished the object for which they came, they must either retire or speak of heavenly things.

On the Holy Saturday following, a lady with a very severe case of sore eyes, called on Mr. Dupont, and complained to him of her intense sufferings. He advised her to pray to the Holy Face until he finished the writing on which he was then engaged. When he had completed his task, he rejoined the lady and united with her in praying to the Holy Face for her cure. On rising from his knees he told the lady to anoint her eyes with oil from his lamp. The lady followed his directions, and in resuming her seat, she exclaimed in a tone of the greatest astonishment, that all pain had disappeared from her eyes.

On Easter Tuesday, a young man from the city called on Mr. Dupont on a business errand. As he was lame, and walked with great difficulty, Mr. Dupont applied some of the oil of his lamp to the afflicted limb, and prayed to the Holy Face in behalf of the young man. The cure of the cripple was instantaneous, and he began running around the garden of his benefactor without experiencing the slightest trouble.

Thus God rewarded the faith of his saintly servant in the all-powerful protection of the Holy Face. We shall see in the sequel that God was pleased to make use of Mr. Dupont as the instrument by which the devotion of the Holy Face was to become known to the world, in its new application to the work of the reparation for blasphemy.

T. A. BADEAUX.

NOTE.— For information regarding the Holy Face write to No. 134 Barrack Street, New Orleans, La.

Present Policy of Lord Salisbury in Ireland.

ITS ORIGIN AND ITS OBJECTS.

THE course of action regarding Ireland, upon which the present cabinet of Great Britain has embarked, under the direction of Lord Salisbury, is one so utterly opposed to the most rudimentary principles of international justice, and designed to be so entirely subversive of the most limited guarantees of human freedom, that it cannot be regarded as unnatural that many onlookers in both Europe and America are unable to comprehend why such a ferocious and unprovoked assault should be now made upon our people, or why so gross an outrage upon the sense of equity of the world as is involved in the efforts of the English minister against the very existence of our nation should now be perpetrated.

The explanation of the seeming puzzle is not far to seek, and is sufficiently easy of discovery. Lord Salisbury is simply following in the footsteps of successive governors of Ireland, and is now hastening forward on a bloodstained path which is fringed by the skeletons of many blasted reputations, and haunted by the shadows of a nation's sorrows. He is undertaking no new system of government; he is not about to display any master stroke of policy, and when he has got his new Coercion Act, which will have cost him so much trouble to secure, he will have no great reason to congratulate himself upon the efficiency of the most modern instrument of destruction devised against the Irish people.

It has been one of the chiefest amongst the many misfortunes of Ireland to have been throughout the whole course of her history spasmodically governed, or attempted to be governed, for the special and peculiar benefit of varying classes. She has never been governed purely for her own sake, or for the good of her entire people, irrespective of creed or class, and, even during the short period wherein her national aspirations received and retained parliamentry sanction, the same course of conduct was, on the whole, pursued, with the most mischievous and distressing results. Ruled at one time as if the English settlers of the Pale were the whole people of Ireland; at another, as if the scanty Protestant population were the true lords of the realm; at another, for the benefit of venal nobles, who made the representation of the people things of trade and traffic; and again for the enrichment of the rapacious and episcopal sinecure holders of the alien church of a fraction of her inhabitants, Ireland has never yet known what it is to enjoy the blessings of a real and comprehensive system of national government; of a system not designed solely in the interest of any section of her people, but one meant for the general good of the entire commonwealth. Without such a system she can never prosper, never enjoy any security for her freedom, or never hold her rightful place amongst the nations. For such a system of government her people have never ceased to struggle, and without such they will never be contented.

Lord Salisbury now recommences the old course of governmental management as understood at Dublin Castle. He is about parading all the sorry forces of Coercion in support of Irish landlordism in

defence of the one class amongst the many composing Irish society which is the most utterly undeserving of defence, and which, as a whole, has earned the shortest shrift and slightest lamentation of all those which have fallen the wide world over before the awakening of the peoples to the almighty and eternal principles of natural justice.

The part which Irish landlordism has played in the expatriation of the Irish race is partially shown by the following return which I have been enabled to compile from others rendered by the Inspector General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, but which documents, as Mr. I. A. Fox has lately shown, are lamentably deficient in exactitude and err grievously in favor of landlordism. This fact, however, I believe, adds to the value of these figures, inasmuch as they clearly minimize the guilt of the landlords, and place them in the most favorable light possible even while they bespeak their condemnation.

Evictions on Irish estates during the years stated:

	FAMILIES	PERSONS
1849 to 1855 inclusive,	77,261	350,841
1856 to 1865 "	11,527	55,403
1866 to 1875 "	5,975	28,224
1876 to 1885 "	24, 708	122,582
Totals	109,471	558,050

The Protestant Bishop Latimer, denouncing the avaricious greed of English landlords, in the reign of King Edward the Sixth, said: "As for turning poor men out of their holds, they take it for no offence, but say the land is their own and they may turn them out of their shrouds like mice." And King Edward himself was driven to declare that the worst landlords within his wide and fair dominions were "The graziers, the farmers, and the merchants, who had become landed men and called themselves gentlemen, though they were but churls." If the boy-king had been gifted with the spirit of prophecy, and had prevision of the condition of Ireland after the Incumbered Estates and Landed Estates Courts had done their work, he could not have described it more accurately than in those words in which he depicted the agrarian affairs of England. The very worst landlords Ireland has ever known were those who with their own money or with that borrowed from banks, insurance companies and private money lenders, purchased estates from the olden and incumbered owners, merely as they would purchase or traffic in any other commodity, sternly resolved to, at any cost, screw the uttermost farthing of profit out of their bargains. Terrible to recall is the fact that these mere money jobbers as surely bought their tenants, with all the fruits of their labors and savings, as ever the Virginian planter of old purchased the bodies of his slaves. Great bargains some of these men got too.* Nevertheless they proved

* The following sales are reported in the *Dublin Evening Post* of November 22d, 1851: COUNTY OF CAVAN.— *In re* the estate of John Barker. This property was divided into three lots, one only of which was sold, and the remainder adjourned. Lot 1 comprised the house, demesne, and lands of Ashgrove, situate in the parish of Drumlane, and barony of

themselves the most merciless rackrenters and the cruelest tyrants the Irish peasant had ever known.

Well, now, as I have said, faithful to the false traditions of Dublin Castle, Lord Salisbury, Lord Londonderry, the present Viceroy of Ireland, Mr. Balfour, and Col. King-Harman are legislating for the benefit of a class, and that the most miserable, most unpatriotic and most merciless to be found in Ireland, and there can be little doubt that before many weeks have passed away Irish farmers and others of their countrymen besides, will have been called upon to prove what manner of men they are, and to give evidence of what they are prepared to risk for their country, and in defence of the common rights of Irishmen. At such a time as this it naturally behooves the farming class, above all and before all, to remember the fate to which defeat, if it were possible, instead of being, as it is, impossible, would consign them. Why, "Black '47" were a glimpse of Paradise to the time which would await the agrarian classes of Ireland, if only they were feeble enough and mean enough to allow the mere shallow dread of the newly-acquired powers of Lord Londonderry and Col. King-Harman to affright or to deter them from any purpose upon which they have resolved.

It is high time that there was plain, bold speaking about this new so-called Crimes Bill which is simply the outcome of a deep-laid scheme and conspiracy among three small sections of our Irish community. These are the landlords, the Castle gang, and the Privy Council place holders. All three find the ground slipping fast from under their feet, and they dread all sorts of untold and impossible disasters. They judge other men by their own measure, and they imagine that the triumph of the Irish people, and the winning of their freedom would bring ruin upon them. These men rave about "disloyalty," as if there were any obligation imposed upon our people to be "loyal" to rackrenting and exorbitant landlords; to be "loyal" to overpaid holders of sinecures; to be "loyal" to Crown lawyers who have clambered to the judicial bench on the shoulders of a betrayed and ruined people. More preposterous nonsense was never heard. And yet men are to be sent to jail for striving to put an end to a huge system of national corruption and political bribery worthy of the days of Walpole and of Pelham or of Pitt and Castlereagh. Our people must realize this fact — our friends in America must come to understand it, and we must act accordingly. We must, and will resent this conspiracy; we must by every right and moral means within our power teach those who assail, for their own base pur-

Lower Loughtee, containing (39 acres under water included) 261 statute acres, held in fee, part in the possession of the owner, and part let from year to year, at the rent of £195 2s 9d, subject to £1 11s 8d tithe-rent charge, and to an annuity of £100 for the life of the petitioning creditor. Mr. Charles Woodward, in trust for Mr. Robert Battersby, of Torquay, Devonshire, was declared the purchaser for £1,725, *about nine years' purchase*, irrespective of the annuity.

COUNTY OF LONGFORD.—*In re* the estate of Robert Thomas Blackburne Hearn. This property comprised the town and lands of Lower Esker, situate in the parish of Kelloe, barony of Longford, and county of Longford, containing 336 statute acres, held in fee, and let to a numerous tenantry, part on lease and part from year to year, at the rent of £256 16s 5d, subject to £12 2s 5d quit rent and tithe-rent charge. The poor-law valuation is £179 4s and the ordnance valuation, £189 13s 11d. Mr. James Reilly, of Usher's Island, Dublin, was declared the purchaser for £2,750. In 1837 the late owner purchased this estate for £5,816.

COUNTIES OF CAVAN AND LEITRIM.— *In re* the estate of Thomas Berry. This property

poses, the liberties of the Irish people, that even under laws which have only the sanction of the parliament of another nation, we can punish them sharply and sorely for their conduct. Despite their efforts, on the cause of Irish agrarian freedom and of Irish legislative independence shall go, until the nation triumphs over those whose baseness will have merited only contempt, but whose actions will have done much to render their forgiveness impossible.

It is easy work for Lords Salisbury and Londonderry, for Messieurs Balfour and Harman, to talk about conspiracy and to whine about outrage, when a fouler conspiracy was never hatched against the liberties of an entire people, or a baser outrage attempted against an almost defenceless nation than that which they themselves are now plotting and planning against the scanty freedom still enjoyed by Irishmen.

John Bright spoke as follows at Belfast, in October, 1852:

"Now I was one of those who were prominently engaged in that struggle (for free trade), and I think I can tell exactly how it was carried to a successful issue. The men concerned in it had no private interest to serve — no private ambition to gratify. They found a law which they believed was eating into the heart of the prosperity of the country; they banded together for the one single purpose of abrogating that law; and neither the threats of power at one time nor the blandishments of power at another, could make them vary one hair's breadth from the course they had marked out; and year after year, as the movement went on the cause became more powerful; what was right grew stronger, and what was wrong became weaker and weaker still, till finally when the occasion arose — and in the order of Providence occasions always arise for great and good objects — then we saw at once after seven years of arduous struggle, that the victory was completed and the industry of our country was free.

"Now I have endeavored to learn — and I think I have learned — a lesson from that event that whether it be in Great Britain or Ireland, if there be a wrong so public and clear that honest and dispassionate men can be made to see it — then if honest and earnest men, even in no great numbers, combine themselves for its suppression, you may rely on it it will be overthrown. Now if this be true — and I am as much convinced of its truth as that we are here to-night — it appears to me to be a matter of exceeding consolation to any class of persons in Ireland who are weary of the condition of their country, and are anxious that the wrongs it has endured for centuries should be put an end to."

These were remarkable words, and what is better, true ones, an assertion which, unfortunately, cannot be made regarding most of the later utterances of Mr. Bright, yet we now find this quondam radical, this *soidisant* friend of humanity, busily engaged in malignant vituperation of a suffering people, and breaking the bonds of a life-long friend-

comprised the lands of Rockville, and the subdenominations of Corrymahon and Loughnafin, situate in the barony of Tullyhunco, and county of Cavan, held in fee farm, and an annuity forever of £46 3s 1d, secured by the lands of Aghavore and Crockabea, situate in the barony of Carrigallen, and county of Leitrim, which was sold in two lots. Lot 1 consisted of the lands of Rockville, containing 316 statute acres, and 61 acres under water, part in the possession of the inheritor, and part let from year to year. The poor-law valuation is £219 5s, and the ordnance valuation £220 12s. The out-goings are £1294s 7d head rent, and £8 1s 8d tithe-rent charge. Mr. John Collum was declared the purchaser for £600, being *about seven years' purchase on the ordnance valuation*, deducting the outgoings.

COUNTY OF WEXFORD — *In re* the estate of Charles Pemberton. This property consisted of the lands of Ballyhiland, situate in the electoral division of Castleboro, in the union of Enniscorthy, containing 198 statute acres, held on lease for lives renewable forever, at the rent of £14 10s (2s 6d the Irish acre). £8 12s 10d tithe-rent charge, and a peppercorn renewal fine, and sublet to seven tenants from year to year, at the rent of £102. Mr. L. V.

ship, trampling on the traditions of a great career, assailing, in the language of a political costermonger, the great parliamentary chief, whose hands were once lavish in rewarding his past services, and whose kindliness of judgment made him more than partial towards one whose tactical skill was always superior to his sense of right or justice. To-day we have this same Mr. Bright, who nearly forty years ago spoke the words I have quoted, aiding in the forging of manacles for the people of Ireland; manacles which are to be imposed upon them for daring to do that which he himself once incited them to do.

"Enemies of the Queen," forsooth Mr. Bright calls those men who are now engaged in the British parliament and elsewhere, in endeavoring to secure the restoration of the constitutional rights of the Irish people. Mr. Bright knows well, or, if he does not, ought to know, that, according to Mr. M. G. Mulhall, the eminent and reliable statistician, the reign of Queen Victoria "has been the most disastrous for Ireland since that of Elizabeth," and that he fortifies this statement by the following return of the sacrifices which our people have been compelled to make during the course of a reign, which Mr. Bright evidently now thinks should have created within our hearts only sentiments of unbounded loyalty and devotion. Mr. Mulhall's figures are as follows:

Ireland has lost by famine,	1,225,000 of her people.
Ireland has lost by emigration,	4,186,000 of her people.
Ireland has witnessed evicted,	3,668,000 of her people.

Why, the fittest monument of Queen Victoria's Jubilee year in Ireland would be a pyramid of human skulls, for her responsible advisers have made our island a very Golgotha. Irishmen do not blame her majesty personally for these things, although they know right well that, over and over again, she has wilfully, and with full knowledge of all that her conduct implied, stayed both her hand and voice, when a word or sign would have secured the peace, contentment and freedom of their people; but to suppose that they are to be dismayed or driven from the path they have chosen only because Mr. Bright calls them "Enemies of the Queen," knowing well that he writes what is untrue, is somewhat too ludicrous.

Yet it is only by the aid of men animated by the spirit of malignity, of which Mr. Bright has made himself the mouthpiece, that Lord Salisbury is enabled to carry his Crimes Bill, in the interests of Irish

Corcoran was declared the purchaser for £330, being four years' purchase, on the net letting, *or five years' purchase on the poor-law valuation* of £60 5s, irrespective of the outgoings.

COUNTIES OF CORK AND KERRY.—*In re* the estate of Daniel James Moynihan. This property comprised the lands of Cullen, situate in the barony of Duhallow, and county of Cork, held on lease of 1812 for 1,000 years, and the lands of Dromoultonbeg, situate in the barony of Trughanackmy, in the county of Kerry, held on lease for lives renewable forever, which was put up for sale in two lots. Lot 1 consisted of the lands of Dromoultonbeg, containing 842 statute acres, and sublet to fourteen tenants from year to year, at the rent of £413 6s 2d, subject to £46 3s 1d head rent, £15 4s 10d tithe-rent charge, and to a jointure of £184 12s 3d for the life of a lady now aged sixty-four years. Lot 2 consisted of the lands of Cullen, containing 178 statute acres, and sublet to three tenants from year to year, at the rent of £178 3s 7d, subject to £46 3s 1d head rent, and £3 19s 8d tithe-rent charge. The poor-law valuation of these two lots is £569.

Mr. William Fagan, the petitioning creditor, was declared the purchaser for £3,250, *being less than six years' purchase on the poor-law valuation*, irrespective of the outgoings.

landlordism, and to refuse the demand of the Irish people for the restitution of their political rights, in defiance of the advice of the ablest English statesman whom the present century has known. For Lord Salisbury's bill has had its origin in the desire to lift up Irish landlordism from the slough into which it has fallen, and to place it again astride peasant necks to whip and goad impossible rents from out the toilings of the suffering; and it has for its object the destruction of Irish national political organization and the deprivation of the Irish people of the means of political self-defence.

That Lord Salisbury will fail in his endeavors, as dozens of his predecessors have done, goes without the saying; that our people and their leaders will triumph over the unscrupulous efforts of those who assail them and their country, is as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow morning; but it will be well for our countrymen, both at home in Ireland and abroad, to recollect they have to contend with a powerful and a vigilant enemy; that this is no period for the relaxation of discipline, or endeavor, and that the scattered forces of the Irish race may be soon called upon for that final effort, to fall in for that last battle charge, which will sweep from the political field the enemies of international amity and the foes of Irish freedom. This is a point which we must never overlook or forget; and I believe that while it is one which is fully present in the minds of those who in Ireland will have to face trials and troubles of which those who are in other lands will only read, that it is also one, the knowledge of the realization of which, by our kindred on distant shores, with the support which such realization must produce, will best tend to sustain the unbroken unity of that fighting line which is now about to bear the brunt of the heaviest assault made upon it in the last campaign for Irish freedom.

Lord Salisbury has thrown down the gage of battle to the Irish race, and flaunts his pennon gaily in the lists. A man need be no prophet to foretell that when the combat ceases, and the trumpet sounds recall, the lightest heart will not be that of the bigoted and tyrannical lord of Hatfield.

Dublin, June, 1887. WILLIAM F. DENNEHY.

The Late O. A. Brownson.

THERE is a great future in store for the Catholic young men of America, and we believe one of the steps towards preparing them for it would be to create an active interest in the writings of this distinguished controversialist.

That many articles by him were written with this end in view is without question. In 1855 he wrote: "These Catholic young men who now feel that they have no place and find no outlet for their activity are the future, the men who are to take our places and carry on the work committed to us. We must inspire them with faith in the future and encourage them to live for it. Instead of snubbing them for their inexperience, quizzing them for their zeal, dampening their hopes, pouring

cold water on their enthusiasms, brushing the flower from their young hearts, or freezing up the well-springs of their young life, we must renew our own life and freshness in theirs, encourage them with our confidence and sympathy, raise them up if they fall, soothe them when they fail, and cheer them on always to new and nobler efforts. . . . Bear with them, tread lightly on their involuntary errors, forgive the ebullitions of a zeal not always according to knowledge, and they will not refuse to listen to the counsels of age and experience. They will take advice and will amply repay us by making themselves felt in the country, by elevating the standard of intelligence, raising the tone of moral feeling, and directing public and private activity to just and noble ends." In his preface to the "American Republic" he says: "I wish to exert an influence on the future of my country, for which I have made, or rather my family have made, some sacrifices, and which I tenderly love. Now, I believe that he who can exert the most influence on our Catholic population, especially in giving tone and direction to our Catholic youth, will exert the most influence in forming the character and shaping the future destiny of the American Republic."

While many monuments to the memory of illustrious citizens have been erected in various parts of the country through the generous assistance of Catholics, none of these perpetuate the memory of one distinguished for sterling Catholicity, as well as other virtues deserving honor.

Wendell Phillips and the Preacher.

ROBERT PURVIS, one of the founders, and many years the president, of the Anti-Slavery Society, in a reminiscent mood recently said: "During slavery days Wendell Phillips lectured one evening of a day on which a number of Methodist ministers held a conference. The preachers were on the same train with Phillips. One of the ministers, a big, blustering fellow, inquired in a loud voice if Wendell Phillips was on the train.

"'Yes, sir; there he is,' answered the conductor pointing to the great Abolitionist, who sat quietly in the rear of the car.

"The inquiry naturally excited a great deal of interest, and everybody in the car turned around to take a look at the man then so much talked about.

"'You're Wendell Phillips, are you?' yelled the minister, half turning in his seat.

"'Yes, sir; that is my name,' replied Phillips, with characteristic blandness of voice.

"'Well, sir, I was just about writing you a letter—'

"'Indeed; I should no doubt have had great pleasure in reading it.'

"'No, you wouldn't! No, you wouldn't! I was going to give you some sound advice. I want you to understand, sir, that there are no slaves up North here. You have no right to go about raising disturb-

ances and making unpleasant lectures. Why don't you go down South and lecture?"

"'Sir,' said Phillips, half rising in his seat, 'you are a minister of the gospel, are you not?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'It is your mission to save souls from hell, is it not?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then, why don't you go there?'

"In the tumult of laughter that followed the minister grabbed his valise and fled to another car."

Geology and Catholics.

How many people are aware that the father of the science of geology was not only a Catholic, but a Catholic bishop? The Geological Congress at Bologna some twenty years ago brought prominently forward the name of the Danish anatomist, Niel Stensen, otherwise known by the Italianized name of Steno, as the founder of geological science. On Nov. 6th the Catholics of Copenhagen celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the death of this remarkable man by a splendid festival, in which many non Catholic persons of distinction, including Professors Apostolic, Mgr. Von Euch.

Sir Charles Lyell, in the first volume of his "Elements of Geology," gives a detailed account of Steno or Stensen's works and theories, but no reference to his anxious and checkered career. Born a Lutheran, Niel Stensen at the age of twenty-four had made of first importance the study of anatomy, when, being professor of that science at Padua, he turned his attention to the crust of the earth, and by his writings on it created a new science.

The story of his conversion to Catholicity is interesting. He was marked all through life by one devouring passion, the love of truth. Descartes and Spinoza, the latter his personal friend, gradually led him by their writings to doubt, and doubt led to investigation. From anatomy he passed to mathematics, and then to geology. His passionate love of truth carried him even further forward. In 1665 the sight of the Corpus Christi procession at Leghorn, and the faith and devotion of the people in the streets, first turned his investigation towards religion, and a period of five or six years' sincere study succeeded. It ended in his conversion in Rome and his ordination as a priest. Not only that, but he was consecrated a bishop, and sent as a missionary bishop to Northern Europe. He went on foot all the way from the city of Rome to Hanover, but was very soon expelled from that place. Next we find him in Hamburg, as vicar apostolic of North German and Scandinavian missions. This period of his life was one of great suffering and want. All that he possessed he gave to the poor; even his pastoral crozier and his splendid Episcopal ring were sold to relieve their necessities. Some-

what later the Pope sent him to work at Schwerin — a no less hard and solitary post. And here, at the age of only forty-eight, worn out with work and suffering, Bishop Steno died in 1686. The nearest priest lived in Lubeck, and arrived too late. So ended this remarkably eventful life. Certainly the name of Niel Stensen, anatomist and geologist, missionary and bishop, deserves to be held in veneration by all Catholics.

Many Types of Lawyers.

"THERE is, perhaps, no class of society or business profession in city or town in which there are so many different samples of various degrees of success and prosperity, or of such a variety of mannerisms or characteristics, as the bar of this or any large city," said an old and observant habitue of the Court House the other day. "I've been travelling up and down these elevators since they were first set a-running, and I've often spent an hour sizing the occupants up.

"Now, in the first place, there is the great advocate whose name has a world-wide celebrity. He comes into court with a staid and judicial demeanor. His clothes are a sober, almost clerical, style, and one may infer from the precision with which his hair is parted, and each particular lock smoothed down in its place, the regularity and systematic way in which his business is transacted, and the perfectly straight and upright means by which he wins his cases. He addresses the judge with a calm and even grave demeanor, and if the latter be a young man, and, as is sometimes the case immediately after elections, a little new to the dignity of his office, the contrast between the old, trained, and famous lawyer and the young and awkward judge is very striking.

"Then there is the expert and capable deed lawyer, who keeps an office full of clerks and lives in an atmosphere of musty documents, mortgages, disputed wills and promissory notes. He is always busy around the chancery courts, and at any hour of the day his unctuous tones can be heard arguing dry law points, almost as musty as the documents they relate to.

"The next class is the lawyer who has made a reputation as a severe cross-examiner and a good hand at a jury. He is usually a wit, and more or less of a cynic. He has a sneering, sarcastic manner, and his conversation generally takes the turn of bantering raillery. He is the terror of professional witnesses, but the hope and the reliance of thieves, murderers, and criminals of all kinds who have been hunted down by the minions of the law. He is also the means of saving the innocent from undeserved punishment, and of supporting the claims of the just and winning the rights of the wronged. His voice is generally clear and musical, and its trumpet tones can be daily heard echoing down the corridors of one or other of the temples of justice.

"Next we have the young barrister who has just entered upon his profession and sees an uphill fight before him. He is more careful in

his dress than any of the others, and if he can at all afford the price of a stovepipe hat he must have one. He is extravagantly proud of his profession, thinks it the highest in the land, and remembers that most of the Presidents of the United States were lawyers; but wishes with a sigh that just for the present he could earn a little more per week at his profession than the amount of his board bill. Whenever he has anything to say in court there is no man can begin with 'May it please the Court' in more stentorian tones. He has practised too long before a looking-glass not to be a success in that much, at least, but there his confidence ends. He becomes nervous when he gets on the next sentence, at the third he becomes excited, and when he finally gets through he hasn't a very clear knowledge of what he has just said and done.

"Finally, there is the impecunious attorney, who is always going about, as we are traditionally told the devil does, 'seeking whom he may devour.' He haunts the precincts or the coroner's office, looking up the records and looking out for railroad accidents in which life is lost or injuries sustained, and other chances of proceeding against wealthy corporations or individuals of means. When he finds a likely case he is off to the injured person, or the nearest relative of the individual who has been killed, and his services are at his disposal, gratis if the 'damage suit' is a failure, and half the spoils if he wins."

The Pope's Jubilee.

THERE will be presents from all the nations.

The monks of Notre Dame de Lerins have undertaken a herculean labor. It is a volume in which the *Magnificat* is transcribed into a hundred and fifty different languages, framed in colored arabesques, with illustrations, and designs on each page.

The Sultan, through the Armenian patriarch, has already forwarded a magnificent diamond hoop valued at two hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Touching and sincere as were the manifestations on Emperor William's nintieth birthday during the early spring, brilliant as was the celebration of Queen Victoria's jubilee at midsummer, with its grand service at Westminster Abbey and its naval review, a higher significance attaches to the ceremonies which will take place at midwinter in Rome, for then the world will be united for once at the feet of one dispossessed ruler, who is yet the acknowledged father of Catholic Christianity — not subjects desirous to pay homage, but the representatives of numerous and often antagonistic nationalities, forgetting their dissensions and claiming only to be his children.

The Pope's gift to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her jubilee consists of a mosaic reproduction of Raphael's fresco representing an allegorical figure of poetry. The work was executed in the Vatican. Monsignor Scilla will convey the gift to England, and he will be accom-

panied by Fathers Zalesca and Meri, two young priests of the Ecclesiastical Academy, whom the Pope will, in honor of the occasion, create bishops. The autograph letter from the Pope which Monsignor Scilla, will present to Queen Victoria, after congratulating Her Majesty upon her jubilee, offers a grateful acknowledgment of the action of the Indian Government towards the Catholic missions and of the protection afforded the Catholic hierarchy in India.

Germany has demanded forty square yards of space for its present of books. A single French publisher is sending a wagon load of works on literature and religion, and so of the rest. The Holy Father has accepted the proposed offering from Great Britain of books published within the last fifty years in England. These books, therefore, will find an honorable place in the Exhibition.

The Towers of Silence.

WHEN the hour of death is at hand the dying Parsee is carried down to the cellar, or the lowest room in the house—with what notion I failed to learn. Afterward the body is borne to a great burial tower, there to be exposed to the winds of heaven, the burning sun, the beating rain, and all the host of foul carrion birds. Some rich families have a private tower of their own, a sort of family mausoleum. The public burial towers, of which there are five, stand on Malabar Hill in a garden of flowering shrubs overlooking the sea. Here, amid fragrant bowers of roses and jessamine, stand these Towers of Silence, as they are called, ghastly receptacles for the dead. They are about 80 feet high and 60 feet wide. On the top of each is an open grating on which the bodies are laid in three circles; children in the centre, then the women and men at the outer edge. Innumerable birds of prey are forever hovering with their sharp, hungry cries round these towers, or sitting perched on them, solemnly waiting for the grateful feast that is never long delayed — a feast which daily averages three Parsees, besides women and children, for it is estimated that each day three of these prosperous, intelligent, well-to-do-looking merchants find their last resting-place in the voracious maws of these ravenous birds. And when the birds have done their part, and winds and sun and rain have all combined to whiten the skeleton to a thing like polished ivory, gradually the bones separate and fall through the open grating into a well below the tower, whence, it is said, they are taken by a subterranean passage and cast into the sea, and so the space is left clear for the next comers.

ENGLAND has a long roll of misdeeds in the past to undo, perhaps to expiate. — *Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.*

Allocution of Our Most Holy Lord, Leo XIII.

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE.

At the Consistory held on Friday, May 26th, the Holy Father delivered a weighty Allocution, of which we are now able to give a translation from the official Latin text. It runs as follows:

Venerable Brothers: Before proceeding to make known Our choice for the sees of bishops, and for filling up the number of your illustrious College, We would say a few words to you upon a most important subject already well known to you, but about which We believe you would be glad to hear from Our own lips. We speak of what has lately taken place in Prussia, in the interest of the Catholic Church. By the blessing of God, an agreement has been come to at last on a most important matter, to which We have applied Our whole soul. Having put aside all minor considerations, We have had simply in view the salvation of souls, as was incumbent on Us. You are aware of what has been the sad state of things in that country now for many years; indeed you have shared with Us in Our deep solicitude in deploring the sight of Churches without bishops, parishes without priests, liberty of public worship restricted, ecclesiastical seminaries closed, and consequently such a scarcity of priests that not enough remained to carry on the services of the Church, or to look after the souls of the people.

We felt all the more acutely these grave evils, from the fact that We alone could not remedy them nor even alleviate them, the more so as Our own power was in so many ways curtailed. We therefore made up Our mind to seek for a remedy where it behooves Us, and this with all the more confidence, that We knew we should be sincerely and resolutely supported in Our endeavors, not only by the Bishops but by the Catholic members of Parliament, those men so constant in defence of the best of causes, from whose united and persevering action the Church has gathered already so much fruit and expects it of them in future. Our desire and hope received no slight encouragement from the fact that We knew the peaceful and equitable desires of the august Emperor of Germany and of his Government. At an early date an alleviation was sought for the graver evils; little by little various conditions of an arrangement were come to; lastly, by the promulgation of a new law, as you know, the dispositions of former laws were either wholly abolished or greatly mitigated. In a word, an end was put to that violent conflict that had been so sad for the Church and so useless to the State.

We therefore greatly rejoice at this happy issue obtained by long efforts and the result in great part of your counsels. We therefore render special thanks to God, the Consoler and Defender of His Church. If there are still other things which the Catholics, not without reason still desire, We must bear in mind how many and how great are the things We have already obtained. Foremost, the fact that the power of the Roman Pontiff in the government of the affairs of Catholics is no longer looked upon as foreign in Prussia, and that it has been established that henceforth this power can exercise itself without hindrance. You understand, Venerable Brothers, that it is no slight thing that the Bishops should now be free to administer their dioceses, that seminaries destined for the education of the clergy should now be re-opened, and that many of the religious orders should be recalled from exile. With regard to other things still to be done, We shall continue Our efforts, and, taking into consideration the good-will of the august Sovereign and the dispositions of his ministers, We wish all Catholics to be good of heart and full of hope, as We ourselves are, that even better things will follow.

We are happy also to look at other parts of Germany, for We have good grounds for believing that not only in Prussia itself, but also in other parts, a fairer view of Catholic rights and interests is being taken. Our hope in this respect has been quite recently strengthened by the fact that the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt has sent Us an envoy with a view of modifying the laws of his Principality in respect to the liberty of the Church. Words fail to express the great joy this has given Us, for there is nothing We so earnestly desire as that God would give Us sufficient length of life and strength to see the whole condition of Catholics happily settled in Germany, and to behold the Church there securely enjoying its rights and protected by the laws in such a way that it may freely progress and extend its sacred mission.

But Our thoughts are not limited by the frontiers of Germany. Wherever the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff is acknowledged, there Our care, Our solicitude, and Our watchfulness extend ; and Our charity, as it should, embraces all who bear the name of Catholic without distinction of place or race. Moved by this charity, We do all that is in Our power not only to improve the condition of those whom We have mentioned, but of all Catholics without exception. Let Us pray then earnestly to God that He may bless and give a happy issue to Our efforts.

Would that the desire of peace that We have towards all nations should in the way We wish benefit Italy, which God Himself has united so intimately with the Roman Pontificate, and which is so dear to us by the ties of nature. As We have often said before, We have for a long time and most earnestly desired that the minds of all Italians should be in possession of assured peace, and that the fatal disagreement with the Roman Pontificate should at length (*aliquando*) be removed : however, without detriment to justice or to the dignity of the Apostolic See, whose rights are not so much violated by national hostility as they chiefly are by the conspiracy of *the sects*, but to open the way to peace, it is necessary that the Roman Pontiff should be placed in such a state

as to be subject to no other Power, and be in possession of a true and real freedom as every right demands. If this were done, and a true judgment of things taken, not only would Italy (*res italica*) be none the worse for it, but would receive great help to its safety and prosperity.

And now We have decided to call to the honor of belonging to your order two men who are well known to you by the qualities with which they are gifted — Aloysius Pallotti, Auditor of Our Apostolic Chamber, who, in the various offices he has filled, has always combined zeal and ability with love of the Holy See; Augustine Bausa, a member of the Dominican Order, Master of Our Sacred Apostolic Palace, whose piety and learning are only equalled by his humility.

Quid vobis videtur?

We, therefore, with the authority of Almighty God and of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and our own, create and proclaim Cardinal Deacons of the Holy Roman Church, Aloysius Pallotti and Augustine Bausa, with the necessary and fitting dispensations, derogations, and clauses. In the name of the Father ✠ and of the Son ✠ and of the Holy ✠ Ghost. Amen.

Can I Afford to Drink?

I HAVE often wondered why a working man so seldom asks himself, "Can I afford to drink?" Let any one who is a moderate drinker estimate what it costs in a year, and I think the amount will astonish him. It will not be far from one month's pay out of twelve. Suppose — as I have often stated it to men — suppose it costs an average of fifteen cents a day; and I do not consider that estimate a very high one. Figure it out for a month, or six months, or a year.

It would pay the interest on a mortgage of one thousand dollars; it would purchase many an article of household furniture; it would bring into the home many a comfort now unknown; it would at least pay many a bill which cannot now be met. Add to this what is spent in protracted sprees, the time lost to work and the wages unearned, and the sickness often resulting, the money lost at the gambling table, and it is safe to say that intemperance robs labor of more than enough to give a decent home to any working man.

I have often asked what would be the language used if a notice were posted in the shops declaring a reduction of fifteen cents a day, and I can readily imagine their answer: "We are working now for starvation wages; we find it difficult now to keep body and soul together, and here is another reduction. Let us resist it." Secret meetings would be held, district assemblies would take action, a strike might be ordered and a boycott issued.

Then why not protest against the blood-tax which intemperance collects? Why calmly submit to this reduction of your small wages? Why not strike against this great enemy of labor and boycott Rum? It

is like a grinding capitalist; crushes man's life, picks his pockets, and uses his hard earnings as a bludgeon to destroy him. Cry out against the corporations that poorly pay your labor, unite against monopolists who seek to get the most possible work for the least possible pay; but cry also for protection against this master Intemperance, who, whip, in hand, lashes worse than ever overseer tortured slave.

Worcester, Mass. REV. T. J. CONATY.

Orange Brutality and Bunkum.

AN ENGLISH PAPER DRESSES DOWN THE CANADIAN BLACKGUARDS.

FOR the second time in its obscure history, the "dirty, stagnant little town" of Kingston, on the shores of Lake Ontario, has become notorious, and divides the doubtful honors of Orange blackguardism with Toronto and Hamilton. Kingston is one of the strongholds of Orangeism in Canada. The first articles of the Orange faith are loyalty to the Crown of England, and to the principles of civil and religious liberty. In asserting these principles the Orangemen of Kingston, like their brethren elsewhere, have a code of their own, and their own method of illustrating it. The conspiracy to murder Wm. O'Brien, M. P. the editor of *United Ireland*, and the cowardly and brutal manner in which the attempt was made, is one of those methods of vindicating the rights of man, according to Orange ideas, which Orangemen, the world over, are always ready to put into practice, in defiance alike of the decalogue and the laws of the land in which they live. The Orange notion of loyalty is quite as peculiar as their idea of liberty. In 1861 the Prince of Wales, in the course of his visit to America, had some taste of its quality in the very place in which Mr. O'Brien was so nearly murdered a few days ago; but the Prince, with the "caution" of his race, acting on a timely hint, escaped from the clutches of

"His Loyal Subjects"

without being subject to the personal maltreatment that has been visited on Mr. O'Brien in the course of his attempt to discharge a patriotic duty. On that occasion the loyalists of Kingston, under the leadership of a butcher called Flannigan, insisted on receiving the Prince in Orange fashion, and conducting him to the Town Hall in procession, to the strains of the "Boyne Water" and "Croppies, lie down." This attention the Prince declined, whereupon the Orangemen prepared for battle. A message was sent to him, which stated that unless he accepted the Orangemen's terms, he would not be permitted to land at all. The Prince temporized. He would take twenty-four hours to consider the proposal. All night the vessel rocked beside the pier, and on the beach the Orange loyalists kept sentry, lest their royal visitor should attempt to sneak ashore in the darkness. The

morning dawned, and found the guards at their posts, more resolute than ever. "Either," declared the butcher, "*you* will give way or the Orangemen, and — it will not be the Orangemen." "The Orangemen of Ireland," said another, "can chuck him off his throne. If he doesn't like our way he may do the other, and, any way, we will give him a lesson that he won't forget"— which assuredly they did.

The Prince was Obstinate,

and so were his tormentors, and the steamer stood out to sea. But the loyalists were not to be balked, and scouts were sent along the coasts to intercept his landing at any point. At Belleville the Prince actually did attempt to land, but the Orangemen were active, and foiled him. Again he put out to sea, and succeeded by a stratagem in setting foot on Canadian soil at Cobourg, his pursuers failing to reach that port in time to drive him back. We have no concern with royal progresses, but it is not possible to withhold sympathy for any man put in such a dismal plight as was the young Prince of the blood, on the occasion of his first visit to one of our dependencies. And the arrogant spirit which put so gross an affront on him is the same spirit which has now broken out in the brutal outrage on a better and a more courageous man.

The truth is that the Orange party, though never weary of boasting of their loyalty to the throne and to liberty, are loyal only when by means of that profession they hope to maintain the hateful spirit of Protestant ascendency in church and state; and the dastardly attack on Mr. O'Brien is only the latest evidence of their zeal for liberty after the old intolerant fashion. The Kentish Conspiracy in 1828 and the following years showed that they were ready when it suited their purposes to betray the country, as they are now ready to suppress liberty anywhere. Then they plotted to set aside the accession of the Princess Victoria, because she was suspected of

Liberal Opinions,

and to place on the throne, after the death of William IV., their Grand Master, the Duke of Cumberland. They corrupted the army, and seduced many soldiers from their allegiance. They corrupted the church, and made the Bishop of Salisbury Grand Prelate and Grand Chaplain of the Order. They corrupted the Bench, and Judge Kenyon became a party to the plot. The conspiracy was detected and driven home by that grand old Radical, David Hume, and the pages of "Hansard" bear witness to the extent of the plot and to its infamous character. The society was suppressed by a unanimous vote of the House of Commons on the motion of Lord John Russell, and the Duke of Cumberland and his fellow-conspirators would doubtless have paid the penalty of their treason but for the influence of the king and the kinship of the leader to the royal house. In later years it was resuscitated, and lives once more for the sole object of perpetuating the miserable feuds that have so long disgraced the north of Ireland, and which in late years have broken out in New York and other parts of the United States as

well as in Canada. The Americans made short work of the Orange parade in 1872. Under the vigorous action of Gov. Hoffman, the ridiculous displays were brought to a ludicrous end, and the attempt to import into the New World the silly faction-fights of the Old has not since been repeated.

Pathologists have deduced from careful observation of certain virulent diseases the theory, that when they are transmitted from one race to another the effects appear in a more aggravated form. After recent events in Belfast it would be hazardous to assert that the action of the virus as displayed at Kingston and Hamilton is an aggravation of the disease, but it shows at least that the virulence of the poison has not abated. In the light of day the Orangemen are reproducing in America the most discreditable episodes of the Protestant ascendency period of Irish history. There is the less excuse for this, because, in Ireland, bigotry and fanaticism have their natural roots, while in the United States and Canada they are imported plants, alien alike to the soil and to the principles on which liberty has thriven in the free air of the republic and the confederacy. It is not possible that the people of Canada, who through their parliament have shown recently on the question of home rule how much they are in advance of the classes — and even of the masses — of the mother-country, will tolerate a repetition of such brutal infringements of the freedom of speech and the duties of hospitality as have just been committed, on the mandate of a small body of bigots who acknowledge no law but that of their own will, and who are ready, at every opportunity, to fling over alike the loyalty they are never tired of proclaiming, and the higher loyalty to the principles of toleration and liberty. Dr. Ferrar, a Grand Chaplain of the order, declared, in 1869, "before God," that the Orangemen would die sword in hand, rather than accept Mr. Gladstone's

Church Disestablishment Bill;

and that if the Queen gave her assent to it they would "kick her crown into the Boyne." Nonsense of this sort is the bunkum on which the Orange mind is fed; but, in the end, these zealots submit to circumstances with the docility of lambs. It is only in cowardly attacks, such as those upon Mr. O'Brien at Toronto, Kingston and Hamilton, that the Orange courage emerges. An unarmed man, without police escort, assailed in the streets of a strange town in the darkness, is an easy object on which to spend their fury. The risk is small, and the bravo and the bully never fail, whether in Ulster or Canada, to seize the opportunity when it offers. The citizens of our great Western dependency, we may be assured, will not submit to such a foul stigma being permanently fixed on the honor and hospitality of the Dominion at the hands of a clique of truculent bigots, and we look with confidence to the authorities and to the parliament for vigorous efforts in asserting the dignity of the law, and bringing the Orange ruffians to justice.

Reynolds' Newspaper, Non-Catholic.

FALSE piety is always cruel. — *Massillon.*

Good Advice to Graduates.

At the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., on the 29th of June, the baccalaureate sermon was delivered in the chapel by Rev. Robert Brady, S. J., president of the college. He took for his text, "What shall I render unto the Lord for the things he has done for me? I will take the chalice of salvation, and I will call upon the name of the Lord."—*Psalms cxv.*, 12, 13.

Father Brady said in substance: "The royal psalmist never tired singing the praises of God. This thought fills the heart of every man when he considers the blessings showered upon him by his Maker. Not content with receiving, he says, 'What shall I return to Thee, O Lord? I will take the chalice of salvation.' Everything we have, everything we are, came through nature from God; hence our hearts should be filled with gratitude, as was the heart of the royal psalmist. And we have much to be gratified for. Witness the prosperous year enjoyed by our college. Not only have all in general, but each in particular, been the object of God's love; consequently each one in particular is indebted to God, and hence each one in particular will this morning say, 'What shall I do, O Lord, that I may thank Thee for Thy bounteous favors?' And what will you do? Take the chalice of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. Vacation may be a time of danger. When you go from us you will find principles, advanced by men holding high positions, it may be, principles contrary to what you have been taught here. And what will be the cause of their determined course? Fear lest they might not gain human respect,—a desire to gratify their unlawful pleasure. But this is the trait of a coward, and not of a man—of a Catholic. See that you are right in what you do; see that others are right before you follow their principles, and if you discover that they err, no matter who they may be, despise their principles and be true and constant to your faith. For he is a hero, even in the eyes of the world, who, knowing what is right, will not incline towards what is wrong.

"Finally, I say to you, who to-morrow sever your connection with us forever, you, who for the past year have been instructed by us in your duty, in your Christian philosophy, go forth into the world with our blessing, and show by your example what the teaching of the Catholic Church is; by your lives demonstrate that it teaches you to be true men, loyal citizens, as well as earnest and perfect disciples of Jesus Christ."

Curious Discovery of Buried Butter.—Some laborers working in Drumboy bog for Mr. Ross, of Mohill, Ireland, have found a lump of butter (exactly twelve pound in weight) enclosed in a small wooden vessel, buried at a depth of sixteen feet from the surface. The butter is in a good state of perservation, being very hard, and having the smell of strong cheese. The vessel in which it was enclosed was hooped with small wooden hoops, but on being brought to the surface immediately crumbled away. It is supposed this butter has been buried many hundred years, as eighteen feet of earth had been cut over where it lay.

The New Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, who was recently consecrated bishop of Hamilton, Ont., may almost be claimed as a native of Chicago, Ill., as his family has long resided there. His father and mother were for years, while the former was living, among the most devoted members of St. Columbkill's Church on the west side, and his mother is still rarely absent from any service. His brother, John M. Dowling, is the worldly member of the family, but his regard for his bishop brother is only excelled by that of his mother, who looks upon him as the noblest son any mother ever had to be proud of.

In the summer of 1879 Father, now Bishop Dowling, led the party of pilgrims who went to Rome from this country by the Inman steamer which broke her shaft in midocean and was out some forty days beyond her time. During the long days of uncertainty as to her fate, and that of the pilgrims, the good priest's mother grew nearly frantic with anxiety, and toward the last her family feared she would lose her reason. She brooded so continually over the matter that she began to imagine that the telegraph company must have some way of finding out whether or not the steamer had gone to the bottom and went herself several times to the central office to make inquiry. The anxiety of the family, already great on account of the absent son and brother, was doubled on her account, and every possible device was exhausted to reassure her. Finally John went to a casual acquaintance, who happened to be in a position to get the first news from the missing vessel, if any ever came, and arranged with him to send it to the house by special messenger at any cost, at whatever hour of the day or night it should arrive. The fact that he had made such an arrangement soothed the anxious mother somewhat for the remaining days of her wait. On the following Sunday, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a cable message came announcing the safe arrival of the steamer and all on board at Queenstown. A messenger boy was called at a cost of ten cents and dispatched to the house on the west side with the best piece of news, so far as that one family was concerned, that one small boy ever carried.

John Dowling has always insisted on regarding this trifling favor on the part of his casual acquaintance as above and beyond all others. Probably no draft could be drawn against it that would not be promptly honored, and probably no favor to be done in the future — unless it should be something like saving the life of the bishop, or of Mrs. Dowling or the children — will ever be allowed to overshadow it.

Bishop Dowling has for several years been vicar-general of the diocese which is now fully committed to his charge, and where he is held in the very highest esteem. He has made numerous visits to Chicago, and has often officiated in various churches there. His manner is mild and unassuming, and while not conspicuously eloquent as an orator he is a man of great force of character, and is regarded as one of the strong men in the church. Already a bishop, while scarcely past middle life, his career is full of promise, and he may yet be a cardinal.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.

You twinkling stars, that shine
  Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings,
  I'd join you in the sky.

I am not happy lying here,
  With neither book nor toy;
For I am sent to bed because
  I've been a naughty boy.

If you will listen, little stars,
  I'll tell you all I did —
I only said I would not do
  The thing that I was bid!

I'm six years old this very day,
  And I can write and read;
And not to have my own way yet
  Is very hard indeed.

I do not know how old you are,
  Or whether you can speak;
But you can twinkle all night long,
  And play at hide and seek.

If I were with you, little stars,
  How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies and through the clouds
  And round about the pole.

The moon, that once was round and full,
  Is now a silver boat;
We'd launch it off that bright-eyed cloud,
  And then, how we should float!

Does anybody say — "Be still!"
  When you dance or play?
Does anybody hinder you,
  When you would have your way?

Oh, tell me little stars, for much
  I wonder why you go,
The whole night long, from east to west,
  So patiently and slow.

We have a Father, little child,
  Who guides us on our way;
We never question when he speaks —
  We listen and obey.

NINA'S FRIENDS.

LITTLE Nina lived at a navy yard, for she was an admiral's daughter. I can see the house where she lived this minute. It was a big square house of stone, with green blinds. There were officers' houses near, and a great long ropewalk. Behind them were the shipyard and dock-yard. Ships were built and repaired and fitted out for sea, and as Nina was a dear little girl, and not a bit of trouble to any one, she knew every part of the navy yard, and had many friends among officers and men. She liked to see the little steam tugs puffing about in great importance. But best of all, she liked to go down the harbor in the admiral's yacht when any of her friends were going to sea, and so bid them good-by as late as possible.

Nina used to feed her pets. Jenny Wren must have her crumbs, and Cosset must have his bit of cheese. "But, oh, mamma," she cried, when she had emptied her plate on to the window sill; "there is poor old Jack on guard, and I can see he is lame again; oh, please, let me give him some liniment to rub his poor back with."

"Yes, dear, as soon as he goes off duty," said her mother.

"Dear mamma, mayn't I just call out to him that I will take care of him? It will keep his spirits up, you know."

"Never mind, dear; you must not speak to him when he is on

guard. See here, you have not finished the ditty-bag you were making for Thompson; work on that and forget about old Jack now. You shall take him the bottle as soon as he has had his dinner."

So Nina left the window and took up her work.

Meanwhile, poor old Jack trudged up and down with his bayonet erect. He never looked to the right nor the left; but his ears had heard Nina's kind words, and his old heart felt nice and warm. He looked for all the world like that constant tin soldier in the story, marching up and down, as stiff as if he were made of iron. Only a little halt in his step showed that his back was lame. He had fought bravely in many battles, and knew the touch of cold steel and leaden bullets only too well.

By-and-by, Nina went and peeped out of the window. "He is gone, mamma! German Billy is on guard now. Won't you take me now to see poor old Jack? He is so patient and kind."

"Yes, dear, and if he is really ill, papa will put him in the infirmary, and then we can take good care of him."

So, with the bottle of liniment, they went in search of poor old Jack, and found him sitting in the sunshine, darning a pair of trousers. He was really in pain, so the admiral put him on the sick list for a few days. Nina saw him safely seated in an armchair in one of the wards, and then she brought a book of fairy tales, and read to him a long time. You may be sure that he had a very pleasant afternoon, and rewarded her with splendid yarns about coral islands and monkeys and parrots and savages. Then Nina had to take her little present to "poor old Thompson," who was just going away on a three years' cruise. The tears came into his eyes when he thanked her for it, and between them they chose a very secret corner in his chest where it would be quite safe.

Nina went back to the house with a heavy heart, for she was sorry to part with an old friend. But suddenly she saw her mother beckoning to her from a window and looking very happy. She ran into the house and upstairs. Her mother had a strange-looking basket in her hand, that smelled sweet as new-mown hay.

"Guess what is here?" she said to Nina, who guessed everything from a turtle to a lapdog, but in vain.

"I give it up," said she; "oh, mamma, please let me see?"

Her mother opened the basket, and there curled up as snug as you please, was a little mite of a monkey, with a tail as long as himself.

"Oh, where did you come from, you little darling?" cried Nina, and then she saw a paper tied to his neck, and on it was written, very roughly, these words: "For Miss Nina, with Peter's most *respeckful* love." Now, Peter was another of this happy little girl's friends.

"Oh, has he come back? Has Peter come back?" asked she.

"No, dear; but the *Champion* has just come in, and Peter sent it by one of his friends."

"How kind everybody in the world is," said Nina; "oh, mamma, I have had such a happy day. First, it was pleasant feeding Jenny and Cosset, and it was so splendid nursing poor old Jack; and then, in a sad way, mamma, it was lovely to say good-by to Thompson, and help him

pack his chest; and now I have a little monkey to love. Oh, I am so happy."

Now, children, what made Nina happy?

GAMES.

THE BIRDCATCHER.— One of the children is chosen to be the birdcatcher; each of the players then chooses the name of a bird, with the exception of the owl, all sitting in a circle, the birdcatcher in the middle. The players must place their hands upon their knees, and must not move them until the birdcatcher mentions the name of a chosen bird, when the player who represents that bird, holds up his hands and imitates its cry. When the *owl* is mentioned all must put their hands behind them and keep silent. Suppose the birds chosen, to be cock, hen, lark, goose, duck. The birdcatcher begins: "This morning I went for a walk, when, crossing the road, I met a fine *cock* (here the cock lifts up his hands, and crows), followed by a *hen* (the hen does the same and cackles); the sky was bright, and overhead I heard a *lark* sing. My road lay through some fields where I saw a *goose*, with her goslings, going towards a pond, on which a *duck* was swimming. All at once I heard the hooting of an *owl* (all hands behind the backs) which terribly frightened the *cock*, the *hen*, the *lark*, the *goose*, the *duck*." This should be said quickly to try and catch one of the players tripping, as each one who either lifts his hands, or does not put them behind his back, or fails to imitate his particular bird, or is not silent when the owl is mentioned, must pay a forfeit.

THE CUSHION DANCE.—A cushion or hassock is placed on end, and the players join hands and dance round in a circle. The object is to avoid touching the cushion with one's own feet, and to force one's neighbors to do so, by pulling them forward without letting go their hands. Each one who upsets the cushion pays a forfeit.

THE RULE OF CONTRARY.— Get a small table-cloth, and let each player take hold of it with one hand. A leader is chosen who, holding the cloth with the left hand, pretends to write mysterious letters in the air with the right, singing as they all march round. "Here we go by the rule of contrary; when I say let go, hold fast; when I say hold fast, let go." He then cries either "let go," or "hold fast," and unless the players do exactly the contrary they must pay a forfeit.

THE TRAVELLER'S A. B. C.—All sit in a row, and the first begins, "I am going on a journey to Alnwick;" his neighbor asks, "What will you do there?" to which he must answer in words all beginning with the letter A, something like this: "I shall address admiring assemblies." B then says, "I am going on a journey to Bedford," and to the usual question, he can answer, "I shall bind beautiful blossoms," and so on through the whole alphabet. Those who fail, pay forfeit.

THE SCHOOLMASTER is another A B C game. One player is the schoolmaster, the others sit down in front of him, and he then begins

to examine his class. He can begin in any subject he chooses, such as geography, grammar, history, etc. Turning to a pupil he asks him to tell him a noun beginning with A, or a country beginning with B, or a historical name beginning with C, and so on in different subjects all through the alphabet. Those who fail to answer pay a forfeit.

CHRIST THE CONSOLER.

During the first French Revolution, in a gloomy dungeon at Paris, a noble lady was imprisoned. Outside was her little girl, twelve years old, under the care of an old servant. Her father was absent with the Army of Condé, and her mother had been taken from home too suddenly even to bid the child good-by.

The little girl's one thought was to get admission to her mother's prison. At last she made the acquaintance of the gaoler's wife, and the kind soul dressed her in her own child's clothes, and put her in mother's cell.

After that, for three months, she used to visit her mamma, and have just such lovely talks with her as you would have with your own mamma if you had been parted from her for a long time.

But one day the mother took the little girl in her arms, and, with sobs and tears, told her that they must soon part,—she was called to trial, and she certainly would be condemned. When they had spent the violence of their first grief, the mother told her child to go to a certain aged priest, and ask him to let her make her First Communion during her mother's life.

The same evening the little girl went to the priest, and he readily granted her request, heard her confession, and bade her return the next morning. When she went back the following day, he had just offered Mass for her mother's intention, and had put aside two particles.

"My child," he said, "I am going to trust you with a sacred mission. In early Christian times children used to carry the Blessed Sacrament to the martyrs; I am going to let you carry it to your mother, and you shall make your First Communion in her presence."

The child went in solemn joy to her mother's cell, bearing Christ the Consoler. The gaoler's wife left the two alone, knowing that it must be their last meeting. They fell on their knees, and, placing on the table the Sacred Host, adored in silence for a long time. The mother then bade her say some prayers which she had taught her in infancy; and taking one of the hosts in her hand she received it in viaticum, and then gave to the child her First Communion.

The next day the little girl went to the prison to see her mother; but the gaoler's wife said the orders were positive, and she could not be admitted until the next week. She went to the old priest, but he pointed up to heaven, and said, "Your mother is in heaven, my dear, and there you must look to meet her."

The child grew up to womanhood, and to old age; and in telling

this wonderful story to her friends, she said: "It happened sixty years ago; but I have never forgotten the scene of my First Communion or ceased to join my prayers to those of my dear mother."

ONLY A PENNY.

"It's only a penny, missis," said John Stevens, as he stood potting a root of white daisies he had bought of a costermonger as he came home from his work.

"Only a penny, John; that's what you always say; but you forget how those pennies you waste on such-like useless things tell up, and how they would tell up, too, in the savings-bank. Come, your tea's getting cold while your fiddling with them flowers."

John sat down to his tea without making any answer, after placing the pretty flowers on the window-ledge among a row of primroses, ferns, and polyanthuses. His tea was nicely made, and his eggs and bacon cooked to perfection, and laid on a clean table, over which was spread a cloth as white as snow.

"Here comes Pat," said Mrs. Stevens, with a sigh, as a fine boy about fourteen years of age entered the room, and throwing down his hat and a magazine, took a seat next to Mrs. Stevens.

"Another penny wasted, I do declare, while I'm slaving from morning to night to save a penny."

"Don't bother the lad, missis; he's not yours, and I won't have him teased. He'd better be reading of an evening than running the streets, and fighting and smoking and drinking as some of our neighbors' lads do at his age."

"Perhaps, Mr. Stevens," said his wife, drawing herself up, "you'll be glad of my savings some day. I earned them honestly in good situations."

Stevens was sorry he had been cross, for he was a kind-hearted man.

"Mary," he said, "you are a good, honest woman, and as notable a wife as a man could have, but you spoil it all by your stingy ways and the want of interest you take in my way of amusing myself. But I don't care so much for that if you'd let the lad alone. You'll be driving him into the streets," continued Stevens, as Pat left the room, slamming the door after him, "to find amusement there, if you go on nagging at him every time he brings in a book or a magazine."

"If he were my own child, and not your first wife's," said Mary, "I'd say the same to him; and I'll teach that child," said Mrs. Stevens, pointing to a rosy baby lying in a cradle in a corner of the room, "as she grows up, the old proverb, 'A penny saved is a penny got.'"

Mr. Stevens was not naturally a passionate man, but when once roused to anger, it was long before he could control himself; and as he rose and left the house, his wife was alarmed at the paleness of his face and the lightning-flash from his eyes. She had never seen him very

angry before since their marriage about a year previously. A light touch on his shoulder, a gentle "John, I am sorry," would have brought him back, but Mrs. Stevens was too proud, and felt she was an injured woman, and busied herself clearing away the tea-things, angry tears filling her eyes from time to time.

The church clock struck ten. Stevens and Pat had never been out so late before, but they came not when the quarter chimed. The half-hour chime sounded like a knell in the young wife's ear. The baby awoke and cried, and she took it up and paced the room with it in her arms. She listened as the chimes warned her that it was a quarter to eleven. She placed the baby in the cradle, opened the door and looked down the street. In the dim gaslight she saw a man coming towards the house with unsteady step. She was disappointed for she thought she recognized a neighbor's drunken husband, and hastily entered the house, shut the door, and fastened it.

In a few minutes there was a loud knock. Mary's heart beat quickly as she opened the door; and John, her own John, staggered into the room, sank on the nearest chair, and asked her in that *unmistakeable voice* that has saddened the heart of many a wife and mother, to give him more brandy.

"Oh, John, John!" cried Mary, falling on her knees beside him, "don't talk so, or you'll drive me crazy."

John's eyes wandered till they rested on the innocent babe that was crying in the cradle, and the strong man sobbed like a child.

Mary watched her husband through that dreadful night. She resolved never to drive him away from home by selfishness or ill-temper to seek recreation elsewhere.

The next morning, unaccustomed to drinking hard, poor Stevens was too ill to go to work. His first sign of remembrance of the scene of the previous evening was a sorrowful look at Pat's magazine, which still lay among the plants.

"Has Pat gone to work, Mary?" said he, as she gave him some tea.

Mary trembled. She had been wondering all night what had become of Pat.

"He's not come home since last he went out before you; maybe he's at his aunt's."

Pat often went to his deceased mother's sister when in trouble. Upon inquiry, however, it was found that he had not been there. In the evening a letter came from the boy, saying, he had gone to the the docks to see his uncle, the captain of an American trading-vessel, and if he did not hear from his father that he objected to his going, he would sail with him the next morning, and try his fortune in the New World.

Early on the following morning Stevens went to the docks, but Pat and his uncle were gone. The poor father was heart-broken. He could not blame the boy, who had taken silence for consent; but to lose him, the child of his blue-eyed, sweet-tempered Kathleen, who on her deathbed had charged him to be gentle with him for her sake, and bring him up a good Catholic, was almost more than he could bear. The tempter came, the companion who had invited him the night

before to "take a drop to cheer him," and dreading the sight of Mary, John turned into the tavern.

Many a weary night for years did Mary watch and listen for the heavy tread of her husband's foot, sometimes till the gray light of morning streamed through the window-shutters. As she had craved for money, so he now craved for drink — maddening drink.

The white daisies died. One by one, all the pretty plants her husband had so carefully tended, perished; watered only by Mary's tears, for she knew not how to manage them. Sometimes she would buy a pretty geranium, and put it in the window to see if it would tempt him to stay at home, but all in vain; the drunkard's senses were deadened: the beautiful in nature and in art had no longer any charms for him. Many are the sources from whence the love of drink first springs, and many also are the attractions that will preserve a man from falling a prey to the hateful vice. A taste for the cultivation of flowers, for good reading, for collecting pictures and curiosities, all within the reach, to some extent, of every class now for a small expenditure, will rob the tavern of many a miserable victim.

Mary Stevens had tried many a plan to lead her husband back. Her savings were all drawn out of the bank, her clothes were often pawned to get the necessaries of life for herself, and some comfort for John and her child — her sole consolation.

Ten miserable years passed away, when one day the little girl came home from the convent-school looking unusually thoughtful.

"Mother," said she, "the Sisters are going to make a Novena to Our Lady of the Angels for father's conversion, and we are to join it, and get as many as we can to do so."

Mary's face brightened. She had often prayed for her husband's conversion in a vague way, and very hopelessly, but now she determined to have confidence in God. She started off to the Catholic shop, which was at some distance, and bought a miraculous medal, and took it to the priest to bless it, asking him to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for her intention.

When John came home at night, she put the medal, attached to a blue ribbon, around his neck. Instead of throwing it off, as she had expected, he smiled saying:

"It seems like old days, Mary. I used to wear one always."

On the last day of the Novena, Mary and her child were sitting at tea, wondering whether Stevens would come home as he sometimes did, or go straight to the tavern after his work; when he walked in perfectly sober, and asked for some tea.

"Missis," he said, "I've taken the 'pledge;' I'm going to give up drink. I'm certain our Lady and my Guardian Angel have watched over me; they've never given me up, though all the world has. Many an escape of my life do I owe, under God, to my Guardian Angel. Don't blame yourself, Mary" — for her tears were falling fast — "I'd no business to drink because you bothered me when I came home, and Pat shouldn't have gone off so sudden. But it's all over now, and, by the help of God, I've been to confession, and I'll try to lead a better life."

A week later, Pat wrote to his father telling him he had married a blue-eyed Kathleen, like his mother, and was very happy. He said his wife was very thrifty, but she found a penny *well spent* was as good as, and often produced, a penny saved. He said he had a good library of books, carefully covered by his tidy wife.

Pat sent some books to his sister, and Stevens amused himself by making her some shelves for them. Her mother spent many a penny she saved in adding to her store; the tavern, and not the savings-bank, was the loser.

A TINY GIRL'S TINY OFFERING.

In one of our large cities the congregation of a Catholic cathedral were called upon to make the sacrifice of their much-beloved senior curate. A country mission had become vacant, and the pastor of the cathedral, being first on the list for promotion, was named to fill the vacancy. When the news of his intended departure became known, the grief of the congregation was general; hundreds flocked to the Bishop's palace to bid him good-by and wish him God-speed, and many were the handsome and costly offerings brought for his acceptance. With the sweetness and humility that always characterize him, the young priest received these gifts, as well as flattering addresses and a purse of gold. He was grateful for all, but one offering especially touched his gentle heart, one he prizes for its sweet simplicity.

The children of an academy, in which he took a deep interest, were full of grief at losing their dear pastor, who was also the confessor of many of them. They held council, and determined to subscribe among themselves and present him with a handsome piece of furniture. The article was purchased, and the day before the priest left the city he was invited to the convent, and the presentation was made.

Among the children was a little tot of six, who did not quite understand the proceedings of the past few days. All that she knew was that her little sisters had asked mamma for some money for Father ——'s present, and she determined not to be behind in the matter. So, after the address and the Father's speech, she trotted up to him, her little fist tightly clenched, and, signing him to hold out his hand, she solemnly deposited therein her offering of sixpence.

The priest, who had received so many costly gifts, was overcome at the loving simplicity of his little lamb, and could not hide his emotion. Standing in the midst of the display of glittering silver and glass, and delicate china and bric-a-brac, he related the anecdote to the writer. "And," said he, looking round at his gifts, "much as I value all these beautiful things, and appreciate the kindness and generosity of the donors, I value equally the tiny offering of that dear child, and while I live I will never part with that sixpence."

Looked at intrinsically, the little one's gift was humble; but, children, only think of what it meant to her! Sweets or a doll, some beads, a slice of cake, a fresh orange, or many other delights she

cheerfully relinquished, and gave her treasure with as much good-will and as loving a heart as could be found anywhere. Think of her the next time you are ashamed to offer a small contribution, and profit by her example.

THE GAME COCK AND THE PICTURE.

MR. SCOTT LEIGHTON, the artist, tells the story concerning a pet game cock which he kept in his studio Having at one time to paint the portrait of a large-sized game bird for a patron, the pet bird suffered a good deal from the domineering spirit of his larger companion, and got so that he could never see him without flying into a rage. After the picture was completed, and the bird which was its subject had been removed, the canvas remained in the studio, standing on the floor. One day the little game cock happened to be picking his way about the studio, when he suddenly caught sight of the counterfeit presentiment of his former enemy. With a scream of rage he gave one leap, and, flying at the picture, planted his spurs into it again and again before he could be restrained. The next time that he was given an opportunity he repeated the attack, and for some time it was the almost daily amusement of the artist and his friends to witness these impromptu cock fights between a live bird and a dummy. At last, one day the little fellow, resting a moment from an unusually spirited attack, happened, in cocking his head on one side, to get a look behind the picture. He was for an instant dumfounded. Then he looked in front and saw his old enemy, as large as life; another glance behind, and he was more than ever puzzled. He then deliberately walked behind and around the picture several times, carefully surveying it, and finally with a spiteful flirt, and with an air of disgust that would have done credit to a human being, marched away and hid himself. Never after that day could he be persuaded to attack the picture, or, indeed, to pay the slightest attention to it, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts that were made to incite him. He had penetrated the sham and would have no more of it.

A BETTER WAY THAN QUARRELLING.

Do you ever hear children speak in this way to each other:

"You did!" "I didn't!" "Yes, you did! "No, I didn't!" "I'll tell mamma!"?

Now it is very disagreeable to have children speak so. You should be kind and affectionate, speaking pleasantly, not contradicting each other or disputing.

"A kind answer turneth away wrath," the Bible says. Now try this way the very next time that you feel like contradicting one of your little sisters or brothers. When you go so far as this, "I did!" "You didn't!" then stop short. Do not say one word more about the trouble, but just put your arms around brother's or sister's neck and say very pleasantly, "Don't let us quarrel about it."

Is not that the better way? I think it is.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE VERY REV. JAMES O'BRIEN, D. D., Vice-President of the Catholic Missionary College, All Hallows, Drumcondra, has accepted, through his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Rectorship of St. John's College, Sydney, the appointment to which was offered him by his Eminence the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Cardinal Archbishop of the Australian See.

THE simple clergy of the diocese of Rome are about to offer a special gift to the Pope on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee. It will consist of two keys, one of gold, the other, silver, symbolic of their entire submission to the Papal power.

THERE are five hundred Convents of Mercy in the world occupied by nearly 10,000 religious.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, at the recent celebration of the feast of St. Philip Neri, at the Birmingham Oratory, appeared to be more feeble than ever. He had to be supported down the steps by two priests, and when he pronounced the benediction his voice was not audible half-way down the church.

Freeman's Journal: The man who started a Catholic daily paper in New York died in an insane asylum. The paper died first.

MR. MAURICE F. EGAN, for many years assistant editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and since the death of Mr. McMaster the managing editor of that paper, is about to retire from journalism and take a chair in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. Mr. Egan has made a first-class journalist, and, of course, ought to make a good professor, says the *Western Watchman*.

BISHOP LOUGHLIN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the senior Catholic prelate of the country. He has worn the purple for thirty-four years. There are now one hundred and forty-three churches and one hundred and sixty-four priests in his diocese. In 1853 there were only nineteen churches and twenty-three priests. The diocese is one of the largest in the world, and by long odds the most progressive.

THE DUBLIN MAYORALTY FOR 1888.—At a meeting of the National members of the corporation held in the City Hall, to select a candidate for nomination as Lord Mayor for 1888, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, M. P., presided. The names of three members were submitted, namely — Councillor H. J. Gill, M. P; Councillor Sexton, M. P. (High Sheriff of the City), and Alderman Winstanley. The voting was by ballot. The first ballot gave Mr. Sexton eighteen votes, Mr. Gill thirteen, and Alderman Winstanley twelve. Upon the second and final ballot Mr. Gill received twenty-six votes and Mr. Sexton eighteen. Councillor Gill returned thanks, and the proceedings terminated. Mr. Gill has retired from the contest in favor of Mr. Sexton.

AID FOR LUGGACURRAN. — At the regular meeting of the Municipal Council, Irish National League in Boston, W. W. Doherty reported for the committee on the reception of Editor O'Brien. The receipts at the Boston Theatre aggregated $2,026.15. It was voted to send $2,000 to the evicted farmers of Luggacurran. After spirited discussion, resolutions were unanimously adopted criticising Alderman Donovan for his manner of conducting the hearing on the matter of granting Faneuil Hall for the celebration of the Queen's jubilee, and protesting against the use of the hall for such purpose. T. M. Brady presided, and Thomas O'Flynn was secretary.

REV. CHARLES O'REILLY, of Detroit, treasurer of the Irish National League,

acknowledges the receipts of $3,715.10 which have been handed in by different branches of the League in all parts of the country during the period of five months between January 1 and June 1. The amount was received in sums varying from $300 to $6.

FANEUIL HALL was once refused to DANIEL WEBSTER, the greatest statesman the United States ever produced.

Population of Ireland.

A RETURN from the Registrar General of Ireland for the quarter ended March 31st last, shows that the population of that country was then 4,852,914. In the year 1801 the population of Ireland is recorded at 5,216,329; so that the present population is actually 364,000 less than it was eighty-seven years ago. At the close of the fourth century the population of Ireland was, as compared with recent times, very small. Probably, in 392, it was not more than 300,000.

Englishmen and Lansdowne.

THE Montreal *True Witness* does not admire Lansdowne. It says: "The people of the United States have always given a warm and generous welcome to distinguished Englishmen, whose public services or genius had raised them to fame. They welcomed Lord Coleridge, they honored Herbert Spencer, they gave their hearts to Michael Davitt. Now, let Lansdowne go to Boston or New York and see what sort of a reception free, true Americans will give him.

EDITOR O'BRIEN'S PAPER DEFINES IRELAND'S POSITION IN THE JUBILEE.—*United Ireland*, Mr. O'Brien's paper, says: "Ireland is the only civilized country in the world which did not share in the jubilee celebration. She stood sternly and sorrowfully aloof. Ireland's place ought to have been beside England at the throne. Irish blood and brain helped to build the empire. Poverty, misery and slavery are her reward. She shared England's labors, but she may not share her triumphs. England's joy is for fifty years of liberty, prosperity and progress. The Irish grief and wrath are for fifty years of misery, famine and oppression. England is cumbered by the struggles of a sullen captive, when she might purchase by justice the aid and comfort of a friend."

Universality of the Irish Race.

A SINGULAR coincidence came under the writer's notice recently. A Russian army officer invited six gentlemen to dinner. Without mentioning names I will state their occupations. Mine host was a general in the Russian army, my next neighbor was a Turkish official, the gentleman opposite was in the English consular service, and the gentleman on his right was a young French officer. The seat at the end of the table was occupied by a distinguished Irishman, who is famous for his knowledge of the ancient and modern languages. The writer was connected with the United States consular service. The conversation was chiefly in French, as all present spoke that language. Neither the Turk nor the French officer understood English. European politics were discussed, and the conversation turned on the Irish question. The French officer said that he had always taken a great interest in Irish affairs, because his grandfather was an Irishman. The Turk then made the announcement that his grandfather was also from the Emerald isle. The Englishman's mother was a county Waterford lady. The American's father and mother were born in Tipperary, and the Russian's grandmother came from Wicklow. This dinner was given in a town of ancient Circassia.

Little Rody.

THE recent election in Rhode Island has opened the door to peoples of all nationalities and religious belief. For the first time in that state Catholics have obtained respectable positions. Hon. Charles E. Gorman has been elected speaker of the House, and Mr. Guinness' Secretary of State. The latter gentleman is a promising lawyer, and Mr. Gorman is also a prominent member of the Rhode Island Bar.

Irish Mayors who Attended the Jubilee.

THE three Irish mayors who attended the Jubilee Service in Westminster Abbey were Mr. Thomas Harpur, the renegade Home Ruler, and Mayor of Wexford, and the Orange Mayors of Belfast and Derry. Mr. Thomas Harpur has already shown that he is just the sort

of man to wade through any quantity of mire to satisfy his own ambition; and his ambition just now, doubtless, is to get a title. He has it in his power to dishonor the name of gallant Wexford; but the people of Wexford will, in due time, have it in their hands to requite such treachery by relegating him to the obscurity whence he should never have been suffered to emerge. He may get a title, but he might reflect, ere it is too late, on the example of another publican who got a title, but whom the people in turn dubbed with another, which not only stuck to him in life, but has descended to posterity as a warning to other unfit hankerers after empty honors.

Missionaries for the Dark Continent.

Two youths from the parish of Ballindine and neighborhood of Claremorris, Ireland, have joined the band of Connaught Levites who intend to devote themselves to missionary labors in the Dark Continent. They are Master Patrick M'Hugh and Master Patrick Lynch, who arrived at St. Joseph's College, Cork, within the last few days, and were most warmly welcomed by the Very Rev. Superior, Father Joseph Zimmermann. They bring up the number of his Connaught Levites to not less than a score. And not in aspirants to the priesthood alone are the Mayo Catholics contributing to the evangelization of Africa. From within the shadow of Mayo Abbey — magnificent in its ruins — is a daughter of St. Brigid about to join the African Sisterhood, which Father Zimmermann has established at Cork, and which is being cared for by some Continental Nuns.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN is doing some sledge-hammer work in the New York *Freeman's Journal*.

George and McGlynn.

THE New York *World*, which has been more friendly to Henry George and Dr. McGlynn than any of the other papers of that city, thus admits the failure of the much advertised demonstration to endorse Dr. McGlynn: "With all due respect to Henry George, we wish to remind him that the *World* could have no purpose in misreporting the McGlynn demonstration. We wanted the truth and sent out men who were prepared to count one hundred thousand paraders. They made a careful enumeration, and found 7,692 men in line. If Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn are disappointed we cannot help it."

GIVE me a man of some religion in preference to a man of no religion.— ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

Gladstone Invites Blaine.

FROM the New York *Tribune:* One of Mr. Blaine's earliest invitations in London came from Mr. Gladstone, and was promptly accepted. These leaders of public opinion in England and America must have enjoyed mutually the privilege of meeting each other and conversing freely upon the events of the day. Mr. Gladstone is out of favor at present in the fickle world of London fashion, and it is not considered to be good form for any one who frequents what are known as the great houses to pay him marked attention. Mr. Blaine, being thoroughly American in feeling, and also fully sympathizing with the home rule policy which has excited the displeasure of London society, was not unwilling to be one of Mr. Gladstone's guests.

EVERY IRISH FAMILY, at home and abroad, who have children of both sexes, should have a Patrick and Bridget among them.

New Steamer for the Inman Line.

THE Inman and International Steamship Company (Limited), owning the Inman Line of Steamers, has contracted with Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead, for a transatlantic steamship. She will be built of steel, with triple expansion engines and twin screws. The builders have guaranteed that she shall be superior in speed to anything now afloat. Her dimensions will be: Length over all, 500 feet; beam, 62 feet; depth of hold, 43 feet; 17,000 horse-power, 8,500 tons register. With the exception of the *Great Eastern* the largest vessel now afloat is the City of Rome, 8,144 tons register, and the fastest ship now afloat is the *Etruria*, of 7,392 tons register. A special feature of the construction of this ship will be her longitudinal bulkheads, which in connection with the usual transverse bulkheads will greatly increase the number of watertight compartments and render her practically unsinkable. Her boilers and engines will be protected by

side coal-bunkers, and the specifications for her construction have been accepted by the British Admiralty as being fully up to their requirements for an armed cruiser. Her great beam will give an opportunity for large deck saloons. Her large passenger capacity it is intended shall be fitted up for only 350 first-class passengers so as to insure the highest degree of comfort. She will be delivered in the early spring of 1888. An approximate idea of her cost may be formed from the fact that the *Etruria* cost about £350,000. The construction of this ship will be followed by that of others, and by important improvements in ships of the Inman Line now in service. The *City of Berlin* will be withdrawn in the course of a few weeks to be fitted with triple expansion engines and steel boilers, calculated to give her a speed of 17 knots; her cabins will also be enlarged and improved.

GENERAL GRANT was remarkable for obstinate persistency. His famous "If it takes all summer," is characteristic of the man. As it was persistency in the use of powder and shell that reduced Vicksburg, so it is persistency in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla that cures blood diseases.

Horned Men and Women.

AN interesting addition has just been made to the museum of the Hospital St. Louis, in Paris, in the shape of a strong and solid horn, which has been surgically removed from the head of a woman residing at Hyères, in the Reviera. This appendage grew from the scalp, was twenty one centimeters (eight inches) long, and in appearance and consistence resembles the horn of a goat. This deformity is rare, but not so much so as is generally imagined. Cloquet, the eminent anatomist, records a case, and Demarquay collected fifty-nine cases. The late Sir Erasmus Wilson gives a very complete account of the deformity in the twenty-seventh volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society." Out of the ninety cases mentioned therein, forty-four were in females, thirty-nine in males, and the sex of seven is unrecorded. In the New York *Medical Repository* of 1820 is described the case of a man from whose forehead grew a horn which had three branches, and was fourteen inches in circumference. These growths have their origin in a diseased sebaceous gland, and their treatment is removal. It is necessary to destroy all remains of the offending sebaceous gland or recurrence may happen.

No Corduroys Admitted.

THE peace of the parish of Netley Marsh, Totton, in Hampshire, has been sadly disturbed ever since last autumn. The church-wardens, and principally the vicar's church-warden, have refused to allow the lads of the Totton Reformatory School to continue their attendance at the parish church. It was not alleged that the lads misbehaved or disturbed the service, but simply that they usurped the seats of the parishioners and "invariably wore corduroy clothes." As, however, an offer of £600 from the committee of the school to enlarge the church so as to afford room for the boys was declined, and as the law officers of the crown gave it as their opinion that the boys were entitled to seats in the parish church, we are justified in concluding that the real objection was not against the lads but against their corduroys. Whether the wearing of corduroy clothes is a bar to admission to a Protestant church, the law, to which an appeal has been made, must now decide.

ON one occasion when St. Francis Regis was struck in the face by a sinner whom he was reproving, he replied: "If you only knew me you would give me much more than that." His meekness converted the man, and it was in this spirit that he teaches us to win souls to God.

The Church in California.

WE give elsewhere an engraving of the grand cathedral in San Francisco, for which we are indebted to the able and gentlemanly editor of *The Monitor*, which is doing good work for the Church on the Pacific Coast. In 1852 there were but forty thousand Catholics, white and Indian, in Upper and Lower California. For these there were 31 churches, 38 priests, a seminary, and a few schools. There are now 220,000 Catholics, with 229 priests, 171 churches, 180 chapels and stations, 8 colleges, 35 academies, 13 asylums and hospitals, and a great and steadily increasing number of parochial schools. California has three Episcopal Sees within her borders,—the Metropolitan See of San Francisco, and those

of Sacramento and Monterey. The corner-stone of another cathedral was laid in Sacramento on the 12th of June, by Rt. Rev. Patrick Monogue, bishop of the diocese of Sacramento. Rev. J. M. C. Bouchard, S. J., preached on the occasion. Upwards of five thousand dollars was contributed towards the erection of the cathedral on the occasion!

The Great Englishman.

FROM the Boston *Advertiser:* In the description of the jubilee ceremonies the only mention made of Mr. Gladstone is that he "made his way along the edge of the crowd to a retired place." Yet Mr. Gladstone is the greatest man in the British empire to-day, and had the Queen supported him in his plans to harmonize the empire, her jubilee might have seen all her realm happy over the event and represented at the exercises in Westminster. How cheap all these lords and princelings who figure in the ceremonies appear in comparison with this man.

A ROYAL AUTHOR. — The King of the Belgians is said by continental papers to be engaged on a "History of the Conquest of England by the Normans." His recent visit to that country is declared to have been undertaken with the purpose of personally examining the battlefield of Hastings.

Captain Jack Hussey,

WHO has in his life-time saved over sixty people from drowning, and was the proud wearer of a dozen gold and silver medals, was fatally wounded in New York by Officer Edward Hahn of the Twelfth precinct. The cowardly scoundrel who shot Captain Jack was graduated as a police officer from the bar-room of a notorious Tenth Ward liquor dealer. Hussey was born in Castlemartyr, county Cork, Ireland, June 24, 1824. He came to New York when he was twenty-three years old, and carried a hod for over a year. Then he went West and worked on the Rock Island Railroad. In 1850 he returned to that city, and became a long shoreman. The first life he saved was that of his wife. She was Ellen Dooney, and he pulled her out of Lake Erie, near Dunkirk, April 17, 1852. Up to September 10, 1886, Captain Jack had an official record of having saved twenty-four lives. In addition to a number of medals for saving human lives, he had one given by Henry Berg, on September 9, 1871, for saving seven horses at pier 47 North River. The poor fellow died from the effects of the wound June 21.

THAT was a happy hit made by Mr. Ryan, editor of the Montreal *Post*, "that if the English had the right to take off the head of a king, the Canadians had the right to send off a governor-general."

The Ursuline Convent,

BEFORE its removal to Charlestown, was located at the corner of Federal and Franklin Streets. The building at Mount Benedict was completed February 26, 1828, and was destroyed by a mob on the night of August 11, 1834. One of the leading, if not the principal incendiaries, is living and resides on the shore of one of New Hampshire's beautiful lakes. Surrounded by the friends of his youth, and kindly cared for by loving relatives, lives a man who was once tried for his life, and whose trial and acquittal caused greater excitement throughout Eastern Massachusetts than any criminal procedure before or since. That man is John R. Buzzell, the leader of the mob. He was born within a short distance of where he now lives, in 1805, but when a young man he left home and learned the trade of brick making, at which he was employed when called upon to lead the infuriated rioters in their work of destruction. In his youth he was noted for his tremendous strength and extraordinary agility, which were tested in many a hard struggle with the bullies of the Massachusetts coast. In form he was a perfect picture of physical manhood, measuring six feet six inches in height, while his broad shoulders and stalwart limbs gave him the appearance of a giant. It is told of him that at the time of the burning of the nunnery he could stand with a cross bar at the height of his chin, and leap over it at a single spring, without touching his hands.

A Question of Frog's Legs.

THE Catholic *Columbian:* A correspondent in a distant city of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, has written to us to settle a point of dispute: "Is it a violation of the second precept of the Church to eat frog-legs on a Friday?" We referred the matter to a learned clergyman of this city, who fortified his recollection by consulting an established authority in modern theology, and the point is well

settled that frogs, although to some extent amphibious, are classified with fish, oysters, and all animals of that species, living in the water, and the eating of them on Friday is not forbidden.

The Great Curse of the Laboring Man.

NOW, a word about the great curse of the laboring man — strong drink. Had I ten million tongues and a throat for each tongue, I would say to every man, woman, and child here to-night: "Throw strong drink aside as you would an ounce of liquid hell" (tremendous applause). It sears the conscience; it destroys everything it touches; it reaches into the family circle and takes the wife you have sworn to protect and drags her down from her pinnacle of purity into that house into which no decent woman ever goes alive. It induces the father to take the furniture from his house, exchange it for money at the pawn-shop, and spend the proceeds in rum. It damns everything it touches. I have seen it in every city east of the Mississippi, and I know that the most damning curse to the laborer is that which gurgles from the neck of the bottle (cheers). If I could have the pledge of every man in our order to-day, let it dwindle down to one hundred thousand if it will, but give me one hundred thousand sober, honest, earnest men, and I will wage the battle of labor more successfully than if you give me twelve million of men who drink moderately or drink much. POWDERLY.

THOSE who, without knowing us, think or speak evil of us, do no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.

Editor William O'Brien.

MR. O'BRIEN got a grand reception on his arrival in Ireland. The whole coast was ablaze, the hills being lighted up with tar-barrels in testimony to the people's joy at his safe return. In Dublin the enthusiasm was immense. Mr. O'Brien addressed the multitude. In brief he said: "I confess to priests and people that it is a supreme delight for me again to take breath among the Irish hills, where at least the air is free. I also confess that it is pleasant to hear words of approval of my actions welling from your warm Irish hearts. We had a hard time in Canada, but with Heaven's blessing and the assistance of the good people of Canada, we won all along the line, and have left the post of Governor-General so discredited that the most needy of Lansdowne's evicted tenants would not envy his position. We have had the hearty approval of the American press and people,—and I can promise you their continued support, provided you shall peacefully continue the righteous struggle. America will sustain you and enable you to crush the greatest efforts of this jubilee coercion government through your fidelity to the sacred cause. In a short time it will be the glory of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell to set the crown of victory on the brow of an indestructible Irish nation."

SUNDAY frolics and drinking cannot end very well. It is no wonder that accidents occur and people come to grief. There are hundreds who can go on excursions and to picnics, but who have no time to say their prayers nor attend at Mass.

Good Advice.

BOSTON *Daily Globe:* It is well for all the sincere friends of the Home Rule cause on this side to remember that this is a critical point in the parliamentary struggle. The least word or smallest act of a prominent Irish leader while in this country, which could be distorted so as to support the *Times'* allegations against the Nationalists, and hold them up as the allies of men who advocate violence and murder, would be instantly used for that purpose by their Tory enemies. It is a time when the utmost prudence is necessary.

Mixed Marriages.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, Toronto, Canada, has decreed that no dispensations shall hereafter be granted in his Diocese for mixed marriages, where the woman is a non-Catholic. Experience has taught that a Protestant mother cannot raise her children Catholics, and she is thus unable to comply with the essential condition on which such dispensation is granted.

The Golden Rose.

IT is intimated that the Pope will bestow the Golden Rose on Miss Caldwell, who gave three hundred thousand dollars to the new Catholic University. The

wife of General Sherman is the only American woman who has hitherto received the Golden Rose, a mark of distinction bestowed on those who have rendered great service to the Catholic Church.

Protesting Against Immoral Show Bills.

BISHOP CLEARY, of the Diocese of Kingston, Canada, has vigorously protested against the public display of immoral placards, used for advertising purposes, by an American theatrical troupe. "How," said the bishop, "shall our young people preserve the spirit of sanctification, and be kept clean from bad thoughts, if wicked men from another country are permitted to besmear the walls and fences of the city with the most hideous obscenities? No one, not even the most holy and God-fearing among us, could possibly preserve cleanliness of soul, or shut out bad thoughts and filthy misgivings in presence of those colored representations, obscene and loathsome in the last degree. They are the worst I have ever seen. They would be a disgrace to Sodom and Gomorrah. Why is the female figure thus persistently selected for such representation? Paganism did, indeed, reduce women to the condition of beastliness, but the Catholic Church, after centuries of teaching and legislation, had changed man's ideas respecting the female character and the honor due to it. The manifest tendency of theatrical exhibitions such as 'Clio,' is to degrade the female sex, and bring back the Pagan abominations of domestic and social life. Why is religious Canada so exceedingly tolerant of an outrage so unchristian and so degrading?"

The Kingston City Council ordered the the city commissioners to remove all placards of the immoral tendency.

In Canada they do some things better than in the United States. Here we have a lavish display of immoral lithographs and placards flaring before the gaze of old and young, and hardly one enters a protest. Perhaps our moral sensibilities are so dull as to be proof against this protrusion of obscenity.

JOHN DONAHOE, the sculptor, has arranged to make a life-size statue, for which John L. Sullivan will sit as the model. Sullivan has probably the finest physique of any man in the world, and there are few artists who could do better justice to such a subject than the creator of the marvellous "Young Sophocles." The result will be a rare addition to American art.

THE ENGLISH RADICALS propose, at the end of the session, to settle any doubts that may remain in the public mind as to the effect on the Radical party of the foul attacks of the *Times* on Mr. Parnell and his colleagues. They will give a banquet to the Irish party as an answer to the *Times*, and a final proof of their confidence in their Irish fellow-members of Parliament. Such evidence of the undiminished respect of the leaders of the English masses for the Irish party will completely counteract the effect on public opinion produced by the calumnies of the paper that has descended from its high estate to do the dirty work of an English political party. Isaac Holden, the wealthy Yorkshire manufacturer, is a principal mover in the matter. He is one of Gladstone's most earnest supporters, a man of great and deserved influence in the industrial district to which he belongs, and a millionnaire. He desired to defray the entire expense of the banquet himself.

LAWLER, of Dublin, has challenged Casey, the American hand-ball champion, to play for £400 and the championship of the world.

THE LONDON TIMES SUED BY FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL. — Frank Hugh O'Donnell, formerly member of Parliament for Dungarvan, and ex-president of the Home Rule Confederation, has brought suit against the *Times* for libel. The suit is based upon an article commenting on the letter recently sent to the *Times* by O'Donnell, to correct statements made by that paper regarding the alleged connection of Parnellism with Irish crimes. It is expected that "Parnellism and crime" issues will be raised in the course of the trial.

Important Allocution of Leo XIII.

WE give elsewhere this important allocution. It continues to be discussed in the leading journals of Europe. They all treat it—whether from a friendly or an unfriendly point of view—with so much earnestness that the very fact of their dealing with it is proof sufficient of the international character of the question raised, and ample justification of the

Pope's attitude. The German press is prominent amongst the friends of the Pontiff's claims. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich, while asserting its belief that it is not necessary to establish the temporal power in any shape whatever, holds that "the Papacy is an international institution, and there is no doubt that an attack upon that institution would provoke foreign intervention." The *Cologne Gazette* has gone further still and pronounced for the "territorial independence" of the Pope.

Boston College.

THE graduation exercises occurred on the evening of the 23d of June, and were attended by an audience of more than one thousand spectators. The programme consisted of a salutatory by Mr. John A. Degan, a remarkably well sustained and most interesting discussion on "Property in Land," in which Messrs. Edward A. Quirk, Denis J. Crowley, Joseph G. Anderson and Jeremiah J. Harty participated, and a fine valedictory by Mr. Bernard M. Sheridan. Liberal and deserved applause was bestowed on the speakers. At the close His Excellency Governor Ames, who had entered with Adjutant-Gen. Dalton during the exercises, was announced and was received with the most hearty demonstrations of favor. He made a pleasant and pointed speech, in which he expressed his high appreciation of the work which had been done at Boston College, to the excellent results of which he was willing to bear testimony. The College was never in so flourishing a condition. All honor to its president and faculty.

The second grand annual banquet of the Alumni Association of Boston College occurred Monday evening, June 27, at the Vendome. Prior to the feast a business meeting was held, and the following officers were chosen for '87-'88: President, Dr. William A. Dunn, '72; first vice-president, Rev. Dr. Talbot, '78; second vice-president, Rev. W. F. Powers, '82; secretary, James B. Machugh; treasurer, W. J. McDonald, '77; historian, Frank J. Barnes, '84. A resolution was passed testifying to the loss sustained by the association in the death of Rev. John D. Lally and Rev. William J. Quirk, both of the class of '81, who died during the past year. There were present as guests of the evening, Rev. E. V. Boursaud, President of the College, Rev. Pye Neal of Maryland, and Rev. Father J. I. Ziegler. About an hour and a half were devoted to an excellent repast, after which the newly elected president introduced Mr. Edward Burns, editor of the *Salem Times*, as toastmaster. Speeches were made in response to toasts by Fathers Boursaud, Coughlin, Barry and O'Connell, Messrs. James S. Manahan, Edward A. McLaughlin, clerk of the House of Representatives, Francis J. Barnes, Jeremiah Foley, Charles Mongan, Joseph G. Anderson, and Dr. Samson J. Callanan. Musical selections were rendered by Dr. William A. Dunn and Mr. John A. O'Shea. The reunion was splendidly successful in every respect.

One Effect of Strikes.

BOSTON *Daily Herald:*—The effect of the coke strike has been an increased importation of iron — 204,543 tons in April, and still more in May — and a large increase to follow in case of the threatened strike in the Pittsburg mills. Even the high duty does not prevent importation when American workers strike, and the pauper labor of Europe gets the persimmon. Labor needs wiser leadership.

Hon. James G. Blaine,

THE defeated candidate for the Presidency of the United States on the Republican ticket in 1886, is having a grand time in England. At one of the most prominent houses in London, the other day, a parliamentary leader said to Mr. Blaine, "Come and lunch with me next Monday, the Fourth of July, and I will give you the American flag for a tablecloth." "Thank you," said Mr. Blaine, "but we always have the American flag above us, and not below us."

A curious and comical fact is that Mr. Blaine, being known in England almost exclusively by his expressions of sympathy for the Irish cause, is looked upon by an ultra-ignorant, but very numerous class, as a representative of the dynamite form of American sympathy. A chattering group of English ladies in a drawing-room of the hotel decided that it was a dreadful thing to have such a man under the same roof with one; but that, after all it was a guarantee that the dynamiters would spare the hotel if they should conclude to celebrate the jubilee with an explosion.

Jottings.

We stopped at the "Good Shepherd's." Reverend Mother was engaged in speaking with an artist regarding the new edifice. She entered presently, wearing the soft white habit and silver heart of her Order. She accompanied us across the grounds over the intricacies of the new structure, where we paused a moment to notice first the niche set aside for the shrine of "Our Lady of Good Counsel," and in which is to be placed an oil painting which has touched the original picture of that title at Rome; next, an octagon dropped, as it were, a few feet below the dome window, the central figure of which will be the Sacred Heart encircled with seraphs.

We passed out; bursts of harmony broke upon us, and presently an opening disclosed the choristers. They were made up of bright, intelligent girls dependent on the charity of the "Shepherds" for home and shelter, and between whom and the reformatory class there is entire separation. They rose as we entered, continuing their hymn, and stitching cheerfully at their work. Floods of healthy sunlight streamed upon them. Pretty vines, pictures, statues, everywhere. "If you would be happy, work," quoth the sage. The protégés of the Good Shepherd illustrates this. We caught glimpses as we passed of immense dormitories, with their rows of little white beds, and of long, cheerful refectories in settings of cherry.

We crossed from department to department, reaching presently a workroom where machines run by power rattled off various kinds of work, the stitching of which we examined and found remarkable for its firmness and neatness; they were made up of frogged shirts, yachting shirts, boys' sailor blouses, etc., all belonging to the firm of Messrs. Coburn & Whitman, Clothiers, 73 Summer Street, whom the Sisters regard as old and tried friends because of the liberal supplies of work furnished them during sixteen years and more. Branching from this was the finishing-room, where samples of fine white custom work were to be seen, principally in infants' wear.

In the systematic routine of the laundry we came across some exquisite specimens of French embroideries. Many of Boston's representative families send their laundry to the "Good Shepherd's," the regulation there being so accurate that the mere discovery of a garment folded on the wrong side is sufficient to create concern among those in charge, until again righted.

Through an opening, glimpses were caught of line after line of snowy linen bleaching in the sun. Crossing to the Infirmary we found the same refulgence of light. There were twenty inmates. Convalescents sat about, some making scapulars, others reading, and so on. In a little ante-room shut off from the rest lay a young person dying. We passed down towards the great spacious kitchen. It seemed like a challenge of progress. Patent cooking boilers were ranged alongside, and over at the hearth the Sisters worked like bees. Not a speck of dust discernible. From the bakery near by eighty batches of bread were being set to cool. A Sister opened the bins. The grain was very white and fine. We passed now to a balcony connecting with the children's departments, where in stormy weather they can have their outing.

Altogether the arrangements are admirable, the good results cannot be estimated, and yet it is a mountain, through the pass of which lies many an obstacle. Thousands of dollars, it is said, could now be easily expended in necessary enlargements and repairs, not to mention debt on the new structure. The current expenses appall one, the House being barely able to meet them. This results possibly from its being conducted on such an eminently charitable basis; persons having no capacity for work or broken down by ill-health being cheerfully received, provided they are subjects for the House. Hard times this makes for the Sisters. At the approach of summer they look forward with a species of dismay to the falling off of laundry work. Some of their patrons then go to the country, others to Europe, others to the seashore. Good, profitable family washing directed there in abundance would prove of incalculable encouragement to one of the greatest known charities.

The new inmate is ushered into the most elevating influences. She sees every one about her busy; even the Sister Portress will scarce rest her busy fingers while answering inquiries. "Work," the potent means of good, is here exampled under one of the most perfect systems, and combined with the powerful spiritual influence surrounding, lifts many a poor Magdalen, like an iron hand, to faith, fortitude, and final perse-

verance. Such, at least, were our thoughts as we turned away.

Passers-by on the old Brookline road, in gazing at the House and its quiet surroundings, little dream, perhaps, of the immensity of effort and projects for good going on behind its silent walls, the extraordinary reforms, the pathetic histories, and the burdens and responsibilities weighing the good Mother, who, withal, is cheerful and affable, as if knowing neither worry nor care.

SEPPERLE.

THE *Catholic Weekly Review* has been published in Toronto for three or four months. It is well worthy the support of all the Catholics of Ontario.

IT will be known as "the Jubilee of Evictoria!" says the *Colorado Catholic*.

REV. NICHOLAS MATZ, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Denver, Colorado, has been appointed Coadjutor Bishop to the Right Rev. Bishop Macheboeuf, of Denver. He is a splendid ecclesiastic. He was studying for the diocese of Cincinnati when he volunteered to go out among the Indians. This was many years ago. Since then he has been laboring in the far West with wonderful success. He is a ripe scholar and the master of several languages.

BE polite before God, as you would before man. Remember He is always present.

GEN. M. T. DONAHOE has been appointed clerk of the board of directors for public institutions, made vacant by the resignation of Maj. Hodgkins.

Fine Biscuit and Crackers.

THE Wilson-Cass Co., of Cambridgeport, Mass., manufacture pure biscuit and crackers of every variety, and guarantee them absolutely pure. The company also manufacture an entirely new class of goods, known by the name of Raspberry tarts. They are made by a new process, and are not simply a new style of old goods, but are goods made on a *new principle*, never before known to bakers. They have large factories in Philadelphia, Pa., and Cambridgeport, Mass., and make a specialty of producing the finest goods of every description. We recommend the Wilson-Cass Co. to dealers and others in want of first-class goods at moderate prices.

What Gladstone Said in Wales.

AT the recent monster meeting in Swansea, Wales, he said that "his conviction was that the management of strictly Irish affairs by strictly Irish authority would alone be really effective, and acceptable to the Irish nation. The retention of the Irish members was a subsidiary matter. What was wanted was a clean character for the English government, which had been disgraced throughout the world by its treatment of Ireland for seven centuries. He was unable at present to suggest a mode of representation when Home Rule was established. That difficulty, however, should not impede the settlement of the question. A golden opportunity was now offered which might never be returned. He would accept any effective measure for Home Rule, subject to the supremacy of parliament, the unity of the empire, and the wish of the Irish."

THE EXPOSURE OF LANSDOWNE by Editor O'Brien is telling in Canada. At the closing of parliament on the 23d of June there was a beggarly attendance. His days are numbered as governor-general of the dominion.

FROM IRELAND. — During the five months ended May 31st, 42,736 Irish men and women emigrated to America and the colonies. In the same period last year the number of Irish emigrants was 28,511. Of the total who left Ireland this year 39,132 came to the United States.

Georgetown College.

FOREMOST among the distinguished visitors who attended the commencement exercises at the College of the Jesuits in Georgetown, D. C., was President Cleveland. It is worthy of notice, in connection with this occurrence, that Georgetown has had all the Presidents of the United States from George Washington, inclusive, present at her commencements — an honor which has been shared by no other college. She will celebrate her centenary two years hence.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

BOSTON HIGHLANDS, June, 1887.

A FESTIVE garland of loving hearts clustered about the dear Father rector here, on the evening of the 10th, in the event of the silver jubilee of his priesthood. The celebration took place in the basement of the Basilica, or shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. The platform bloomed with floral tributes, and the choir sang, "Vival bonus pastor," with all their hearts and all their strength. Father Henning passed up from the front range of seats to the platform. The applause was deafening. He repeated several times that the emotion experienced on this occasion was the happiest of his life, because in this event he not only saw an assurance of love, but also a profession of faith. As he stood on the platform in his black, girdled robe, his cross and beads, his noble head lifted to the audience, there was not one present, I dare say, who would not have wished themselves possessed of the faerie powers of transformation, that the desire of this dear Father's heart, namely, a "parochial school," a "fitting Altar for Our Lady," and a "Society, moral, intellectual and social for our young men," might be made by touch of the magic wand to spring up in a night. Alas, the magic wand nowadays is money, in this severely real age, and the good faerie godmothers who would fit in so handy in these earnest impulses of the people's heart, to realize the zealous ambitions of a beloved pastor, live only between the covers of a book; yet, God can send the rain on the seed, and up comes the harvest and the "to-morrow" yearned for, and reached through struggle, will soon be "to-day."

The ground is already broken for the school, and rumor has it that it will be set underway very soon. The society is waited for with great anticipation, fervent parental prayers crystallize around it, and the young ladies are wondering why it is that there is always something of the social and intellectual phase on the move for "young men," and why they are left like peris at the gate, they who would so appreciate a Society. As for the altar, gratitude should pile up such an altar there, as was never heard of in song or story. Once under the basilica dome, and many signs speak even to the stranger of the bounty of its sweet patroness. On the left recess is the shrine, and hung within its blessed concave, the crutches, braces, queer props and subterfuges which Mary has taken from the lame. Every Wednesday of every week, throughout the year, car after car empties the afflicted of every description at its door; they throng the shrine with that impetus of faith, that draws them hopefully to Mary. The scriptural scenes of Christ healing the sick comes back, as the saintly Father O'Connor raises his hands and blesses the multitude. There they are read and prayed over; they are encouraged by evidences given of others, equally as afflicted as they, being favored; thus many who have crossed its portals in despair have departed in faith and thanksgiving.

The love of the people in its sweetest sense, hovers over the mission shrine, whose doors are thrown wide from early dawn-light till late at night. Who can tell or fathom the strange histories that drift there; the vows and tears and heartrendings laid at its altar; the blind begging for sight; the lame for power to walk; the epileptic for Mary's advocacy to deliver them from being a burden to themselves and a spectacle to the world; the wife for the husband, the husband for the wife, the parent-heart rent for the child, the child for the parent, the poverty-stricken for prosperity, the homeless for a home.

Often the scene occurs of a petitioner kneeling there as if unable, unwilling, to go, and quite heedless of time. The lights, one by one, will be extinguished in the late night, the great church will have only Mary's lamp left, and yet the poor sobbing soul tried, God alone knows in what manner of crucible, will kneel wrestling with prayer. The brother raps the keys twice and twice over. "You will be locked in," some one says hurriedly, when she rises slowly and takes her reluctant departure.

Dire servants of the people are the Fathers, sitting penned up in the stifling confessional, at every call, at every hour, preaching with a spur and purpose that wring and startle hearts from evil, crossing the threshold of the sick and suffering, bringing hope and courage and sweetness there, hurrying through street and by-way, day after day carrying our Blessed Saviour on their breast to the sick and dying; love and the most inexpressible devotion follows them. On the evening of the 19th of June, different parents in the mission parish were engaged in the sacred preparation of getting their children ready for the morrow, or First Communion Day. In

one house a little room was newly equipped and curtained; beautiful flowers from thoughtful friends adorned it; a taper was lit before Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

"Go to sleep with your eyes on the taper," said the child's mother, "and think of the guest of to-morrow."

When the happy "morrow" came the organ played a grand march, and there appeared in slow, measured procession down the Mission's centre aisle a line of boys and girls,— the boys in black, the girls in white,— heads bowed, hands clasped, and Father Licking, their steadfast Instructor, at their head. They were the first communicants of 1887. They filed into place according to the manner of thoroughly drilled soldiers. Father Licking then ascended the pulpit, and addressed them.

It was an address that it would seem might inspire the most unappreciative to Christian valor, and spur the listening child to become a knight in armor for the faith. Never is keener tact required than that of reaching or finding the mind of a child. Father Licking's language was so true to the child-nature and understanding, so valorously winning and appealing, that it could have been no other than inspired. There were moistened eyes and awe-stricken hearts among the parents, as they harkened to this young shepherd guiding his flock. As he stepped from the pulpit, one could not help suspecting that here among little children gardening their souls lay his choice, that he would put aside all other distinction for that.

The first Communion Mass had Rev. Father Joseph Henning as celebrant, with Reverend John Hicky and Rev. Father Kantz as assistants. I knew one of the little communicants whose card to his friends on this great occasion was a rose bud. He was twelve years of age and wore a bouquet on his breast of twelve buds, a bud for every year. These he sent to particular friends. To his best friend he sent one of his white gloves, with date red-lettered in silk, on its index finger, the other, spotless, was laid aside as a relic to be looked in upon in hours of temptation.

Notes.

Sunday the 10th was the feast of our Lady of Perpetual Help. The light before the Sacred Heart altar during the month of June burns from a beautiful ruby heart. Bouquets are offered in profusion, and roses in crosses of red and white.

Father Henning was born in New York in 1838. Entered his novitiate as Redemptorist at Annapolis in 1854; ordained to the priesthood in 1862; appointed rector of Our Lady's Shrine, Boston Highlands, 1880.

The silver jubilee offering was two thousand dollars.

Alas! and, oh, alas! to-day brings the news of our dear rector's removal to Toronto. Father McNierney is to fill his place here. So much for echoes from the lovely month of *sacre cœur* and roses.

M. Reynolds.

Notes on Foreign Travel.

The second instalment of the "Palace of the Cæsars" is unavoidably crowded out. These papers are extremely interesting, and the author desires to make the subject complete.

Dean Swift says he never knew a man to rise to eminence who lay in bed of a morning. And Franklin: He who rises late may trot all day, but never overtakes his business.

Mr. Onahan Receives a Distinguished Compliment.

City Collector Onahan, of Chicago, Ill., has received the following pleasant note from his Eminence, Card. Gibbons:

Cardinal's Residence, No. 408 North Charles Street, Baltimore, June 13, 1887.

My Dear Mr. Onahan: Many thanks for your kind message and welcome. I take this occasion to congratulate you on the noble and conservative stand you have taken in the recent election in Chicago on the side of law and order and in the loyal interests of our Republic. May God bless you!

Faithfully yours in our Lord,

James Card. Gibbons, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

Little Sisters of the Poor.— A chapter of the Little Sisters of the Poor will be held in Tours, France, July 19. The cardinal residing at Rennes will preside, and Rev. Fr. Auguste Le Poilleur, the founder of this noble Order, will be present. As there are two hundred and eighty six houses, there will be a notable gathering of these angels of mercy.

Notices of Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cin.

IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS. Glimpses of their Labors on the Continent of Europe. By Rev. William P. Treacy.

This is, undoubtedly, a very brilliant and scholarly work. It is the most touching and eloquent tribute that has yet been paid to the gifted, the holy, the patriotic Irish Clergy of the Penal Times. It tells us, on one side, of the trials, and persecutions, and fidelity of Irish priests in their native land, and on the other, it shows us how they reflected honor and glory on their own little "Island of Sorrow" in the different Courts and Schools and Universities of Europe. It is a work replete with facts redounding to the glory of Catholic Ireland. No true Irishman can read it without having his heart filled with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. We would venture to predict that Father Treacy has given us a book of which the whole Irish race will be proud, and which will endear his name to all lovers of Ireland the world over. As a student of Louvain the reverend author had rare opportunities of examining original documents, and of these he certainly availed himself, as is proved by his book. Father Treacy has long since earned for himself the reputation of a vigorous writer—both in prose and verse. His articles in some of the London and Dublin magazines were received with great favor by literary men, and extensively copied by the press not only of England, Ireland, and America, but also of India and Australia. As an historian we need say no more of him than that he was appointed by the Jesuits to edit their only historical magazine in this country. Father Treacy is also a valuable contributor to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. Many of the author's poems are included in the work before us. This will be welcome news to all those who have admired "The Monks of Erin," "The Cross," "Ave Maria," "When Night Comes On," "Erin Dear," "The Irish Peasant's Song," etc. From the contents of the book we find that the reverend writer has treated of "The Penal Days in Ireland," "Patriotism of Irish Priests in Penal Times," "Irish Professors in Penal Days," "Irish Chaplains with the Irish Brigades," "Irish Chaplains in Foreign Courts," "Irish Hagiology," "Irish Colleges Founded Abroad," "St. Isidore's College, Rome," "The Irish Dominican Convent on Mount Cesar, Louvain," "The Irish Dominican Convent, Lisbon," "The Convent of St. Anthony of Padua, Louvain," "The Irish College at Paris," "The Pastoral College, Louvain," "Pont-a-Mousson, Lorraine," "Some Irish Authors of the Penal Days," "Irish Genius Abroad," "Graves of Irish Exiles on the Continent of Europe," etc.

The book is put at the low price of $1.25 and is the most interesting and instructive book that has been issued from the Catholic press for many years. It should have a large sale.

The Catholic Publication Society Co.

QUARTERLY SELECTIONS: readings, recitations, declamations, and dialogues, for Catholic schools and literary societies, compiled and adapted by Katharine A. O'Keeffe. Issued June, September, December and March; June, 1887. Subscription $1.00 a year. Single copies 30 cents.

The following are the contents: Revere the Church thy Mother, Eleanor C. Donnelly; Some Irish Facts, L. J. Holmes, M. D.; The Priests of Ireland, John Boyle O'Reilly; Catholic Education, Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P.; The Poets, T. D. Sullivan; Our Alarm-Clock, Emily G. Wetherbee; Coming Home from Mass, Finola; The Grant Memorial, Rev. Arthur J. Teeling; King Robert of Sicily, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; Sam Weller's Valentine, Charles Dickens; "Captain Molly," William Collins; Extracts from a Speech at Mullaghmast, Daniel O'Connell; The Irish Mother's Story, Katharine A. O'Keeffe; (published in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE a year or so ago.) Rory O'More's Visit to Dublin, Samuel Lover; Fanny Parnell, Emily G. Wetherbee; The First Signer of Magna Charta, Hon. S. S. Cox; The Woman of Three Cows, James Clarence Mangan; The Faithful Irish Girl, *McGee's Illustrated Weekly;* The Irish-American, T. D. Sullivan; Irish Emigrants, Katharine A. O'Keeffe; "Baby Patrick," Richard Oulahan; She Misunderstood, *Detroit Free Press;* The Green and Gold, Mary A. Ford; Children of Irish Parents, Thomas D'Arcy McGee; The Queen—*Och*, bless her! [Adapted for her "Jubilee"] *Boston Pilot.*

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

ONCE UPON A TIME: Stories and Legends.

This story is reprinted from the pages of

our excellent contemporary the *Ave Maria*, a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. The book is neatly printed and bound, and is sold for the low price of seventy-five cents.

William Briggs, Toronto, Ont.

THE GATE OF FLOWERS AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas O'Hagan, M. A.

There are twenty-five poems in this very prettily gotten-up book. They will compare favorably with those of many other poetical works that we have seen. The author is a new aspirant to poetical fame. Mr. O'Hagan occupies a high position as a teacher in the town in which he resides, Paisley, Ont.

ALL of the above books may be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN July Charles L. Webster & Co. will publish the "Life of Leo XIII.," by Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., LL. D. It is written with the approbation and blessing of the Holy Father, as a souvenir of his golden jubilee. The writer was furnished with a manuscript memoir, from which he has largely drawn.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & CO., of Boston, have prepared for presentation to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. a magnificent copy of "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints," by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement and Miss Katharine E. Conway. It is bound in white calf, with the Papal arms stamped on the covers in gold, and gold lettering. The book is enclosed in a handsome case of white calf, lined with white plush.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "O Thou That Tellest," Handel. "The Children's Home," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by F. H. Cowen. "Glory to Thee, my God, this Night," words by Bishop Ken, music by Chas. Gounod. "My Destiny," words by Car. Panzachi, music by C. Pinsuti. Dutch Dolls," words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, music by May Ostlere. "Gloria,' from "Mass in E," by J. E. Trowbridge. "Calvary," words by Henry Vaughan, music by Paul Rodney. "I'm Dreaming of Thee, Marguerite," by Erik Meyer-Helmund. "Our Last Waltz," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by J. L. Molloy. "Only Thee," Quartette, C. A. White. "Forever with the Lord," by Chas. Gounod. "The Old and the Young Marie," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by F. H. Cowen. "The Skippers of St. Ives," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by J. L. Roeckel. "The Better Land," words by Mrs. Hemans, music by F. H. Cowen.

Instrumental: "Grandmother's Story," by C. Reinecke. "Sylphide," by A. Loeschorn. "Ope Thy Lattice," Serenade, by G. Bachmann. "Potpourris." Nos. 1 and 2 from "The Vice Admiral," by C. Millocker. "Meeting of the Sparrows." Mazurka, Edw. Holst. "Ripples on the Sea," Sydney Smith. "The Four Seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter," by H. Lichner. "The Harp that Once," "Swiss Air and Gentle Zitella," and "Hope Told a Flattering Tale," all arranged for Violin and Piano, by Henry Farmer. Favorite Airs, arranged for Violin and Piano by Anton Andre, viz.: No. 1. "March de l'Opera de Norma;" No. 2. "Marche des Marseillais;" No. 3, "Home, Sweet Home;" No. 4, "Brindisi de l'Opera La Traviata;" No. 5, "Sultan's Polka;" No. 6, "Lucrezia Borgia." "Strewing Flowers Waltzes," by E. H. Bailey, arranged for full orchestra. "Joyfulness," by Edw. S. Mattoon." Morning Prayer," by C. Gurlitt. "Youthful Dreams," by Henry Scott. "The Sisters," by Mendelssohn. "Sounds of the Past," by Gustav Lange. *Books:* "Twenty-five Etudes," by H. Bertini. Book 2, "Gallia," Motet for Soprano Solo, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ, by Chas. Gounod. "Morrison's Church Anthems for Quartette and Chorus Choirs," by C. P. Morrison. "Celebrated Duos for Two Violins," by J. Pleyel. "Requiem," for four voices, by Robert Krawustche. "White's Duets, for Violin and Piano." Also "The Folio" for July, a very interesting number of this popular journal.

THE secretary of the navy has invited proposals for three heavy, six-inch, breech-loading rifled canon, capable of discharging projectiles weighing 100 pounds each, with a muzzle velocity of not less than 2,000 feet per second.

REV. THOMAS SCULLY, of Cambridgeport, accompanied by his curate, Father Hickey, sailed from Boston on the *Pavonia* June 30, on their way to Rome.

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE Right Rev. Mgr. Power, of Halifax, N. S., died suddenly in that city on the 21st of June. Mgr. Power, on three occasions, was charged with the administration of the diocese, and was greatly beloved. At the requiem services His Grace Archbishop O'Brien preached the funeral sermon.

REV. JOHN C. O'CONNELL, assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, Bridgeport, Conn., died at the parochial residence of apoplexy, aged thirty-four years. He was born in county Cavan, Ireland, was educated at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and was there ordained a priest.

ON a recent Sunday, while crossing the tracks of the Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia Railroad, the Very Rev. Michael da Nazzi, O. S. F., provincial of St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N.Y., was struck and killed by a passing train.

FROM Australia comes news of the deaths of two Irish-born priests who had devoted themselves to missionary labors under the Southern Cross. Rev. Father Eugene Hurley died recently at Petersham, Sydney. The reverend gentleman entered Clonliffe College in 1875; in 1880 he was transferred to Maynooth; and in November, 1885, he went out to Sydney with Cardinal Moran, by whom he was ordained in the December following. He was in delicate health from the time of his arrival in the colony. The funeral obsequies were celebrated in St. Thomas's Church, Petersham, his Eminence the Cardinal presiding. The Rev. Father Callinan, a native of county Clare, died at St. Vincent's Hospital, Bathurst, on the 9th of May.

THE Archdiocese of Boston has just lost a laborious and exemplary priest in the person of the Rev. Michael Doherty, rector of St. Patrick's Church in Brockton, Mass., who died suddenly in that city, July 3, of a paralytic shock. Father Doherty was born in Ireland in 1835. He came to this country in 1871, and his first mission was in Brockton, where he has since remained. Father Doherty has a cousin, the Rev. James Doherty, in Haverhill, and is related to Father Harkins, of Holyoke, also to Bishop Harkins, of Providence. The funeral took place from Father Doherty's late church on July 5, and was attended by a large number of priests from various parts of the State. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at ten o'clock, the church being crowded. The Rev. Fr. Harkins, of Holyoke, acted as celebrant; the Rev. Fr. Conlon, of Bridgewater, as deacon; the Rev. Fr. Morris, of Brookline, as subdeacon; the Rev. Fr. Doherty, of Haverhill, as master of ceremonies; the Rev. Fathers O'Toole and Murphy, of West Newton, as chanters of the Office, and the Rev. Fr. Chittick, of Plymouth, delivered the panegyric. A procession of the different Catholic societies followed the remains to the grave. The floral gifts were numerous. May he rest in peace!

LAY PEOPLE.

OF your charity pray for the soul of Paul Kehoe, a native of the parish of Litta, county of Wexford, Ireland, who departed this life June 9, at North Granville, N. Y., fortified with the Sacraments of Holy Church, aged fifty-three years. The deceased was a brother of Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, of the Catholic Publication Society Company. May he rest in peace!

CHIEF CASEY, of the Cambridge fire department, met with a domestic affliction last week, in the death of his brother William, who passed away on the morning of the 24th of June after a brief illness. The deceased was about sixty years of age and long a resident of East Cambridge.

ELIZA, wife of John J. Burns, died in Providence, R. I., on the 23d of May, much lamented by all who knew her. May her soul rest in peace. Amen. She was a native of Limerick. Her age was fifty-nine years.

ANOTHER of the veterans of the "Irish Brigade" has passed away. Dr. Lawrence Reynolds, Senior Surgeon, Sixty-Third Regiment, New York Volunteers, died recently in Oswego, N. Y., at the ripe age of eighty-four years. Truly the genial old "Doctor" has passed away "full of years and of honors"; and there are none who remember his frank, good-natured companionship, in field or camp, who will not fervently respond to the prayer that his soul may rest in peace. Dr. Reynolds was born in Waterford,

Ireland, but at an early age — like many of his countrymen from that section — he emigrated to England, where he took an active part in the early Chartist agitation. In 1848 — being identified with the "Young Ireland" movement — he had to leave England, and came to New York, where he soon built up a lucrative professional business, being recognized as a first-class physician and surgeon. When the war broke out (notwithstanding his advanced years), on the 26th of February, 1862, he joined, as assistant surgeon, the Sixty-Third Regiment, New York Volunteers, which was then known as the "Third Irish Regiment" (the "old Sixty-Ninth" and the "Irish Rifles,"—Thirty-Seventh New York Volunteers, of Kearney's "Red Patch Fighting Brigade" being its predecessors). The surgeon appointed for the regiment having failed to qualify, when the corps was mustered for service, Dr. Reynolds was appointed surgeon, and as such, served with his regiment all through the active campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, being present in every action in which the command participated, and, when not thus employed, volunteering on the "Headquarters' Medical Staff." The esteem in which he was held by his commander (Gen. Hancock) was shown by the recommendation of the General, on which Surgeon Reynolds was advanced, "for service in the field" to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Dr. Reynolds was a versatile writer; and his scholarly pen made itself felt in many of the papers of that era. Poet, wit, scholar, he used all his talents to their full extent — but always, as far as Ireland was concerned, for what he thought would be for the benefit of that old land he loved so well. There will not be a veteran of the "Irish Brigade" that will not feel in his heart, a pang at the news of the death of "Old Larry Reynolds." May his soul rest in peace! The "Green Flag" of the Brigade never fluttered over a better soldier.

JOHN KEENAN, died at his house, No. 283 Bank Street, Newark, N. J., on July 1st, aged one hundred and two years. He had always enjoyed good health and worked hard up to within a few years of his death. He leaves two sons.

The Lesson of a Strike.

FROM THE *Springfield Republican:*— The North Brookfield lasters' strike was declared off recently by representatives of the New England Lasters' Union. The members madea rush for work at Batchelder's great shop, but found most of the places filled. The lesson to be learned is that this is a big country, and those who undertake to get up a corner in wheat, pork, petroleum, or labor will generally find that the country cannot be cornered.

THE Laval University of Quebec, at its closing exercises, conferred on Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, of Toronto, the degree and ring of a Doctor of Civil Law. There was a large audience present, and to the flattering address which was read by the Rector, Dr. O'Sullivan returned a suitable reply.

Most Rev. Archbishop Williams.

The Pilot Roman-correspondent, under date of Rome, June 16, says: "The Archbishop of Boston, accompanied by the Rev. John Gray, of Salem, Mass., left Rome yesterday on their way to Ancona, whence they were to proceed this morning to the celebrated Shrine of Loretto, eighteen miles from Ancona, and then proceed by slow stages until they reach Havre, France, where they will embark for America about the beginning of August."

AGAINST the enemy of his country every man is a soldier.—*Tertullian.*

GEN. P. A. COLLINS recently said to an interviewer: "Mr. Cleveland will sweep the country this time, no matter whom the Republicans nominate." That remains to be seen, Brother Collins.

OLD AND YOUNG will find good reading in our Juvenile Department this month.

They will go Dry First.

THE town of Bantry Island is suffering from drought, and the inhabitants have great difficulty in procuring water. Capt. Blackburne of her majesty's ship, *Shannon*, which is stationed in Bantry Bay, offered to furnish 40 tons of condensed water to relieve the town's wants, but the board of poor law guardians met and resolved to decline to accept any favor from the *Shannon's* captain, in consequence of the insult he has offered the inhabitants in seizing Mr. Murphy's yacht for flying a green flag on jubilee day.

Excommunicated.

THE time for the formal act has come, and the act has taken place. Dr. McGLYNN has long since excommunicated himself from the Church to which he once belonged. He invited his sentence. The Church and his ecclesiastical superiors were merciful and patient. This even the secular and anti-Catholic press noticed. Dr. McGLYNN chose to go away. He has been finally and formally informed that unless he obeys authority and ceases teaching and propagating false doctrine he must stay away from the Church that once cherished him. As for the idea of interference with the rights of an American citizen, all that is humbug. Dr. McGLYNN is now free as the winds. He failed in his obligations—in the obligations which he vowed to perform. Surely the Pope, or the Archbishop of New York, is as free to condemn a deserter as is any officer or general of an army. Dr. McGLYNN has forsaken his colors. The formal text of the Papal document, emphasizing what has been said, is published by authority in *The Catholic Review*:

OFFICIAL.

To the Very Rev. and Rev. Clergy and the Faithful Laity of the Archdiocese of New York:

"Be it known that on the fourth day of May, 1887, the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda admonished the Rev. Dr. EDWARD McGLYNN, late rector of St. STEPHEN'S Church in this city, that he had already rendered himself liable to ecclesiastical censure by disobeying the positive command of the Sovereign Pontiff, given January 17. Wishing, however, to deal leniently with him, the Sacred Congregation refrained from inflicting censure, and, offering him a further opportunity to be heard in his own behalf, gave him a final and peremptory order to present himself in Rome within forty days from the receipt of the letter containing such order, under penalty of excommunication to be incurred otherwise *ipso facto* and *nominatim*. This letter was duly delivered to DR. McGLYNN, and, as he allowed the days of grace to pass unheeded, it became our sad duty to notify him that the limit of time had expired, and that he had incurred by his own act this penalty of excommunication by name, whereby he is cut off from the communion of the Church, from its sacraments and participation in its prayers, and, should he persevere in his contumacy, deprived of the right after death to Christian burial.

"It has become also our duty to declare to the clergy and laity of our charge, which we do by these letters, that the Rev. Dr. EDWARD McGLYNN is excommunicate *nominatim*, with all the penalties attached to this censure by the canons of the Church.

MICHAEL AUGUSTINE, *Archbishop of New York.*

C. E. McDONNELL, Secretary.

New York, July 8th, 1887."

The Queen's Jubilee.

BOSTON *Daily Herald:*—It was a significant sight, the smallness of the number of the dining public men of Boston who attended the celebration of the Queen's jubilee in Faneuil Hall, to say nothing of the tone of some of the letters that were sent in excuse. Neither the national government nor the State was represented, though the city had the presence of Alderman Allen.

It was Overdone.

FROM the *Boston Daily Herald:*—The protest against the unreasonable saturnalia that attended the celebration of the recent anniversary in many of our cities, is coming in very generally. Those unmeaning orgies have at last reached a point when it is beginning to be asked if the safety of society and the comfort of those who compose it are not to be taken a trifle into account in this connection. The boys and the boyish men have their rights, but it will hardly do to give the nation entirely to them, even for one day.

A Very Live Swordfish.

SCHOONER HATTIE ELLEN of Fall River went swordfishing recently. Ten miles southeast of Brenton's reef lightship the crew struck a very lively fish, which came near ending the fishing career of one of their number. When this fish was struck he ran an hour with 40 fathoms of line and a large keg. A man in a rowboat was following his swordship, and when the fish stopped the man began hauling in the line, thinking the fish was dead. But instead, the fish was very much alive, for it started from the bottom, and, coming to the surface with a rush, stuck its sword through the bottom of the boat and stove it in. The boat was nearly capsized by the shock, and the sailor had a narrow escape from being impaled on the sword. Seeing, however, that the fish had obligingly come to him, he decided to keep it there, and accordingly tossed a half-hitch about the sword sticking through the bottom of the boat and held the fish until the schooner bore down upon him and picked him up. The schooner came into Newport, and the fish was sent to Fall River. It weighed 250 pounds.

MISS MARGARET J. O'DOHERTY, of Worcester Square, Boston, and her younger sister, Mary, sailed from Boston on the steamer *Bothnia*, on Thursday, July 7, for Ireland, for the benefit of the health of the latter. Several friends of the Misses O'Doherty assembled at their residence on the evening previous to their sailing to bid them a parting good-bye.

FATHER LAWRENCE SCANLAN, of Salt Lake City, Utah, was consecrated by Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco in the latter city, June 28th. Father Scanlan is the first Vicar Apostolic of Utah. He has long been the pastor of St. Mary Magdalen's Church, Salt Lake City, and is noted for his zealous missionary work.

THE *Catholic Citizen* says: "When Gladstone wants a jubilee, he shall have the real article," in which the whole English-speaking world will join.

THE Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, V. G., Boston, was among the guests at the Seventy-Ninth Annual Commencement of Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Joseph A. Campbell and Michael P. Mahon, of Boston, Mass.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. NOYES, *149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

UNDER the presidency of his Grace, the Archbishop of Tuam, the parish priests of the diocese of Achonry met, on June 15th, at Swinford, to elect a successor to the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack. The result of the voting was the selection of the Rev. Denis O'Hara, P.P., Kiltimagh, as *dignissimus;* the Very Rev. Canon Staunton, P.P., Tobbercurry, as *dignior;* and the Rev. Thomas Gilmartin, Professor in Maynooth College, as *dignus*. As usual the three names will be submitted to Rome; with the Vatican rests the final selection.

FURNITURE, ETC. — We refer to the advertisement of Messrs. B. A. Atkinson & Co., in this issue of our MAGAZINE.

The New Cathedral at Providence.

ON Sunday, July 3, the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Providence, R. I., was formally opened for divine services. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev Bishop Harkins, with the Very Rev. M. M. McCabe, assistant priest; deacons of honor, the Rev. N. N. McKinnon, S. J., rector of St. Joseph's Church, and the Rev. C. Hughes, rector of St. Patrick's Church; deacon of the

Mass, the Rev. R. Sullivan, rector of St. Mary's Church; sub-deacons of the Mass., the Rev. J. J. Maguire, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception; masters of ceremonies, the Rev. Fathers O'Reilly and Conboy. It was the intention to have the Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me., preach, but owing to illness he could not be present. The Very Rev. C. H. McKenna, O. P., preached the discourse, one of his best sermons. Father McKenna is always on hand in case of an emergency.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has intimated that the prospective Catholic University will be located in New York and not in Washington as at first proposed.

The Coercion Bill

PASSED its third reading in the House of Commons on the 8th of July. The vote stood 349 to 262.

God save Ireland!

BALFOUR, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, is catching it pretty hot. Mr. Parnell describ s him as "the only English Cabinet officer who ever entered upon a career of persecution with a light heart." Labouchere relates that an American "sizes up" the Secretary thus:—"He is not without brains; but, poor fellow, he has been shockingly neglected. He combines the manners of an unsufficiently whipped schoolboy with the information of a boy who has not been to school at all."

AN attempted assassination of a Bishop, almost similar to the occurrence in Madrid, has taken place in Mexico. On the Feast of Corpus Christi, Bishop Jose Maria Cazares, of Morelia, in the State of Michoacan, was stabbed at the altar in two places by a priest called Rojas, who is supposed to be insane. The Bishop may recover.

Ordinations.

AT the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on Saturday, June 25, there were ordinations of the students of Brighton seminary. Eleven candidates were ordained priests, three deacons and six sub-deacons, and twenty were promoted to minor orders and six to tonsure. In the absence of the most reverend archbishop, Bishop Harkins of Providence, conferred orders. The following candidates were promoted to holy priesthood: For the archdiocese of Boston — Revs. J. A. Barrett, Martin Cavanagh, E. E. Clexton, Michael Kelley, Timothy Mahoney, W. McDonough, Cornelius Riordan, Henry Walsh; W. J. Brown, (formerly connected with DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE) received minor orders;—for Springfield diocese—Eugene Brosnahan; for Providence, R. I.,—Napoleon Leclair; for Burlington, Vt. Phileas Lachance.

THE government of the colored republic of Liberia has applied to the Holy See for Catholic missionaries for the advancement of religion. The Supreme Pontiff has granted the request.

St. Mary's Church Fair, Boston.

THE following is the result of St. Mary's Church Fair, held for the purpose of paying the debt of the church. Closed June 16:—

Married Men's Sodality Table,	$13,232.65
Young Men's Sodality Table,	12,230.35
Young Ladies' Sodality Table,	7 384.35
Children's Table,	6,000.25
Married Ladies' Sodality Table,	4.900.50
Sanctuary Table,	2,845.65
Sacred Heart Table,	2,125.50
Choir Table,	1,805 00
Refreshment and Variety Table,	720.00
Door receipts,	79.35
Total receipts,	51.323.60
Expenses,	1,160.70
Net receipts,	$50,162.90

Interesting Reading.

WE notice that the *Boston Daily Herald* has in its Thursday evening and Sunday editions a very interesting summary of Catholic news. For Sunday papers this is peculiarly appropriate. We learn that this department is in charge of our young friend, Mr. W. F. Donovan, a young man of talent. With more experience, he will rise in the profession of journalism.

A CABLEGRAM from Ireland states that the venerable FATHER MURPHY, of Fall River, Mass., died in Ireland, on the 8th of July, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health.

HUMORIST.

"How's business?"—"Oh, it's picking up. How's your's?"—"Well, mine's falling off." "So?"—"What is your business?"—"Going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. What's your's?"—"I'm a rag-picker."

THE man whose wife woke him in church by sticking pins in him, says he does not like such pointed suggestions.

A BUFFALO lawyer was under examination as a witness and had stated approximately the time at which something occurred, when he was sharply requested by the examining attorney to be more definite. "You ought to know. It was about the time you collected my costs in that suit and kept the money," was the paralyzing reply.

PROOF POSITIVE.—"The teacher wanted to box my ears this morning," remarked Johnny Fizzletop. "How do you know that he wanted to box your ears?" asked his mother. "If he hadn't wanted to box my ears he wouldn't have done it, would he, eh?"

OR BURST A CABBAGEHEAD.—An exchange speaks of a man with double teeth who can crack a walnut. That is nothing. There is a policeman in Boston who has a set of false teeth and he can crack a cocoanut.

HE—Where are you going, my pretty maid? She—I'm going a milking, sir (she said). He—Can I not help you, my pretty maid? She—You can work the pump-handle, sir (she said).

A POMPOUS and opinionated man, when discussing a certain matter with a lady, exclaimed: "I know I am right, madame. I am perfectly sure that I am. I will bet my ears on it, madame."—"Do you think it right to carry betting to such extreme lengths?" quietly responded the lady.

A MILD REBUKE.—An Austin teacher overheard one of the larger boys in the class whispering to the boy below him that the teacher was a donkey. The teacher did not get angry at all. He did not seize the boy by the collar and draw him over a desk where he could get at him conveniently. All the teacher did was to remark placidly: "Harry, I shall mark you deficient in Natural History, as you cannot distinguish me from a donkey."

YOUNG LADY—"Are you an admirer of the beautiful, Dr. Slasher?" Dr. Slasher (a young sawbones)—"Oh, yes, indeed." Young Lady—"What is the most beautiful thing you ever saw?" Dr. Slasher (contemplatively)—"Well, I think the most beautiful thing I ever saw was the way in which Prof. Deepcutter took a man's leg off at the hospital last week."

A NEW PLAY (ON WORDS).—Act I. Scene—Parlor of a modern house. *Dramatis personæ*, he and she. He—"Don't you think, Julia, that you are rather frivolous? Now, there's my sister always reading some good book. Why, she tells me she has read 'Ben Hur' four times." She (demurely)—"Has she? I don't think I would like to have Ben Hur." Denouement—Kisses and reconciliation. Curtain.

A FRENCHMAN wishing to speak of the *cream* of the English poets, forgot the word and said—de butter of the poets. A wag said that he had fairly *churned* up the English language.

"TOMMY, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"—"Send it to the editor, of course."—"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"—"'Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came near fainting, but recovered herself sufficiently to ask: "But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their papers. I suppose there are plenty of such mean people." That boy stands a chance for the Presidency, if he lives

THE EDITOR WAS IN.—"Is the editor in?" asked a wiry-faced man, who stood six feet two inches in his socks, of the office boy of a Bloomington newspaper. "I do not know," replied the boy. "I'll ask him." He was gone about ten minutes, when he returned, smiling blandly, and said, "I guess he's in. He's in if you are the man he thinks you are. Is your name Smithers?"—"Yes; my name is Smithers, and I reckon he won't be in, the cowardly puppy, when he knows that Jake Smithers is after him."—"So you're Smithers are you?" said the boy. "Yes, I'm Smithers—the same Smithers that the gum-started rat called a ham in this morning's paper. I've come to clean out the shop and thrash that editor till he won't know himself from a stuck pig. I reckon the editor ain't in, now, is he?"—"Oh, yes. I'll show you up to his room in a minute. He told me to ask you if you was Smithers, and if you was, to show you up. When I left the room he had two revolvers, a ten-pound weight, and a sword, lying on his desk, and he told me to show you the door to his room right away, and to get behind the base burner for safety as soon as you went in. Right this way, sir. The editor's in, and he is anxious to see you." "Well, you tell the editor that I said he might go to Chicago, if he wants to. He can kiss my foot. I ha'int got no time to fool away on him." And Smithers hurried to catch the train.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, ma'am?" inquired the judge. "Well, I reckon I orter," was the reply. "My husband drives a canal boat."

Useful Knowledge.

How to Cure Warts.—Place the thumb upon the wart and press it against the bone. Move the wart back and forth upon the bone until the roots become irritated or sore, when the wart will disappear.

Liquids as well as Solids Required.—Medical authorities now declare that it is of vital importance to health that the system should receive daily a sufficient quantity of water to amount to what sailors would call a "flushing;" that is, sufficient to wash away the waste. Most of the matter which should be excreted is solid, and requires a comparatively large volume of fluid to dissolve it so that it may be cast off, an example of which may be seen in the case of uric acid, which needs several thousand times its weight in water to dissolve, or else it crystallizes in the shape of calculi, or produces other disease. Three and a half pints of water, or other clear fluid, not obstructed by semi-solid contents, should be taken daily by every adult, and by large people as much as four and a half or five pints, in order to keep the cells of the kidneys well washed out, the effete waste matter from the possibility of depositing itself where it may do harm, and the system in health generally.

Over Supply is not Hospitality.—Never overload a plate nor over-supply a table. It is a vulgar hospitality. At a small dinner no one should hesitate to ask for more if he desires it. It will only be considered a flatt ring tribute to the dish. At very large companies, where there is necessarily a greater variety of dishes, the most voracious appetite must be satisfied with a little of each. The French understand better than the people of any other nation how to supply a table.

Sleep a Preventive of Headache.—A scientific writer says: "Sleep, if taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch the symptoms of its coming, they can notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. This is the time the sleep of an hour, or even two, as nature guides, will effectually prevent the headache. If not taken just then it will be too late, for after the attack is fairly under way, it will be impossible to get sleep until far into the night, perhaps. It is so common in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients wakened to take medicine, if they are asleep when the hours come round, that the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is far better for the sick than medicine. But it is not so well known that sleep is a wonderful preventive of disease—better than tonic regulators and stimulants."

History of the Telephone.—In 1872 Dr. Bell had a private school for deaf mutes in Boston. Among his pupils was Howard Glyndon, who is well known in literary circles. One day, while this lady was walking, she noticed that whenever street cars were passing and the muff in which her hands were placed was pressed against her body she experienced peculiar vibrations. On informing Dr. Bell of her sensations, he proceeded to construct what he called a sound box, having drumshaped heads, which was to be worn in front, under the clothing. Dr. Bell experimented with sound-boxes till he struck upon a new idea. This idea excited him very much, caused him to work sometimes all night, and at length resulted in the telephone. Dr. Bell now needed capital to push his idea. He was poor, having nothing but his salary as teacher. The way the Bell telephone became a success was due to causes wholly outside its own merits. Gardiner Green Hubbard of Cambridge, Mass., had a deaf mute daughter at school in Germany. Becoming dissatisfied with her progress he had her sent home, and employed Dr. Bell to teach her. The young lady was very lovable, and Dr. Bell soon discovered that the feeling he had for her was very different from the ordinary feeling existing between teacher and pupil. He felt compelled by honor to resign his position, which he did. But the mischief was done. The affection was mutual. At first the young lady's parents opposed the union. But when they found their daughter's happiness at stake they gracefully surrendered. Dr. Bell had won a charming wife and obtained as father-in-law a wealthy business man. Gardiner Hubbard had every inducement to push the telephone. From this time on it was a success.

Don't Grumble.—Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirker yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing and you can do it, never mind about those other people who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots and finish up the jobs that others leave undone—they are the true peace-makers, and worth a whole regiment of grumblers.

Beware of Draughts.—This is the time of year for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism, pneumonia and kindred complaints. A little draught may produce either. A Spanish proverb runs as follows:

> If cold winds reach you through a hole,
> Go make your will and mind your soul.

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DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

God Must Have His Place.

AGAIN and again we repeat it: God must have His place in this world. Neither men nor nations can do without Him. He is necessary to both men and nations. Nay, more, nor men nor nations can get rid of God.

Yes, He goes down into the domain of history — and He rules it either gently as a mother, or terribly as an avenger. Into every question of earth He enters. He is part of every problem. He stands related to every event — in the fall of a snow-flake, as in the crash of an empire; in the fading of a flower leaf, as in the ruin of a nation; in a word, in everything that happens between the dust and the stars, He must be taken into account.

And there must not be anything surprising in this. Did not the great Apostle of Nations tell us that truly "in God we live and move and have our being." Without, therefore, interfering with their free-will and agency, He will, and He does, and He must, shape men's courses to His own ends; He will and He does control the destinies of the nations; He will and he does sway the fates of this world; He will and He does write His own great name, in letters of love, or wrath, in every chapter, on every page and in every line of the chronicles of time.

In fine, try as it may, this world can never be Godless. Out of eternity, through the gates of creation, God enters the world — moves across it; men may or may not see His footprints — but they are there, marked and ineffaceable; men may or may not see His shadow when He passes — but that shadow moves beside them; men may or may not hear His voice — but it is sounding, nevertheless, amid all their tumult; men may not see His hand till the blessing falls from it, or the malediction — but the hand is always there; men may not see Him working in their midst till He has built a monument, graven His own name on it, and passed; men may not know that He is walking on their way till they meet Him treading in the dust a proud people or an unlucky nation; but, always, always, seen or unseen, felt or unfelt, He, with man, is making and moulding human history. Man, from day to day, records the events of that history, and too often He, who holds that history in the palms of His hands, is utterly ignored — but never ignored with impunity.

New Orleans Morning Star.

Irish, not Scotch-Irish,(?) in the Revolution.

II.

In our first article we demonstrated from American and English authorities that more than one million Irish colonized the Thirteen Colonies previous to 1776. In this article we will show the part they took in establishing the American Republic. After escaping from English injustice in Ireland, and settling in the wild "tobacco plantations," they hoped and believed that English tyranny would not invade their homes in the "far west," and that the red man and the forest beast would be the only enemies they would have to contend against. But when towns rose where once the Indian had his hunting grounds, and the bays that were never ruffled but by the paddles of his birch canoes were now filled with shipping, — when the woods that had yielded to the prowess of the toiler's arm had disappeared, and in their places smiling homesteads and villages were seen; when the busy hum of labor was heard throughout the Colonies, and the laborer sat down to enjoy the reward of his honest toil, then English tyranny cropped out, and with aristocratic insolence demanded and clutched at the fruit of his industry. Complications arose; England was arrogant in her demands; the Colonists grumbled and were half disposed to fight. She laughed at them, and sent over an army to coerce them into submission. Patrick Henry and Charles Carroll stirred up the spirits of Virginia and Maryland; Hancock and the two Adamses roused the sleepers in Massachusetts; John Sullivan, the son of an Irish soldier who had fought on the walls of Limerick with Sarsfield, precipitated matters. In the month of December, 1774, before war had been declared, while one-half the people were totally unprepared for the great events that were coming — while meetings, speeches, resolutions, and petitions were the order of the day — John Sullivan, with a band of rebels, as bold and determined as himself — marched upon the fortress of Fort William and Mary, and captured it with all its munitions of war. THIS WAS THE FIRST BLOW STRUCK AGAINST GEORGE III. OF ENGLAND FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE! THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Four months later, and English Pitcairn, at the head of a thousand grenadiers, marched to Concord. He was met on the bridge and repulsed by the minute men under Colonel Barret, an Irish-American Connaught man. On that day and on that bridge "the shot that was heard around the world" was fired, and to the music of an Irish tune called "The White Cockade." This tune had been played on the walls of Limerick, on August 29, 1690, when the Brandenburghers, under De Gincle, attacked the Black Battery, commanded by Sarsfield, and inspired the Irish with such courage that they and their women fought until they drove the English and Brandenburghers into the Shannon. The Irish took it with them to France and the American Colonies. It was played on May 11, 1745, at Fontenoy, when the Irish Brigade charged against Cumberland and his Scotch, Dutch, and English regiments, and defeated them on the slopes of the little hill that overlooks the Scheldt. Colonel Barret and his minute men knew it, and its in-

spiring strains led them to victory. How the red-coats were chased from Concord to Boston, and how Barret's rifles cut them down, will be found in every American school book.

A month later, in May, 1775, the O'Briens, six in number, FOUGHT THE FIRST NAVAL BATTLE OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, AND WON IT. To an Irish-American belongs the honor of capturing the first gun and the first stronghold of the enemy in the War of the Revolution; and to an Irishman belongs the honor of fighting the first battle for America on the seas. About the same time Ethan Allen captured the fort of Ticonderoga, with its one hundred guns and its English garrison. It is not positively known whether Allen was of Irish or English extraction, but the name leads us to believe that his progenitors were Celts. When news of his exploits reached Congress, the members were thrown into consternation at the tidings. They had not yet recognized the fact that the Irish Catholic settlers of the thirteen plantations or colonies had become rebellious, and that, for the first time in their lives, were to become allies on the same battle-ground with the Puritans of New England. The teachings of Carroll, Henry, Adams, and Hancock, had taken root in the colonies; the bold deeds of Sullivan, the O'Briens, Barret, and Allen had stirred up the hearts of the people to the highest pitch of patriotism; but there were men in Congress and elsewhere who had never dreamed of open acts of hostility to the English government. They had hoped that by a show of resistance their demands would be complied with and war averted, and in this spirit Congress issued an address, which might almost be called an apology for the conduct of Allen. But they were soon undeceived.

The news of the skirmish at Concord spread with lightning rapidity throughout Massachusetts and the neighboring colonies. Men rushed from the plow, from the workshop, from the loom, and, nerved with the spirit of patriotism and vengeance, flocked from all directions to Boston. Stark and Reed raised, with beat of drum, in a few days, two regiments of stalwart patriots, and marched to the hoasting at Boston. McCrary, Nixon, and Moore shouldered their rifles and took up their line of march in the footsteps of Stark. Hot work was before them. On Bunker Hill the Scotch and English loyalists met these Irish-American patriots, and, after a desperate and bloody battle, the Irish-Americans and Anglo-American Puritans were defeated. The two regiments of Stark and Reed did good service on that eventful day. At the rail fence, where the former was stationed, the heaps of British dead lay thickest, and when the main body of the patriots retreated, Stark covered the retreat. Moore was killed in the redoubt; McCreery on the Neck, and Nixon was severely wounded. General Warren was killed but a few paces from where Moore fell. The Puritan rebel and the Irish rebel fell in blood on Bunker Hill, on that day, for the same purpose, the same cause, the same principle that nerved them to resist English oppression, and their opponents at Bunker Hill were the red-coated Scotch and English.

The patriots were defeated, but not conquered. John Sullivan, the man who had captured the English fort in Maine six months previous, took command of the patriot army on the evening of the battle.

Putnam, Prescott, and Knox were there; the latter had escaped out of Boston, and bore a part in the battle. Both armies rested for the night in sight of each other. For a few days the British were engaged in burying the dead. In the meantime the people, hearing of Bunker Hill, became more in earnest in their opposition to British tyranny; their blood was up, and faster than ever, they came trooping to the rebel lines at Boston. Morgan, the son of a county Derry man, at the head of five hundred riflemen, in buckskin uniforms, marched from Virginia to Boston eager to participate in the first battle of the war. He and his men came too late to share in the honor of Bunker Hill; but had they arrived in time to reinforce the exhausted patriots on the Hill that day, Howe's bayonets would never have gleamed on the redoubt, or the flag of King George cast its shadow upon the Hill. They did good work, however, on many a field afterwards. The crack of their rifles was known and feared by the king's followers in Boston; they left the dint of their bullets on the walls of Quebec; their bayonets plunged through the batteries of Burgoyne at Saratoga; they turned on the fierce and impetuous Tarleton at the Cowpens, and drove him ignominiously from the field; they served through the whole war and were never defeated in a fair fight.

Congress now began to work in earnest. Four major-generals and eight brigadiers were appointed. Among the latter, two were Irish,—Sullivan and Montgomery. Washington was appointed commander-in-chief. Seventeen thousand rebels environed Boston; but were without artillery to carry on the siege. An Irish-American, Henry Knox, volunteered to supply them. This he did by bringing the guns that Sullivan had captured at Fort William and Mary, and Allen at Ticonderoga, to Boston. These guns were placed in position before the city, and formed the first artillery of the United States, and General Knox was the first master of ordnance.

While Washington and Knox were shaking the old Puritan city with Sullivan's cannon, Pennyslvania was not idle. When news of the battle of Bunker Hill arrived there, the people were ready to fly to arms. Anthony Wayne, Irving, Butler and Stewart, raised the fa nous "Pennsylvania Liners." William Thompson raised a rifle regiment. Steven Moylan, the dashing "Murat of the Revolution," as he has been called, was Colonel of "Moylan's Dragoons" (he was born in Cork), and was also aide to Washington and commissary-general. General Hand (King's County,) came from France to bear a hand in the war against England, and was lieutenant-colonel in Thompson's regiment. Colonel Butler marched to battle with his five sons by his side. All these Irish tramped from Pennsylvania to Boston to aid Washington in carrying on the siege. The Irish of New York espoused the cause as warmly as their brothers in Pennsylvania. James Clinton commanded the Third Regiment of New York. His brother and also his brother-in-law were early in the field. In the fall of 1775, Montgomery invaded Canada. From Crown Point to Chambly he drove the British before him; captured St. John's; garrisoned Montreal; and in the depth of winter, with a weak and enfeebled force, marched on and attacked Quebec. A

shot from a masked gun* on Cape Diamond cut short the career of the gallant Irishman and changed the destiny of Canada.

The artillery employed at the siege of Boston was under the command of Henry Knox, and during the eight months that the siege continued he was indefatigable in his exertions to make it tell. That artillery drove the British out of Boston. They evacuated the city on St. Patrick's Day, and Sullivan's division was the first to enter, close on the footsteps of the retreating English. Five months afterwards, on the heights of Brooklyn, he was placed in command of the army, at that time confronted by thirty thousand English, Scotch and German troops. In the battle that ensued, the soldiers of Catholic Maryland fought with desperate determination, and one half of their numbers were slaughtered. A stone in Prospect Park marks the place where they fell, and it is pointed out to every traveller and stranger that visits Brooklyn. Moylan, Hand, Thompson, and Butler, with their regiments were engaged from early morning until night, and from the wooded hills (now Greenwood Cemetery) to the Flatbush Pass, from Gowanus to Fort Greene (on Myrtle Avenue) the blood of the Maryland and Pennsylvania patriots stained the soil. Being surrounded by the enemy, all chance of retreat cut off, and wearied and exhausted from continual fighting all day, nevertheless some succeeded in hewing their way through the ranks of the enemy and escaped to Fort Greene. Hundreds were slain in the retreat or drowned in Gowanus Creek, while those who fell into the hands of the English were sent to the loathsome prison-ships. Sullivan was captured and sent as a prisoner to Lord Howe. When the sun set that night on the Heights of Brooklyn, sounds of revelry and joy were heard in the British and German camps, and the ribald song and indecent jest rose high above the woods where lay the dead bodies of Maryland Catholics and Massachusetts Puritans. There were plenty of Scotchmen engaged in the battle of Brooklyn; but, unfortunately for American freedom and for themselves, they wore red coats, and were found in the ranks of the British and Hessian cut-throats.

New York was evacuated on the 12th and 13th of September, 1776. In all the skirmishes and battles that ensued from that date until the army passed into Jersey, the Irish troops bore a gallant part. At East Chester, Hand defeated and drove back a German regiment by a bayonet charge. At Throck's and Pell's Necks, Hand and his riflemen, in the very teeth of Howe, destroyed the bridge and drove the British general from the Causeway. At Chatterton Hill, McDougal, with six hundred men, maintained his position for hours against a force of thirteen thousand English, Scotch and Hessians, and afterwards retreated in good order, carrying off his wounded and artillery. At Fort Washington, McGaw, of the "Pennsylvania Line," defended the old fort until one thousand English, Scotch and Hessians lay dead before

* The writer was told, when in Quebec, thirty years ago, and while standing on the spot where Montgomery fell, that the man who shot him was a Scotchman. He has also heard the Scotch in Canada boast of this. The Irish and French of Lower Canada execrate the memory of this gunner, but point with pride to the spot where the brave Irishman died for American liberty. Lossing (I believe) states that he was a Scotchman.

the ramparts. On the battle ground still exists the old Tumel mansion which was formerly the headquarters of Washington.

So quickly did the victorious army of Howe advance upon Fort Lee that Washington was compelled to make a hasty retreat, leaving his tents, artillery, and provisions behind. For three weeks he fled before Cornwallis across the level districts of New Jersey. So near were pursuers and pursued all this time that the music of the British bands could be distinctly heard by the Americans. The term of service of many of the rebel regiments had expired, and the men, refusing to re-enlist, left the ranks and returned home. Desertions were frequent, and when, on the 8th of December, Washington crossed the Delaware, his army had dwindled down to scarcely three thousand men. Lee (an Englishman) had been left behind at White Plains in command of three thousand men. Washington wrote to him, requesting him to move immediately into New Jersey to reinforce his melting army. Lee paid no attention to the request of his chief, and it was evident at that time, and afterwards on the field of Monmouth, that he harbored the designs of a traitor. Sternly commanded by Washington to advance to his assistance, the Englishman commenced his tardy and reluctant march. So slow were his movements that three weeks elapsed before he reached Morristown. Two days afterwards he allowed himself to be captured by the enemy. Sullivan, who had been exchanged since the battle of Brooklyn, took command of Lee's troops, and soon formed a junction with Washington on the banks of the Delaware.

When, on that memorable night of December, 1776, Washington, with his band of patriots crossed the river, determined to make a dash on the Hessians at Trenton, and by one bold deed raise up the sinking spirits of his countrymen, the Irish were by his side. Sullivan, Knox, Ewing, Greene, and Hand were there, and out from Philadelphia at the same time came Col. Griffin on the march against Count Donop to make a diversion in favor of Washington, and keep Donop from aiding the garrison at Trenton. As in the gray of the morning Washington leaped upon the astonished Hessians at one point, the cheers of Sullivan's men were heard from the opposite end of the town, and with the bayonet were driving the stricken and bewildered enemy before them. Col. Rall, who, with savage ferocity, had fought against McGaw at Fort Washington, was shot down at the head of his Hessians, and the terrified mercenaries ran in the direction of Princeton. But Hand was stationed on the Princeton road ; his riflemen had not forgotten Brooklyn and the Flatbush Pass ; a volley greeted the flying fugitives and checked their flight. They threw down their arms and begged for mercy. When Washington, Greene, Sullivan, Knox, and Hand recrossed the Delaware they took with them one thousand prisoners, and all the artillery, arms, and banners they had captured in Trenton. The descendants of some of the Irish soldiers who crossed the Delaware with Washington are still living at Trenton. The same men soon afterwards fought the battle of Princeton. When Gen. Mercer (a Scotchman) fell, wounded, he was clubbed to death and bayoneted by the British ; at a short distance from where he fell, Lieut. O'Neill lay dead, with a bullet

in his heart. Capt. Moore, with a few men of the Princeton militia, as brave as himself, made a dash during the battle at Nassau Hall, then filled with British troops, and commanded them to surrender. They did, and he marched his prisoners, far outnumbering his own men, to the American rear. Washington ordered Major Kelley, of the Pennsylvania Militia, to destroy the bridge over Stony Brook, near Princeton. With a handful of men he proceeded to the bridge; but no sooner had he begun to demolish it than the van of Cornwallis's army appeared before him. The enemy, perceiving his design, opened on him with grape and round shot. In the face of this terrible fire Kelley maintained his ground, throwing the planks into the stream until the bridge was rendered impassable for artillery.

The battles of Stillwater and Saratoga were certainly won by Arnold and Morgan more than by Gates or any other officers on the American side who were there. Morgan's fierce and unexpected charge on the British right flank was one of the grandest of the whole war. Nixon, who had served as a minute man at the Lexington and Concord fights (a native of Wexford), and who was wounded at Bunker Hill, did good service at Saratoga. Fraser (a Scotchman), the best fighting general in the English ranks, was shot by an Irish rifleman named Murphy. His death greatly discouraged the British. When the English army, almost six thousand strong, dressed in their shining uniforms, filed past the tent of Gates on the morning of Burgoyne's surrender as prisoners, they gazed with astonishment upon the ragged and torn battalions of the Americans; and conspicuous among all others stood Morgan's brigade of riflemen, their hunting shirts stained and faded by the dust and smoke of battle, and their flag, upon which was written "Liberty or Death," tattered and rent by bullets into streaming shreds. Nixon's and Learned's brigades were in the same plight. What a contrast they presented to the imperial troops, their officers dressed in crimson and gold and blazing with stars and ornaments, and among them the sons of some of the proudest English and Scotch families, members of the British Parliament, scions of the English nobility, who had come in the name of their king to seek for glory in America, by trampling down the liberties of her people, and plundering and murdering those who only wished to be free.

At Bennington, John Stark of Londonderry, with his New Hampshire Militia, displayed the same desperate courage he had before exhibited at Bunker Hill, and defeated and routed with slaughter a superior number of British and Hessians, Tories and Indians. Col. Nichols, another Irish-American, with Seth Warner, the hero of Crown Point, share in the honors of Bennington How Stark rallied his men after the first battle to meet the advancing English reinforcements, and turning upon them, routed them, thus fighting and winning two battles on the same field and on the same day, is well known. His victory at Bennington paralyzed the arm of Burgoyne, and gave hope and courage to the Americans. At Paoli, one hundred and fifty of Wayne's soldiers were massacred. They were surprised in the darkness, and the British general's orders were to give no quarter. These orders the British faithfully obeyed. At Germantown, Sullivan, Wayne, Conway, Arm-

strong, Nash, Maxwell, and Reed were present. Knox was there with his artillery, as he was on every field where Washington commanded. They were all also present at the disastrous battle of Brandywine. When the American columns were flying in disaster, Conway's brigade stood firm, and Sullivan and Lafayette, scorning to surrender or fly, joined it and fought until hope was over. Lafayette was wounded, and Sullivan had a horse shot under him. Fort Clinton and Fort Montgomery were situated on the Hudson, about fifty miles above New York. They were in an unfinished state, and their garrisons were weak. Both forts were held by the Irish brothers, Clintons. Their English namesake, Sir Henry Clinton, with an army of three thousand men and a formidable fleet, sailed up the Hudson to attack them. Both were attacked simultaneously by land and water. When summoned to surrender the brothers replied that they would hold the forts to the death. By sheer force of numbers the garrisons were overpowered after losing half their men. Campbell, who led the attack on Fort Montgomery, was slain. When the enemy rushed into the fort, Col. McCleary and another Irishman named Humphreys, turned back to back and defended themselves desperately. They were assailed on all sides, and would undoubtedly have been killed, but a British officer, who witnessed their spirit and bravery, cried out that it would be a pity to kill such brave men. They then rushed on and seized them and brought them prisoners before the British general. The brothers escaped, and after a series of adventures, which reads more like romance than reality, arrived in safety among their rebel friends. At Fort Clinton an Irish woman, the wife of an Irish rebel gunner, fired the final shot as the last of the garrison was escaping. The fort being almost surrounded, her husband, throwing down the match, shouted to her to run. She stopped to pick it up, fired it in the very teeth of the advancing foe, making a lane of dead through their solid ranks, and in the smoke and confusion that ensued made good her escape.

After the desperate battles it had gone through, Washington's shattered army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, in the winter of 1777–78. Their sufferings have been depicted by the pen of the historian, and their patriotism and fortitude told in song and story. Destitute of clothing, even for a summer campaign, without shoes and without blankets, often without food, in cold, in hunger, and in misery, the American army passed a terrible winter. One half the troops were naked; one ragged blanket often sufficing for two or more men, and the sentries mounted guard barefooted on the frozen snow. In these terrible circumstances it was almost impossible to keep the army from falling to pieces. But twenty miles from the American camp, in the city of Philadelphia, lay thirty-three thousand British troops, well housed, well clothed and well provisioned. It needed only for the Americans to rise in a body, march to Philadelphia, throw down their arms and obtain pardon, money, food and clothing. But in all their sufferings one thought of treason or surrender never entered their minds. When the encampment at Valley Forge commenced the whole number of men in the field was eleven thousand and ninety-eight, but upwards of three thousand were unfit for duty. There was a scarcity of horses

in the camp, and the men, naked and starving as they were, often yoked themselves to vehicles of their own construction for carrying wood or provisions when procured. Wayne, taking detachments of his brigade, made many excursions in quest of provisions, and often forrayed to within sight of the spires of Philadelphia. The brigades of Maxwell, Conway, McIntosh, Learned and Poor, whose ranks were filled by Irish and Irish-Americans, bore their privations with heroic fortitude, as, indeed, did all the sufferers at Valley Forge.

When spring came Washington struck his tents and marched in the direction of New York. He met the English army at Monmouth in New Jersey. Twenty thousand men were engaged in the battle that ensued. Washington, Lafayette, Morgan, Greene, Knox, Stewart, Lee, and other distinguished officers were present. During the whole day the battle raged without advantage to either side. Twice the British attempted to turn the American flank, but they were repulsed. They then moved on the right, but a battery, under the immediate command of Knox, cut through their lines and drove them back bleeding and disheartened. Wayne was stationed with an advanced corps of his Pennsylvanians on a rising eminence with a park of artillery. From this position he kept up a galling fire upon the English centre, and repeatedly repulsed the Royal Grenadiers, who had advanced to dislodge him with the bayonet. Moncton, their commander, seeing that victory depended on driving Wayne from his position, harangued his men, and placing himself at their head, advanced in solid column upon the Pennsylvanians. The English advanced until within a few rods of the Americans, when Moncton, waving his sword, gave a shout and ordered his grenadiers to charge. At the same moment Wayne gave a signal; a terrible volley burst on his assailants, and almost every British officer fell, among whom was their leader, the intrepid Moncton. Over his dead body the Americans and English fought desperately, until, at last, the Americans secured it and carried it to the rear. At the same time a general assault was made along the whole line, and the enemy, beaten at every point, fell back. It was during the hottest part of the conflict that one of Knox's gunners, an Irishman, was shot down while in the act of firing his cannon. His wife (the same who had fired the shot at Fort Clinton,) saw him fall, and rushing to the spot, picked up the match, and fired the piece against the advancing columns of the enemy. She vowed she would fill her husband's place at the gun and avenge his death. She kept her word, and while the battle lasted the roar of the Irish woman's gun nerved the Americans, and spread death through the enemy's ranks. Washington promoted her to the rank of captain, and she was afterwards known as "Captain Molly." A monument to her honor now stands on the field of Monmouth, on the spot where she distinguished herself by her patriotism and bravery.

At Stony Point the Irish again greatly distinguished themselves. It was the strongest fortress on the Hudson, and was garrisoned by six hundred British regulars commanded by Lieut.-Col. Johnson. Lossing, the historian, says:

"The position of the fortress was such that it seemed almost impregnable. Situated on a huge rocky bluff, an island at high water, and always inaccessible dry

shod, except across the narrow causeway in the rear, it was strongly defended by out-works and a double row of *abatis*. Upon three sides of the rock were the waters of the Hudson, and on the fourth was a morass deep and dangerous. But Wayne was not easily deterred by obstacles."

He resolved at all hazards to storm the fort, and waited for the ebbing of the tide and the first deep slumber of the garrison to move towards the works. His troops were divided into two columns. Lieut. DeFleury, a Frenchman, led the van of the right, with one hundred and fifty volunteers. The van of the left was led by Maj. Stewart, an Irishman, and consisted of one hundred volunteers, each with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. An advance guard of twenty picked men for each company, under Lieuts. Gibbons and Knox, preceded them to remove the *abatis* and other obstructions. These vans composed the forlorn hope on that memorable night. Besides Gibbons and Knox, there were many other distinguished Irish officers with Wayne on that occasion. Col. Moylan rushed side by side with him up the heights. Col. Butler led his regiment in person, and Maj. Murphy commanded two companies. The storming and capture of Stony Point was regarded as the most brilliant event of the war. Wayne, DeFleury and Stewart were awarded medals by Congress.

Strange as it may seem, we are indebted to a remarkable independent historical book, bearing date 1785, for many facts touching the actual number of Irishmen who took up arms in 1776 in defence of our liberties. The title of this volume is: "The Evidence as given before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the Detail and Conduct of the American War." The object of the inquiry was to fix responsibility for the failure of the various campaigns conducted by Generals Gage, Burgoyne and Cornwallis, and to ascertain the causes that contributed to the disasters that befell the English arms in America. On the English committee sat the renowned Edmund Burke. In examining a Major-Gen. Robinson, who had served in America for twenty-four years, he elicited this curious and interesting fact: "How," asked Mr. Burke, "are the Provincial (American) corps composed?" The answer was: "Some corps mostly natives, the greater number such as can be got. Gen. Lee informed me that half the rebel Continental army were Irishmen."

In the "Official Register of the Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War," published by Gen. Stryker at Trenton, New Jersey, 1872, are to be found the names of all the rank and file and officers of all those from the state of New Jersey who took part in the Revolution. The number of Irish names appearing is most remarkable. Mr. Galloway, then speaker of the House of Assembly, in Pennsylvania, visited England in 1779, and was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, on June 16, of that year. In the course of his examination, the question was directly asked:

"Were the troops in the service of the American Revolutionists chiefly composed of natives of America, or were the greater part of them English?"

In reply Mr. Galloway said: "The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision.

There were scarcely one fourth natives of America; about one half Irish; the other fourth French, English, Canadians, Scotch and other nationalities." This fact is set forth in the British Parliamentary register, and it establishes the fact, that were it not for the aid America received from Ireland and France, it would still be a dependency of Great Britain.

Ten years before the breaking out of the Revolution the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick was formed by Irish settlers in Philadelphia. This society gave some of the most distinguished generals and brilliant fighters to the Continental Army and Navy. The members were composed of Catholics, Protestants, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Quakers, and were united like a band of brothers. The minute book of the society has been preserved. It was published in 1844. The members were the most active and influential men in Philadelphia, the capital of the people when independence was declared. The devotion of its members to the cause which they espoused was acknowledged by Washington himself in a letter to the president of the society, wherein he describes the society as "distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked." From it was formed the first troop of the Pennsylvania Cavalry, whose valor at Trenton and Princeton received the thanks of Washington. He said on the occasion referred to, "Though composed of gentlemen of fortune, they have shown a noble example of discipline and subordination, and in several actions have shown a spirit and bravery which will ever do honor to them, and will ever be gratefully remembered by me."

Among the Friendly Sons who went to the battlefield were Maj.-Gen. Anthony Wayne, Gen. Walter Stewart, Gen. William Thompson, Maj.-Gen. Henry Knox, Gen. William Irvine, Gen. Edward Hand, Gen. Stephen Moylan, Col. Richard Butler and his two brothers. Commodore John Barry, who became the "father of the American Navy," was also one of the Friendly Sons. When, in the dreadful winter of 1777-78, Washington was in dire distress at Valley Forge, and he expected his army to crumble to pieces, this Irish club again stepped to the front, and saved the army from annihilation. This was done by conceiving, and carrying into operation, "The plan of the bank of Pennsylvania, established for supplying the army of the United States with provisions for two months." Ninety-three individuals and firms subscribed, and the amount realized was £300,000,—$1,500,000—a large sum in those days. Of this, twenty-seven members of the Friendly Sons subscribed £103,500 or $517,500—more than one third of the amount. These Irishmen were named as follows—Blair McClenachan, William Bingham, I. M. Nesbitt, Richard Peters, Samuel Meredith, James Mease, Thomas Barclay, Hugh Shiel, John Dunlap, John Nixon, George Campbell, John Mease, Brunner, Murry and Co., John Patton, Benjamin Fuller, George Meade (grandfather of the late Gen. Meade) & Co., John Donaldson, Henry Hill, Kean and Nichols, James and Samuel Caldwell, John Shea, Sharp Delaney, T. Francis.

Mr. Bagenal, in a book on the American-Irish, published a few

years ago in New York, says regarding Gen. Sullivan, whose name has been frequently mentioned in these pages:

"There is in King's Chapel, School Street, Boston, a mural tablet to his memory, bearing the arms of the family, with an inscription in the Gælic tongue, the Irish language."

Regarding Gen. Stark, he says:

"Gen. John Stark was the son of an Irish farmer of New Hampshire. He inherited a good fund of mother-wit, and a brogue as mellifluous as if he was born and reared on the banks of the Inchigeelah, in the county Cork."

"The Great Expounder," Daniel Webster, used to imitate, with great unction, Stark's voice. He was one of the oldest of the Revolutionary generals. It was he who said before the battle of Bennington that "Mollie Stark," his wife, "would be a widow, or the English would be defeated."

Lossing and other American writers state that on one southern battle field of the Revolution seven Irish Gastons lay dead or wounded. The same authorities state that it was to Col. Wilson, an Irish-American, aged eighteen, that Cornwallis surrendered his sword at Yorktown. When D'Estaing attacked Savannah, and with his American allies advanced to the assault, one of the French columns was led by Count Dillon, and the bulk of the American regulars present were recruited in the Irish settlements in North Carolina. When Greene and Morgan, pursued by Cornwallis, commenced their retreat from the Catawba to the Dan, the Irish element was well represented in both commands. That march and masterly retreat has not been excelled by any general in America, with the exception of Sherman's great march to the sea. Morgan had fought and won the battle of the Cowpens. He had defeated Tarleton with the loss of six hundred men, and, without waiting at the Cowpens to rest, pushed on for more than one hundred and fifty miles to form a junction with Greene, then pursued by Cornwallis. Butler, Ford, Lynch, and Hughes were conspicuous in the battle of Guilford, and greatly distinguished themselves by their daring and bravery. At Hobkirk's Hill the brave and patriotic Ford sealed his devotion to the republic with his blood, and Armstrong at Ninety-Six. At Eutaw Springs, when Greene issued his terrible order, "Let Williams advance, and sweep the field with bayonets," it was the Maryland and Virginia riflemen that Williams led to the charge. The Virginians were Morgan's celebrated rifle corps, and among the Marylanders were the Irish-American Catholics of Baltimore. At the siege of Yorktown Knox commanded the artillery as usual; under him were Stephens and Corrington. The Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania troops participated in all the battles, skirmishes and sorties that occurred from the beginning to the end of the siege. The Sappers and Miners were under the command of James Clinton. When the English surrendered and marched to the field of humiliation at Yorktown, and threw down their arms, they were met by their conquerors, an army of Irish and Irish-American patriots.

"The court of Versailles, having concluded at Paris a treaty of amity and commerce with the United States of America as an independent power, early in February,

1778, the result was necessarily a war between England and France. Like the gallant Lafayette a number of the Irish military in France anticipated its government in taking up the cause of America. Among them there were so early as 1776, several of the Supernumerary, or reformed officers of the Irish Brigade. 'As this corps,' says the announcement of the sailing of those gentlemen for America, 'is known to contain some of the best disciplined officers in Europe, there is no doubt but they will meet with all suitable encouragement.' When hostilities between France and England broke out the Irish regiments in France, who considered themselves entitled to serve *before* other corps against the English — a claim more especially advanced on this occasion by the regiment of Dillon — were not long left unemployed."— *History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France.*

"Washington's Life Guard was formed in 1776, soon after the siege of Boston, when the American army was encamped on Manhattan Island. It consisted of a major's command, one hundred and eighty men. The terms of enlistment into the guard were the same as those into any other corps of the regular army, except in the matter of qualification. They were selected with special reference to their physical, moral, and intellectual character, and it was considered a mark of peculiar distinction to belong to the commander-in-chief's guard." — *Lossing, etc.*

In the muster roll appear many distinctively Irish names, such as Daily, Dougherty, Moriarity, Hennessy, Driscoll, etc.

To show how the English people despised the Bostonians during the Revolution we quote the following from Dr. Johnson, "the leviathan of English literature."

"If the Bostonians are condemmed unheard, it is because there is no need of a trial. If their assemblies are suddenly dissolved, what was the reason? Their deliberations were indecent and their intentions seditious."— *Dr. Johnson.*

"If we take the resolute part, they (the Americans) will, undoubtfully, prove very meek. Four regiments sent to Boston will be sufficient to prevent any disturbance." *General Gage on the American War.*

Gen. Grant, a Scotchman, delivered a speech in the House of Commons, at the outbreak of the Revolution, and declared his unqualified contempt for the Americans. "Give me three thousand British soldiers," he exclaimed, "and I will march through all America and conquer it."

Here is the testimony of a distinguished Englishman regarding the services of the Irish in the Revolution:

"My lords, consider, in God's name, in time what you owe to gallant and impoverished Ireland. Suffer not your humiliating proposal and offerings to be laid at the feet of the Congress, in whose front of battle the poor Irish emigrants performed the hardest service. Let us consider Ireland a part of ourselves; open the Irish channel to our best service: avail yourselves of her excellent ports; cramp not their industry for purposes I will not mention."— *Lord Townsend.*

"You lost America by the Irish!"—*Lord Mountjoy in the English House of Lords, 1783.*

But why quote any more facts regarding Ireland in the Revolution? American and English history teems with them. Local histories of the thirteen colonies prove that they, the Irish, were the beginning and the end of the Revolution. The Scotch and English settlers, with some honorable exceptions, were opposed to Washington and liberty, and were loyalists, tories, or cowboys. They are the same to-day, and in New York, Boston, and Chicago celebrated Victoria's jubilee, and sung "God save the Queen" in the same spirit of loyalty as their grandfathers

sang "God save the King" in 1776, for George III. But Irish and American valor triumphed over them, then struck them to the earth in the Revolutionary days, and destroyed forever their power on this continent. To-day they are endeavoring to do by falsehood and intrigue what they could not do by arms in '76.

The facts stated in this article cannot be gainsaid. They will be found in every American history. They are only a few out of the hundreds we could adduce. Should occasion arise we will adduce others, and show to our contemporary, *The Transcript*, that the Scotch did not fight for American Independence, but fought in the ranks of the enemy against it. Our next paper will deal with the Irish signers of the Declaration of Independence, and show what they did for American liberty.

No. 531, Brooklyn, N. Y. William Collins.

The Poet's Wishes.

Oh! give me hours of thoughtful rest
Down in the realms of Sleep;
A camp upon the mountain's crest —
A pillow on the deep;

The murmur of the ocean waves
Upon a shingly beach;
The calm and solitude of graves
Where silence hath its speech;

A pleiad group of spirit gleams,
Through whose bright tissues glide
Fair naiads of the rock-bound streams,
And nereids of the tide;

Glad bacchants dancing on the lea,
And fays that throng each wold;
The rivers rushing to the sea —
The giant crags of old;

The flowers smiling in the dell
Where massive oak trees stand;
The mirror of a holy well
Within a holy land;

The sky's own arching loveliness
To stud some site divine,
With one fair Hebe there to press
Her scarlet lips to mine;

A choir of stars to sing sweet lays
Down Space's amber aisles,
And Phœbus' self to crown my days
With wreathes of radiant smiles;

The myriad dazzling dreams that part,
Fore-winged, o'er shore and main
To pitch their tents within the heart
And beautify the brain: —

With sights and scenes and gifts like these —
Wherever he may roam —
The Poet glides o'er sunny seas,
And find his Eden-Home!

Paris, June, 1887. Eugene Davis.

We must confess the truth: we are poor creatures, capable of very little that is good; but God, who is infinitely good, is content with our poor labors, and finds acceptable the preparation of our hearts.—*St Francis de Sales.*

The Dignities and Rights of Labor.

III.

I AM now, I fear, going to utter a politico-economical heresy. I have great respect for political economy. I entirely believe — as you may have seen — in the law of supply and demand and free exchange and safety of capital, which are the first conditions of industry; but there is one point on which, I am sorry to say, I am a very lame political economist, and I cannot keep pace with others. I find political economists denouncing all interference, as they call it, of Parliament with the supply and demand in any form of any article whatsoever. They argue that as a reduction of the price of bread gives the poor more food, and as the reduction of the price of cloth gives the poor more clothing, so the reduction of the price of intoxicating drink gives the poor a greater abundance of comfort. Now, gentlemen, I do not introduce this for the purpose of giving any expression on the Permissive Bill. I have done that at other times and elsewhere; this is not the place for it, neither was I invited for that purpose. But I give that instance to show that the principle of free trade is not applicable to everything. Why is it not applicable? Because it is met and checked by a moral condition. There is no moral condition checking the multiplication of food and the multiplication of clothing — the multiplication of almost every article of life which is not easily susceptible of an abuse fatal to men and to society. Well, now I am afraid I am going to tread upon difficult ground, but I must do so. I am one of those, which is of no importance, but Mr. Brassey is also one of those, and that is of a great deal more — who are of opinion that the hours of labor must be further regulated by law. I know the difficulty of the subject, but I say the application of unchecked political economy to the hours of labor must be met and checked by a moral condition.

If the great end of life were to multiply yards of cloth and cotton twist, and if the glory of England consists or consisted in multiplying without stint or limit these articles and the like at the lowest possible price so as to undersell all the nations of the world, well, then, let us go on. But if the domestic life of the people be vital above all; if the peace, the purity of homes, the education of children, the duties of wives and mothers, the duties of husbands and of fathers be written in the natural law of mankind, and if these things are sacred, far beyond anything that can be sold in the market, then I say, if the hours of labor resulting from the unregulated sale of a man's strength and skill shall lead to the destruction of domestic life, to the neglect of children, to turning wives and mothers into living machines, and of fathers and husbands into — what shall I say, creatures of burden? — I will not use any other word, who rise up before the sun, and come back when it is set, wearied and able to take food and to lie down to rest; the domestic life of men exists no longer, and we dare not go on in this path. I am not going to attempt a perscription: I should fail if I were to attempt to practise in an art which is not my own, but this I will say: Parliament has done it already. Parliament at the instance of Lord Ashley, now Lord Shaftesbury, whom all men honor for his life of charity, has

set the precedent. Lord Shaftesbury, about the year 1834–5, as I remember, obtained a committee by which he brought to light — he unearthed and brought on the surface of the earth, under the light of the sun — all that was hidden in the mines, and Parliament forbade the employment of the labor of women and of children. Parliament has again and again interposed to forbid the employment of children in factories before a certain age. In some they cannot be employed as whole-timers till after eleven years of age; in others not until after fourteen years of age; in agricultural labor not before ten years of age. Parliament has interposed over and over again with the freedom of labor. More than this, Parliament has interposed to prevent fathers and mothers from selling the labor of their children. It has forbidden it, and Mr. Walpole, the other day, extended to other trades the acts by which the employment of children in certain noxious trades is limited or forbidden altogether. It has forbidden even the parents themselves to employ their children in those trades. They may not use the labor of their own children to enrich themselves if the employment of that labor be injurious to the child. Do not let it be said, therefore, that Parliament has not interposed in the question of labor and in the question of the hours of labor. I will ask, is it possible for a child to be educated who becomes a full-timer at ten or even twelve years of age? Is it possible for a child in the agricultural districts to be educated who may be sent out into the fields at nine? I will ask, can a woman be the mother and head of a family who works sixty hours a week? You may know better than I, but bear with me if I say I do not understand how a woman can train her children in the hours after they come home from school if she works all day in a factory. The children come home at four and five in the afternoon; there is no mother in the house. I do not know how she can either clothe them, or train them, or watch over them, when her time is given to labor for sixty hours a week. I know I am treading upon a very difficult subject, but I feel confident of this, that we must face it, and that we must face it calmly, justly, and with a willingness to put labor and the profits of labor second — the moral state and the domestic life of the whole working population first. I will not venture to draw up such an Act of Parliament further than to lay down this principle.

I saw in my early days a good deal of what the homes of agricultural laborers were. With all their poverty they were often very beautiful. I have seen cottages with cottage gardens, and with scanty but bright furniture, a hearth glowing with peat, and children playing at the door; poverty was indeed everywhere, but happiness everywhere too. Well, I hope this may still be found in the agricultural districts. What may be the homes in our great manufacturing towns I do not know, but the homes of the poor in London are often very miserable. The state of the houses — families living in single rooms, sometimes many families in one room, a corner apiece. These things cannot go on; these things ought not to go on. The accumulation of wealth in the land, the piling-up of wealth like mountains in the possession of classes or of individuals, cannot go on if these moral conditions of our people are not healed. No commonwealth can rest on such foundations.

I have endeavored to draw out before you what is the dignity of labor. It is the law of our state, the law of our development and perfection, the source of invention, the power of creation, and the cause of manifold capital in money and in skill. And as to its rights, I have shown that it is true property, true capital; that it has a primary right of freedom, a right to protect itself, and a claim upon the law of the land to protect it. I will only add that there can be nothing in a working man undignified unless he be himself the cause of it. Forgive me if I use a very common proverb, and if I make another like it: "An idle man is the devil's playfellow; and an intemperate man is the devil's slave." As to the rights, I know nothing that can ever limit the rights of a working man excepting his committing wrong. If he commits wrong, the strong may retaliate; if he does no wrong, the supreme power of law will protect them.

Now, gentlemen, I have detained you a great deal longer than I ought — a great deal longer than I intended. I will, therefore, bring what I have said to an end.

I said at first that I should claim for those that labor with the head a share with those who labor with the hand. Without brain work where would have been all the inventions which have created our new continents of toil — our new worlds of industry? And the brain work, how long, how continuous, how exhausting it has been before it has reached its end. How many have been worn out by it in the search after some invention which they never found? But though they died in disappointment, they laid the trains of the discovery for those who came after them. It was well said by a writer of the last century: We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be wrought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected." The intelligence of a country does not rise like the peaks of mountains nor like Artesian wells in isolated spots. The intelligence of a country rises equably all over the surface like the waters of a lake. The cultivation of science in its highest ranges enriches the lowest valleys and plains of labor. The science of Davy gave the safety lamp to mines; the chemistry of Liebnitz has multiplied the fertility of our fields. And it is not only astronomy that helps the clothiers of Leeds, but ethics; and in morals I ought to have my say, but at the beginning, not at the end of an evening; and therefore with ethics I will conclude. The science of morals rests on four foundations: on prudence, which guides the intellect; on justice, which guides the will; on temperance, which governs the passions; and on fortitude, which sustains the whole man in the guidance and government of himself. These four cardinal virtues of the natural order perfect the character of man; and to-night I am not speaking in any other sense. They underlie all the dignity of man, and they justify all his rights. The laborer in our common field of toil who is prudent, just, temperate, and brave, is indeed "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed." (2 Tim. ii., 15.)

THE END.

The Patriot of the Tyrol.

ANDREAS HOFER, SHOT THE 20TH OF FEBRUARY, 1810.

NAPOLEON I. won the victory of Austerlitz over the Emperor of Austria on December 2d, 1805. He then appropriated to himself the province of the Tyrol. The masters of this kingdom began annoying their subjects in the most sensitive spot, that is to say, in their religious dealings. The suppression of the monastic orders, the expulsion of the religious, the sale of their goods, the alienation of sacred vessels which were bought up by the Jews, laws contrary to those of the Church, bishops in prison and in exile, priests cited before the tribunals and hunted like malefactors — this summed up the situation in the new kingdom of Bavaria.

This was too much for the Tyrol—a country where from time out of mind the faith held sovereign sway,— and its inhabitants finally had recourse to arms. Their chief was called Andreas Hofer. He was a simple innkeeper sprung from a family of peasants. He was poor but intelligent, and of the greatest good sense, full of courage and remarkable for the firmness and dignity of his character. The fine qualities caused him to be unanimously proclaimed the general-in-chief. His rallying cry was:— For God, for our old and true master the Emperor, —for our Country!"

After two brilliant successes he said to his soldiers: "Put all your hope in God. What we have done we owe to him. But all is not over. Is the question to save our fortunes? No! we must defend our religion, for its sake we must conquer or die. Rise, brothers! To arms against the enemies of earth and heaven!" Before the battle which ended with the taking of Inspruck, the capital of the province, while all—leaders and soldiers alike—were on their knees to receive the general absolution, Hofer, rising the first, promised God, that, if victory was granted him, he would have celebrated the solemnity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus as the national feast.

His title as head of the Tyrolese army was confirmed by the Emperor, but this honor did not dazzle him. He persevered in the simplicity of his costume and manner. He wore on his person a bronze crucifix, a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, and a medal of St. George, soldier and martyr. In the morning he went to pray before the Madonna of Maria Hill. After supper when his comrades were around him, he recited the beads, with many Our Fathers and other prayers in honor of his holy patron. His food the most part of the time was only bread and cheese.

The ordinances made by him as governor of the Tyrol are full of wisdom. He gave back liberty to the church, allowed balls and dances only at weddings, shut up the inns during divine offices, and ordered the police to keep strict watch over young libertines. One day a lady whose dress was not high enough came to present a petition.

"Go and dress yourself," he said to her, "and then come and speak with me."

When they gave him the title of Excellency he replied, "I am Andreas Hofer, peasant."

The triumph of Hofer and of his cause was not of long duration.

After the battle of Wagram, on the fifth and sixth of July, 1809, Napoleon I., who had now completely vanquished the Emperor of Austria, directed an attack against the Tyrolese. They found themselves penned in by an army made up of Frenchmen, Bavarians, and Italians, and were obliged to yield to numbers and lay down their arms. Hofer, on whose head a price had been set, took refuge in the mountains; but he was soon discovered there by a traitor and delivered to the conqueror. While they were dragging him along in chains with his wife and others of his people, he had much to suffer from the march and ill-treatment.

But he said: "Pray, pray; let us suffer with patience, it is the means to do penance for our sins.

They brought him to Mantua. There a general came to tell him, "Your life will be saved if you consent to serve the foreigner." He refused, saying: "I will remain faithful to the good Emperor Francis."

When they came to pronounce judgement, the council of war was equally divided. But an order from the chief-of-staff in Milan enjoined that Hofer should be shot within twenty-four hours.

Some hours before his death he wrote to one of his best friends a letter in which his whole soul is laid open.

"It is the will of God," he said, "that I should exchange here in Mantua this mortal life for the eternal. But blessings be to God for his divine grace! It is as easy for me to die as to occupy myself with any other business. Poor world, farewell! I see death coming with so little sorrow that I have not a single tear in my eyes!"

The archpriest of Santa Barbara came to prepare him for death and to give him the Bread of Life. Hofer confided to him his money, to be distributed to the poor Tyrolese prisoners at Mantua, bidding him to say to them that he was full of comfort and that he recommended to them this "journey."

At eleven o'clock in the morning, on the twentieth of February, 1810, the general muster was beat, and the condemned man, holding a crucifix and accompanied by his confessor took his way towards the square of the citadel. When the procession passed by the Porta Molina cries and sobs were heard to issue from the casements. It was the Tyrolese prisoners who had fallen on their knees to weep and pray for their well-beloved leader.

He arrived at the place of execution, where a battalion of grenadiers, formed a square. Into the centre of this Hofer advanced at the first signal, with a firm step, saluting the soldiers to right and left. He prayed a little while with the priest, to whom he left his cross and rosary as a remembrance. Then twelve men were drawn up twenty paces off, with their rifles on their arms. He was offered a handkerchief to blindfold his eyes, but he refused it. They ordered him to bend his knee. He did not obey, but said:

"Standing upright, I wish to give back my soul to Him who gave it to me." A moment after he cried: "Long live the Emperor Francis, and my dear Tyrol!"

Then he prayed for an instant, again lifting his eyes to heaven; and then giving the signal to the grenadiers, he spoke the word of command with a strong voice: "Aim well!"

Such was the death of this Christian hero. With good right the province of the Tyrol glories in him, and his fellow-countrymen have raised to him a beautiful monument in the great church of Innspruck.

It is men of this stamp we ought to ask of the Sacred Heart.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Wanted a Situation.

"I WANT a situation."

"Been wanting it long?"

"Yes, sir; have been wanting something to do — wanting a place, sir — for four months."

"Don't ask another human being for a place, but make a place for yourself. Simple? Seek no man for a situation, but make a situation for yourself. Let this whole hedge-hog city go to grass with its stingy 'places' and 'situations;' you don't want one of them. Confounded churls that we are, kicking you from door to door, as if you were a dog; turn your back on us all; and tell us to keep our 'places' and be 'blessed!' Tell us to mind our own business, and take care of ourselves; and you will do the same. Slam-bang my door as you go out of here to-day, and resolve in your heart that within ten years you will produce something that I cannot get along without, but seek you for it. Then make me pay well for turning you off to-day. That's the way I'd do. "There are millions of wants for a choice. Pick up some of these wants, and resolve to try and satisfy it. The world wants happiness; wants to make money; wants shoes and sugar. Can you satisfy any of those wants? I would go down to market, buy a basket of fish — the world wants fish — and sell them at a profit. Then you have your own place. You are not dependent on anybody. I'll loan you the price of a basket and fill it once with fish, if you need. After that, snap your fingers at the world; only pay me my loan."

It was all true. "Situations" are the most uncertain things. They are salaried employments; and there is little hope of promotion into anything like independency. You depend, for their keeping, on the good will of a fickle employer, who may displace you to-morrow in a fit of anger, economy, or to make room for his cousin. Thousands of other men are as capable of filling these places as you are, and are willing to underbid you for them. If you make a business of your own, however small, yours it is. To fail in it, is yet to go down on your own quarter-deck, sword in hand.

And is it not most true that every one of these concerns, to whom you and I make application for a "place," was originated by some brave, independent fellow, who preffered to be master for a penny to serving for a pound? If a man can produce what the world wants, the world wants him. To be sure, there must always be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." There must always be men who can be employees, and are content therewith. But, you, reader, are perhaps of bolder

make-up. At any rate, you do not now succeed in getting employment by others. Why not, then, try the fish basket? Why not make a business of your own, commencing at the foot of the hill? The pinchings of severe economy, for a time, would not be as insufferable as the everlasting "no," "no" which you meet from the counting room or office, as of late you go about saying "I want a situation." God helps the man who helps himself by helping others, supplying some one of the world's many wants.

Notes on Foreign Travel.

THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

II.

FROM the desolate wastes of his Scythian exile, the poet Ovid addressed a copy of verses to Augustus, supplicating a return of lost favor. He represents his verses as strangers, wandering through the streets of Rome, inquiring their way of passers-by. "Over yonder," they are told, "are the Forum and the Via Sacra; there, on the right, is the gate of the Palatine, near the Temple of Jupiter Stator." A little higher up is a dwelling, more beautiful than all the others, and "worthy of a god." Temples surround it; its walls are decorated with spears and shields and trophies of war; a laurel stands at each side of the principal entrance, which is overhung by that civic crown of oak-leaves which the senate, by a solemn decree, bestowed on Augustus, "in the name of the people he had saved." The laurel and the civic crown indicate the abode of the master of the world.

Under the empire the Palatine Mount came to be used exclusively as a building site for the palaces of the Cæsars: — *arx imperii*, as Tacitus calls it — the heart and centre of the Roman world. In his early youth Augustus lived near the Forum. Later on he purchased a house on the Palatine which formerly belonged to the orator Hortensius. It was a modest dwelling enough, unadorned by marble or mosaic, and surrounded by a simple portico resting on stone columns. This humble abode was the origin and starting-point of the imperial palaces, which in after years covered the summit of the Palatine, and made it the chief glory of the splendid city.

A consummate master of state-craft, such as Augustus, rarely did anything of importance without some deep purpose underlying the act. We know, for instance, that it was his custom to write out beforehand his conversations on political matters with his wife, so as not to say a word more or less than he intended. Accordingly in selecting the Palatine as his place of abode, we may be sure he had some far-seeing end in view. On the Palatine once dwelt the early Kings of Rome. Memorials of their presence lay scattered around in every direction. These he preserved with a jealous care, an example which his successors were not slow to imitate. Apart from their historical interest, these

early monuments served a useful political purpose by investing with a certain character of sacredness, the place in which the new master of the world had fixed his abode. Surrounded by such venerable memorials he could easily fancy himself the inheritor of the fame and prerogatives of the ancient kings, and a sharer in the love and reverence with which their memory was still cherished.

When the Roman populace, weary of civil strife, accepted the heir of Cæsar as the true successor of the most illustrious of their heroes, the humble house on the Palatine ceased to be in keeping with the exalted dignity of one who had but to stretch his hand to grasp the sceptre of universal empire. It became necessary to enlarge and improve it; but even this, in accordance with the cautious, circumspect policy of Augustus, must be done in a manner so guarded and unostentatious as not to shock republican sentiment, the germs of which were not yet eradicated from the public mind. After his victory over Sextus Pompeius, which delivered Italy from the fear of a servile war, and left him undisputed master of the world, he directed his agents to purchase a number of houses adjoining his own, demolish them and clear the soil of their ruins. As it was a part of his policy to give a civic coloring to his most indifferent actions, he took care to spread abroad the report that the new buildings were intended for the public use, and that religious edifices were to be erected on a portion of the soil.

He succeeded effectively in directing public attention from himself by building the two libraries, Greek and Latin, so frequently referred to in the writings of the period, and by the erection of the temple of the Palatine Apollo. This famous temple was adorned with countless works of art in gold, silver, ivory, bronze, and marble. In the interior were to be seen statues of Apollo, Latona, and Diana, by Scopas, Praxiteles, and Timotheus, respectively. On the apex was a group of Apollo in a chariot of gilt-bronze, drawn by four horses. The inscription records that Augustus sold eighty silver statues of himself, and with the money offered 'golden gifts' to the temple. In the hall of the building in which the senate occasionally met, stood a bronze colossus of Augustus fifty feet high.

A short time after its erection, the new palace of Augustus was burned to the ground. There were no insurance companies in those days; but it was the custom for the friends of him who suffered the loss to supply by voluntary contributions the necessary funds for the erection of a new building. On this occasion, so great was the popularity of Augustus, the citizens of Rome vied with each other in presenting money-offerings. But Augustus would only accept a small coin from each, and proceeded to erect the palace, at his own expense, on a grander and more beautiful scale.

The verses of Ovid, to which reference is made at the beginning of this article, enable us to determine the position of the palace of Augustus, though at present it is wholly covered up and remains concealed from view. Excavations were made on the spot in the year 1755, and under heaps of rubbish a building was laid bare, which was, in all probability, the palace in question. In a few of the rooms to which ac-

cess was possible were discovered some beautiful statues and mural paintings as exquisitely finished as those of Pompeii. The proprietor of the grounds guarded his discovery with jealous care, solely intent on selling at the highest possible price the works of art, and other precious objects discovered in the ruins. Archæologists were carefully excluded. One of them, however, the celebrated Piranesi, more enthusiastic and adventurous than the others, penetrated under cover of darkness to the spot, at the risk of being devoured by dogs; and by the light of the moon made a sketch of the ruins. In its general plan the building resembled other Roman houses, with its inner court or peristyle, surrounded by columns and opening into the inner apartments of the palace. These were of different forms, round, square, rectangular, one or two octagon-shaped, as if the architect wished to carry out the Greek principle of expressive variety in particulars, subordinate to general symmetry. Though the apartments are numerous enough, they are rather small of size, none of them being sufficiently large for the official receptions of the court. This, however, may be explained by the fact that, as we have seen, Augustus studiously avoided everything that savored of royal display. It was no part of his policy to blazon forth his newly acquired power by the splendid pageantries of court receptions. When he wished to convene the senate he commonly used the temple of the Palatine Apollo for the purpose.

As we stand on the heap of earth under which the palace of Augustus lies buried, and think of his prosperous and successful career, the history of his life takes on an added interest; we are desirous of forming some conception of his character, and of summoning up the physical image of the man as he lived and moved among the Romans of his time.

In one of the Vatican museums is an ancient bust of Augustus as a youth, which had been dug out of the ruins of Ostia. The features are cast in a Grecian mould and are of the highest type of beauty, the forehead and nose lying nearly in the same line. Nor is this the mere fanciful idealism of the artist. The Octavian race took its rise in Thurii, an Athenian colony of lower Italy, and the Greek type of countenance was, consequently, the natural inheritance of Augustus.

As regards the expression, it is that of a mind guarded, self-poised, conscious of grave dangers and difficulties ahead, yet resolved to meet them squarely and overcome them or perish. "Take," says a Swedish writer, Rydberg, "the dust of Hellenic culture and feeling for humanity; take also a full measure of Hellenic craft, and mix the materials with Roman sobriety and strength of will, and if your soul have any creative power, you will have formed for yourself a likeness of the young Octavius, afterward called Cæsar Octavianus Augustus."

In the Vatican is another portrait of Augustus, a majestic, life-sized bust of the man, as emperor. He is clad in imperial garb, with richly adorned armor, tunic and purple; the sceptre in the left hand, and right arm outstretched. Though the expression is gentle, the attitude and gesture are of commanding power, as if he were repeating the line of Virgil which alludes to himself: —

"Din of arms shall cease, and days of hardship be softened."

By the aid of such helps as these it is possible to form some idea of the outer semblance of the man; but it is far from being an easy task to determine how far that face and form was a mask, how far the natural expression of the genius within. His character was a cipher and an enigma to those of his time, and is still difficult of interpretation by a far distant posterity. It may not have been wholly without significance, the circumstance which Suetonius relates, that at the early stage of his career the favorite device on the private seal with which he stamped his letters and public documents, was that of a sphinx. All youthful and unexperienced as he was, he found himself called on to face a crisis of tremendous hazard, to occupy the station, perilous and invidious, of absolute supremacy. Such a position required, if ever one did, an open brow and secret thought, the exercise of a cautious, vigilant and subtle policy.

The young Octavius conducted himself with consummate adroitness. It was his policy to antagonize no class or section but to conciliate all, and as far as possible strike an even balance between the various conflicting elements in the commonwealth. He carried out with scrupulous regard the forms of the republic long after the privileges and functions of the great public offices had become absorbed into his own autocracy. In his surroundings and in the conduct of his daily life, even as emperor, he observed a certain republican simplicity. The garments which he wore were woven by the hands of his wife and daughter. For the purpose of evading ceremonials of public honor he made it a rule never to enter a town or leave it by daylight. When the audience in a Roman theatre had risen upon the entrance of his two adopted sons, he published a special edict expressing his displeasure at such an act. In the public elections he gave his vote like any private citizen; and in the debates of the senate he would suffer himself to be contradicted even with circumstances of studied incivility. With the increase of wealth and luxury a taste for foreign costumes, Hellenic and Gallic, crept in among the citizens; and the toga, with its grand recollections, its plastic wealth of stately falling folds, was laid aside. Looking out on one occasion on the forum, and seeing that the new style of garb had for the most part replaced the ancient national dress, Augustus murmured with sad irony the well-known line of Virgil: —

"*Romanos, dominos rerum, gentemque togatam:*" "Romans, lords of the world, the race that weareth the toga."

How much of this admiration for the ancient republic was affected, how much real, is difficult to determine. If it were wholly assumed, which we do not believe, we might still find somewhat to praise in a studied hypocrisy which was at least an act of homage to the republican virtues of the past. But there are many things in the life of Augustus which forbid us believing that he was a mere coarse hypocrite and tyrant, masking his designs against the republic by a show of republican simplicity. However the stress of circumstances may have compelled him to shape his political action, it is probable that, at bottom, he had an unfeigned reverence and admiration for the old republic with its stern, heroic temper, sturdy obedience to the law, and inexhaustible spirit of self-sacrifice. Suetonius tells us that he held in high ven-

eration the memory of the great men whose genius had helped to spread abroad to the uttermostlimits of the world the name and dominion of Rome. He erected their statues, clad in triumphal robes, in the peristyle of his palace on the Palatine, and in one of his public edicts declared that the citizens should judge himself and his successors by the example which those great men had bequeathed to the world.

"Hasten slowly;" "When a thing is well done, it is quickly done," were favorite sayings of his, and furnish a clew to his political action. By slow degrees, and with as little friction as possible, he concentrated in his single person the various offices of government. No ruler since his day has shown himself such a master of the art of disguising power under constitutional forms. The guiding principle of his policy may be summed up in the words of a Latin writer: — "*Arcanum novi status, imago antiqui*;" "the secret of success in a new government is that it be the *image* of the old."

He succeeded in soothing the pride of the nobles by maintaining the outward show of republican government. When his term as commander of the Roman armies had expired he did not demand it in perpetuity like his uncle, but only for a number of years. As censor he won over the patrician class by revising the list of senators, and expelling such members as were unworthy, from their foreign extraction, their low birth, and their bad character, of a place in that august assembly. In the confusion of civil strife numbers had crept into that body who degraded it in the eyes of the public. Had Augustus chosen to employ the coarse and commonplace arts of the ordinary tyrant he would have found some use for those parasites and prodigals who are in every age the aptest tools of despotism.

As consul he possessed practically the chief authority in the senate. It was an office which differed in nothing from royalty except that it was elective and that it was limited to the tenure of a single year. Augustus had been consul for five years in succession, when he resigned the office, reserving to himself, however, the consular power *in perpetuum*, and providing at the same time for the election of two consuls each year to sit on each side of him in the senate.

The plebeian class embraced the great mass of knights and men of business, and also of the citizens settled throughout the provinces. They were the electors to the tribunate, and continued to regard the tribunes as their protectors against the encroachments of the patrician order, represented by the senate. Augustus accordingly assumed the authority of tribune for life, and assured the Commons that he could at any time exert in their behalf the power of veto over the proceedings of the consuls which had proved so effective a weapon in the past.

Thus, by slow degrees, and almost imperceptibly, did he absorb into his own autocracy all the functions of the legislative and executive departments of government—sovereign of the nobles and of the people and commander of the army in the field. Even the supreme authority in affairs of religion were conferred on him as the nominee of the whole people combined.

What title should he now assume which would reflect in a single word the full power and authority resulting from the combination of so

many honors and dignities? He had thought of calling himself Romulus, but the associations of the name were ominous; Romulus was a king, and had been slain by the senate. He finally took the name of Augustus, an epithet which gave expression to whatever was most noble, venerable, and sacred in things human and divine, and which had the double effect of illustrating his public character by the highest expression of majesty, and of withdrawing from general remembrance his obscure descent.

Here are the words in which Tacitus sums up the situation:—

"The government thus overthrown, nothing remained of ancient manners, or ancient spirit, of independence, or the equal condition of Roman citizens, no trace was left; all ranks submitted to the will of the prince, little solicitous about the present hour; while Augustus in the vigor of health maintained at once his own dignity, the honor of his house, and the tranquillity of the realm."

Inscriptions were to be seen everywhere, on the public monuments and in private houses, proclaiming "the happiness of the people" in having such a ruler as Augustus. Brutus and Cassius were dead, and no avenger had arisen from their ashes. It is a remark of De Maistre:—"*Le peuple n'ont jamais que le gouvernement qu' ils meritent:*" "The government which a people have, is always such only as they deserve." We cannot help acquiescing in the truth of this remark, in the case of a people who have sunk so low as to exult in their chains, and to decorate with honors the instruments of their own vassalage.

Augustus was now master of the world from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. He had played his part well in the mingled tragedy and comedy of human life; and when the final scene of all had come, which was to end his strange, eventful history, he could well ask his friends to dismiss him from the stage of this world with the common expression of scenical applause which, in the theatre, greeted the successful actor: Vos Plaudite.

J. C.

Musings from Foreign Poets.

IN SUMMER.

From the German of Hoffman.

I.

The hot air swoons on stream and meadow;
The sun doth burn, the vext earth grieves;
No fleeting cloudlet casts a shadow,
No wind is stirring in the leaves:
Still with a cheerful heart I bear
The stress of sultry summer air,
Since evening dews will soon allay
The heat and burden of the day,
And soon beneath my own roof-tree
My loved ones all shall welcome me.

II.

'Tis evening now — the light grows dimmer,
Cool dews refresh the parched plain,
And thro' the pines the ruddy glimmer
Of sunset gilds the window pane;
What bliss a moment more shall bring! —
Now heart to heart doth fondly cling,
The sun that lit the sky above
Shines in my home a mother's love;
The dew that wets the flower now lies
As tears of joy within her eyes.

SPRING.

From the German of Hartmann.

I.

A Spirit sweeps down on the earth arrayed
In the glory of Spring, from stars of night;
Oft heard I the murmurous rustle made
By his angel wings in his downward flight.

II.

To the seedling wind, swept thro' midnight skies,
"Go wend thy way to the churchyard", he saith;
"Fall on the maiden's green grave and arise
As fragrant lilies from the dust of death."

III.

To the tender sapling still twined with moss,
He saith, "grow in beauty and strength alway;
I've singled thee out to serve as a cross
O'er a grave in the forest's depths some day."

IV.

To the ivy, he saith, amid the grass,
"Stretch forth thy green hand and with verdure crown
Yonder tower, lest perchance a shapeless mass
Of ruin ere long it come crashing down."

V.

Thus remembrance, death, love, on angel wing,
Hover down to earth from the stars above;
Thus hand in hand, thro' the glory of Spring,
Wander ever remembrance, death, and love.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

From the German of Geibel.

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt." — *Virgil.*

I.

O were it but the cheek's fresh bloom
That with the fleeting years decayed! —
But ah! what grieves me is the doom
That even the heart itself must fade;

II.

That like a sound youth dies away,
The once bright eye is clouded o'er,
The heart which throbbed 'neath passion's sway,
Forgets it loved, and loves no more.

III.

The jocund wit, alert and keen,
That from the lips once swiftly sped,
Was but the false delusion green
That decks the grave-mounds of the dead.

IV.

Night draweth near: with Night comes pain;
Soon flickers out the idle glare;
Our heart seeks tears, but seeks in vain —
The fount is dry — no tears are there.

V.

O weak and weary all our days!
We know not why, we feel but this; —
That even the heart itself decays,
And but a dream is all life's bliss.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

I SEE your childish tears and troubles. Know, then, that all our childishness comes from this: that we forget the maxims of the Saints, who warn us that we must act as if we were daily to begin anew the labor of our advancement; we shall not be so much astonished to find miseries and faults to correct in ourselves. The work we have undertaken is never finished; we must continually begin over again with a good heart.— *St. Francis de Sales.*

In Mormon Land.

ERECTION OF A CATHOLIC DIOCESE IN UTAH.—SKETCH OF THE FIRST BISHOP.

In the past we have been accustomed to regard the territory of Utah as a land irretrievably in the clutches of Mormonism. For the future we shall regard it as teeming with abundant triumphs for the church of Christ. The dawn is bright with promise for Utah's future and for Utah's people. Already the polygamous forces show signs of disintegration, and only the resplendent influence of Catholicity is needed to dismay and banish their fetid doctrines. The Catholic church, ever building wisely, has recognized the magnificent harvest now ready for the reaper, and recognizing it, erected the diocese of Salt Lake, and has appointed Rt. Rev. Lawrence Scanlan to be its first bishop.

It is not often, says an exchange, that the first bishop was the founder, the architect, and the motive power of the new diocese over which he is called to preside, but such, however, has been the fortune of Bishop Scanlan. An energetic worker, he has, during his missionary career in Utah, erected scores of churches, schools, and hospitals, and has labored unceasingly with his head, heart, and hands. His jurisdiction as Vicar Forane covered hundreds of thousands of square miles, and the work done by him is almost incalcuable. We give here an interesting sketch of Bishop Scanlan which, together with what follows, will repay perusal.

The bishop of Salt Lake first saw the sunshine of this life in the year 1843, in the Catholic region of the County Tipperary, Ireland, a spot where sectarianism never gained any solid foothold for its false principles. Having received the rudimentary elements of a good, solid, Christian education in the immediate vicinity of his birth-place, young Scanlan developed a vocation for a religious life, and in 1860 he entered upon his classical course of studies in Thurles, where he remained for three years, gaining all the honors of his *Alma Mater* as well as winning the love and esteem of both professors and fellow-pupils, through the humility, piety and the probity of character which marked his academic career. In 1863, Bishop Scanlan entered All Hallows College, in Dublin, that beloved mother of Catholic missionaries, which Aubrey De Vere has so well and so beautifully portrayed in the following poetic tribute:

> Hope of my Country! House of God!
> ALL HALLOWS! Blessed feet are those
> By which thy shadowy courts are trod,
> Ere yet the breeze of morning blows!
> Blessed are the winds that waft them forth
> To victory over the rough sea-foam—
> Can God forget the race at home?

In June, 1868, the young ecclesiastic received holy orders at the hands of Bishop Whelan of Bombay. He soon started for America, and, after a long and weary voyage, landed in San Francisco.

In 1871, Father Scanlan was selected by Archbishop Alemany, O. P., to proceed to Pioche, Nevada, a great centre of attraction in consequence of the richness of its newly discovered mines. Arriving

at Pioche, the young missionary priest found himself in the midst of a homogeneous community, the majority of whom were absorbed solely in money-getting or mine-discovering enterprises which left them little or no time to think of the one thing necessary. However, even in the face of the direct opposition of a portion of the community, and the indifference of another section of the citizens of Pioche, Father Scanlan determined upon building his first church, and before he had half con-

RT. REV. LAWRENCE SCANLAN, BISHOP OF UTAH.

pleted this holy work, his zeal in God's cause had won over to him the very people who at first had considered it a "folly" to erect a Catholic church in such a community.

On arriving at Salt Lake, Father Scanlan found the little church in that Mormon city encumbered with a heavy debt, which it appeared almost hopeless ever to expect to liquidate through the contributions of the few Catholics in that city fourteen years ago. But well knowing that "all things are possible to God," and in the full belief that Almighty

God helps those who work for His glory, Father Scanlan set out on his almost hopeless task, determined to make his best personal efforts, and to leave the rest in the hands of that heavenly Master in whose sanctuary he served. To his own astonishment, Father Scanlan saw the debt on the church, grow "small by degrees and beautifully less," until he was able to say *Laus Deo!* as the last dollar due on it was paid!

Living in the midst of Mormons, he has wisely avoided arousing any spirit of fanatical antagonism against the church on their part, by strictly attending to the affairs of his own flock. For this course of action — so different from which the Mormons were led to expect from what they had read in anti-Catholic books concerning the "overbearing tyranny" of the Church of Rome—Father Scanlan gained the good will of many of the most prominent Mormons in Utah, who could not help admiring the zeal and unostentatious piety of the missionary priest in their midst. So far was this kindly spirit manifested whilst Father Scanlan was residing at Silver Reef, that the Mormon leaders at St. George invited him to perform services in their tabernacle. St. George is an exclusively Mormon settlement, seventeen miles south of Silver Reef and adjoining the range of mountains which divide Utah from Arizona.

He accepted, said Mass and was very respectfully treated by all. Bishop Scanlan has manifested throughout the nearly nineteen years of his missionary life all the traits which combine to make an illustrious prelate in the Church of God. His zeal for God's glory, his faculty for erecting monuments commemorate of Catholic faith, his humility, self-sacrifice, enterprise and patient endurance, coupled with that charity which makes the whole world kindred of Christ, have been made manifest both to heaven and to humanity since the first day he set foot in California.

In all the missions where his priestly labors have been exercised, his financial support has been very small. In Pioche, during the first six months of his missionary life, he did not receive offerings enough to pay for his board, and in Utah, during his first two years, he was compelled to cook his own scanty meals, taken hurriedly at irregular intervals. And yet, with that Apostolic zeal which God implants in hearts that are given wholly and zealously to His cause, the darker the outlook for spiritual success, the stronger the hope that annimated Father Scanlan's soul to persevere for the sake of winning souls to Christ. His very poverty, the pinching of hunger and the poorness of his raiment, seemed to give additional zeal to his cheerfulness and to increase his happiness.

The news that his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., had created Utah into a diocese and designated Very Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, V. F., as its first bishop was received with wide-spread satisfaction. The new honor was conferred upon him recently in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, with imposing ceremonies. Previous to his departure from Salt Lake City to receive his new honor, a banquet was tendered Bishop Scanlan by the clergy and laity of the city just mentioned. This took place June 25th last. Among those present were Governor West, Dr. Allen Fowler, Dr. S. H. Pinkerton, Col. T. H. Stanton, and many

others. Governor West presided and introduced Dr. Fowler who delivered a congratulatory address. Bishop-elect Scanlan fittingly responded. He reached San Francisco a day or two later accompanied by Rt. Rev. Joseph Projectus Machebeuf, D. D., Bishop of Colorado, and who was the first prelate to visit the Catholics of Salt Lake City, which the Bishop did in 1868, when he found but a couple of dozen of the true faith in that section of Utah.

The consecration services at St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, took place on the morning of June 29th. Every seat in the body of the church and in the galleries was filled, whilst many had to retire for want of room or be satisfied with standing near the entrances. The grand decorations on the main and side altars, the hundreds of lights, the joyous tones of the organ, the magnificent robes of the Prelates and attending Priests, all gave to the scene a dignity and impressiveness which brought joy to the heart of every Catholic in the sacred edifice.

All the arrangements for the performance of the sacred function having been completed, as the clock on the cathedral tower chimed forth the hour of ten, the procession entered from the sacristy preceded by a cross-bearer, censer and a long train of acolytes, followed by the Rev. Clergy, visiting Bishops, and closed by the Bishop-elect and Archbishop Riordan.

The several officers of the Consecration Ceremonies comprised Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, D. D., Consecrator. Assistant Bishops: Rt. Rev. Eugene O'Connell, D. D., Bishop of Joppa, and Rt. Rev. Patrick Manogue, Bishop of Sacramento. Assistant Priest of the Mass, Very Rev. James Croke. Deacons of Honor: Rev. Peter J. Grey, of St. Patrick's, and Rev. Patrick Scanlan, of St. Joseph's. Deacon of the Mass, Rev. W. B. O'Connor, of Stockton. Sub-Deacon, Rev. Wm. Kirby of the Cathedral. Chaplain to Bishop-elect, Rev. D. Keily, of Salt Lake. Notary, Rev. T. Larkin. Chanters during the Consecration; Rev. John Valentini, of Saucelito, Rev. T. McSweeney, of Oakland, Rev. John Cottle, of the Cathedral, Rev. M. P. Scanlan, of Menlo Park. Masters of Ceremonies: Rev. Thomas Larkin and Rev. George Montgomery.

The Case in a Nutshell.

OUR contemporary the *N. O. Morning Star*, who had so far kept aloof from all discussions on the subject of Dr. McGlynn's trouble, thinks it now its duty to enlighten its readers about the whole matter, because of the different opinions, pro and con, about the case which have been circulated in our American papers; and for that purpose one of its reporters called on some of the most eminent and learned divines of that city and propounded to them the following questions, to wit:

1. *When did the trouble originate?*
2. *What is the nature of Dr. McGlynn's disobedience?*

3. *If Dr. McGlynn had proceeded to Rome, when called there, would he have had an equal chance with Archbishop Corrigan in presenting his case.*

4. *Would Dr. McGlynn be reinstated to all priestly functions, if he should repent.*

5. *Should the matter first have been brought before the tribunal Judices Causarum.*

These questions were thus unanimously answered:

First. Dr. McGlynn has had trouble for a long number of years on the parish school question, but the final climax culminated in the Henry George affair.

Second. Positive disobedience to his obligations as a Propagandæ Alumnus and positive disobedience to his superior, the Archbishop of New York.

Third. He would have had a fair hearing, and if the Archbishop had overstepped his authority, there would have been an impartial verdict in favor of Dr. McGlynn; and if there had been anything blameworthy in the conduct or teaching of Dr. McGlynn, contrary to the discipline or doctrine of the church, he would certainly have been informed of it.

Fourth. Certainly, but hardly to the pastorage of St. Stephen's after the scandal caused by him.

Fifth. No; it should have gone to a higher tribunal for final decision.

Cyclones.

A CYCLONE may be of any diameter, from one hundred to three thousand miles. The most common are between one thousand and two thousand miles; and anything less than one thousand two hundred miles across is a small one. The path of a cyclone is the path described by the centre. In this country ninety per cent. move toward some points of east, the most frequent direction being about east-north-east. The velocity is that of the centre; it may be anything from seventy miles an hour eastward to ten miles an hour westward. About twenty miles is a common velocity, but sometimes a cyclone is stationary. The life of a cyclone is measured by the number of days during which it can be traced on synopic charts; the length of life may be anything from a few hours to twenty days. The details of wind, weather, etc., in the different portions of a cyclone may be briefly summarized as follows: The temperature is always higher in the front than in the rear, the warm air in the front having a peculiar close, muggy character, quite independent of the actual reading of the thermometer. The cold air in the rear, on the contrary, has a peculiarly exhilarating feeling, also quite independent of the thermometer. The front is always very damp, especially the right front, while the rear is dry to a marked degree. The wind blows around the centre in the direction contrary to

the motion of the hands of a watch; but as the direction is slightly inclined to the isobars, on the whole the circulation is an ingoing spiral. The amount of incurvature is usually greatest in the right front and least in the rear; so that sometimes the passage of the trough is marked by a sudden shift of wind. The force of the wind depends almost entirely on the gradients; in the centre it is a dead calm, and the steepest gradients are usually found at some distance from the centre. The direction from the centre in which the strongest winds are found depends on the position of the surrounding areas of high pressure.

How Women Begin to Drink.

STARTLING FIGURES FROM A PRISON SUPERINTENDENT.

Out of an examination of two hundred and four inebriate women, I have found that one hundred and twenty-eight began their drinking by the use of beer; thirty-seven by drinking whiskey (as punch at first usually); twenty began with wine; eight with gin, and eleven could not remember what beverage was first used. These young girls, mill and shop girls, largely began by going to some so-called refreshment saloon with their friends, and the *debutanté* usually began by sipping a little *tonic* (made of hops, sugar and water, charged with carbonic acid gas and colored with burnt sugar); beer soon followed, and soon rioting, other kinds of intoxicants, recklessness and crime; and what was an innocent, foolish girl yesterday, is to-day a branded criminal, and all for *a glass of beer*. Alas! how many such ruined lives I have seen!

Beer was also the beverage which older inebriate woman used to entice the younger ones to drink. A call upon one of these *old sots* was the signal for a pitcher of beer to be sent for, and a little coaxing and urging would result in the first fatal glass being indulged in. The steps were then easy. *Beer is the trap which the drunkard-maker sets for the feet of the unwary.* And he usually makes sure of his prey, because of it. A glass of raw whiskey would have presented but slight attraction to these over-worked half-fed girls, had it been offered them at first. After that sleeping devil, the appetite for intoxicants, had been aroused by beer, it became altogether a different matter, and at last, in many cases, chloroform or peppermint oil was added to the drink of these maddened creatures, so furious had the appetite become for something stronger.

It may be of interest to note that of the two hundred and four inebriate women, one hundred and twenty-six had been guilty of other crimes, and yet in but sixteen instances did the first commitment of a crime antedate the habit of drinking.

Also, that of the beverages first used, while in but thirty-seven cases it began with whiskey, in one hundred and eighty-seven it had become the favorite beverage.

Several hopeless drunkards, far gone towards insanity, had never drank any other intoxicant than beer.

One hundred and thirty-two were committed to prison for drunkenness; fifty-six for offences against chastity and public order; and sixteen for crimes against property. Their ages when last committed averaged thirty and one-half years. Sixty-five were between thirty and forty-one years of age; forty-nine between twenty-five and thirty-one years of age; thirty-four between twenty and twenty-six years of age; thirty between fifteen and twenty-one. The remainder were over forty-one years of age.

Many of the older ones could not tell how many sentences they have received, showing the absolute uselessness of punishing these poor creatures while the temptations are left in their way.

To show the effect upon the children of inebriate parentage, I collected the following: Of one hundred and eleven inebriate mothers, thirty-three of whom had inebriate husbands, four hundred and eight children were born. Of these, two hundred and twenty-seven perished in infancy and early childhood, and of the survivors many are doomed evidently to an early death. In many cases the death of these children was indirectly due to the inebriety of the parents, as cold, deprivation, etc. Ages: Twenty-seven of the two hundred and four women began to drink intoxicants before they were ten years of age; eleven between the ages of nine and fifteen; seventy-four between fourteen and twenty-one; thirty-seven between twenty and twenty-six; thirty-three between twenty-five and thirty-one; nineteen between thirty and forty-one; three between forty and fifty-one.

Average age, eighteen and one-half years. More than one-half had formed habits of intemperance before they were twenty-one years of age, and more than one-third at the giddy age of from fifteen to twenty inclusive.

One hundred and thirty-two began to drink *socially* and *with female friends.*

L. M. HALL, *Supt. Woman's Reformatory Prison, Sherborn, Mass.*

The Parish Priest.

THE parish priest is the friend of all, the father of all, the servant of servants, the comforter of the afflicted, the consoler of the repentant sinner, the physician of souls, the rebuker of the proud, the one ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who by their own folly have fallen in sin, in disgrace, in suffering, in poverty and in sickness. At all times—day or night, rain or shine, snow or heat, rested or fatigued—all are indifferent to him when duty calls or a soul is to be gained to Christ. He is to cast the stone at the fallen sinner, and the first to raise him from the depth in which his sins have placed him. He keeps open house and lives on crumbs that fall from the tables of his parishioners. His spouse is the Church of Christ. He knows no family ties. He pours upon our heads the regenerating waters of our nativity and he anoints us with holy oil when life is about to ebb for the

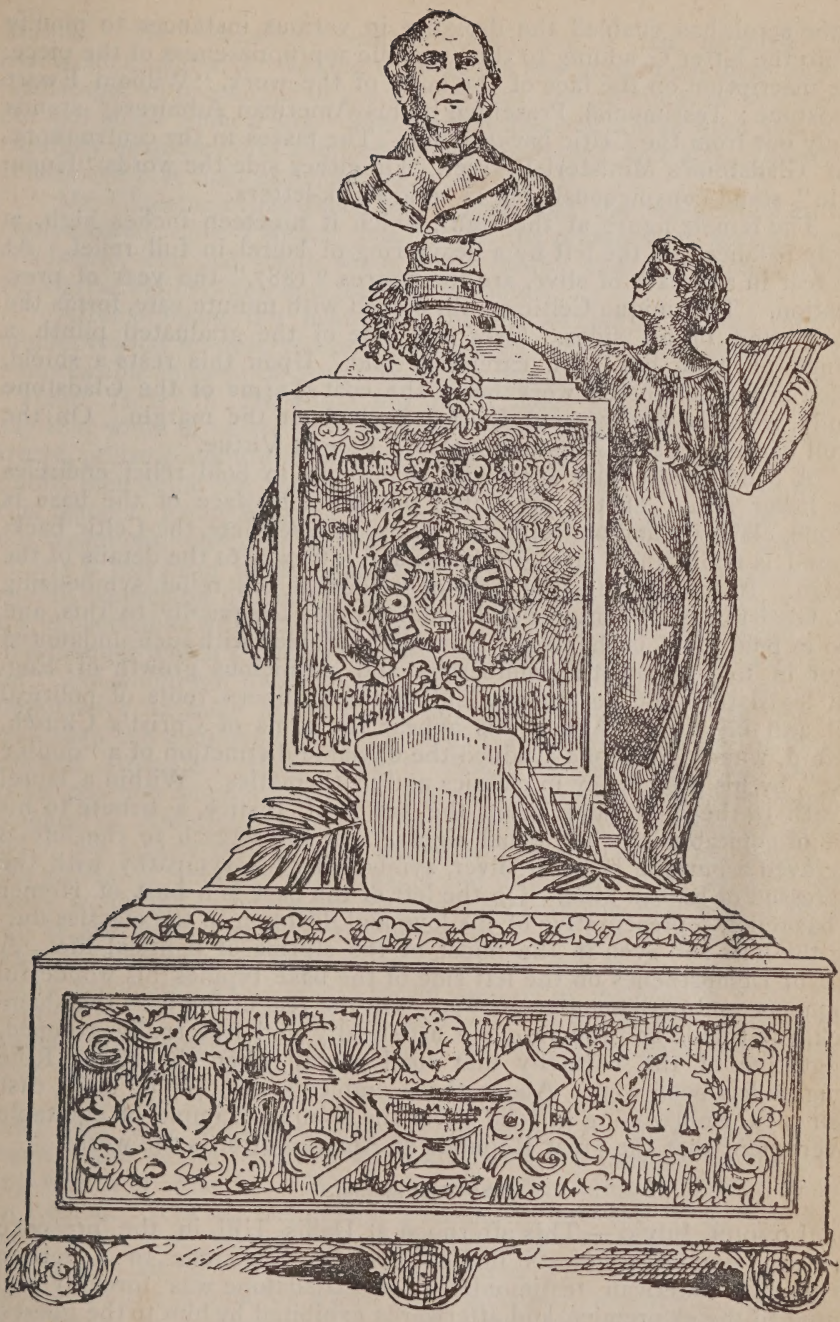
last time. Even beyond the grave he follows our souls and offers the Lamb without spots for us, that will shorten our sufferings. In pestilence he is seen going from palace to hovel, bringing comfort and consolation to those who are struck by the hand of God. He is joyous with those who are light of heart, and joins in sorrow with those in affliction; and if there is any one thing that affects him more than another it is to see some of his flock, for whom Christ died, who will not hearken to his voice and return to God, or to see some others fall from grace and not return. Such is the parish priest.

The Gladstone Testimonial.

THAT popular young Irish-American, Mr. Richard M. Walters, Secretary of the Irish Parlimentary Fund, carried to Mr. Gladstone the testimonial prepared for him by his American admirers in the cause of Home Rule. It was made by Tiffany & Co., N. Y., and is of sterling silver throughout, and thirty-seven inches high. The elaborate rectangular base, standing on six feet of Celtic design, measures twenty-four inches in length, twenty-two inches in depth, and is nine and a half inches high. Resting on the centre of this massive silver base is the cubical body of the piece, supporting the pedestal and the fine bust of Gladstone. The main idea of the design is singularly simple and striking. Reared on its silver eminence the bust, with its clearly moulded and finely etched features, reveal the vigor, the integrity, the innate love of justice and unbounded human sympathy of the great champion of Home Rule. At the right of the body of the piece a graceful female figure, with star-spangled robe loosely girded at the waist, renders the sculptured tribute of appreciation. It is as if the symbolized daughter of Ireland in America had paused by the pedestal of the bust to pay merited homage to the Grand Old Man, who is fighting so valiantly for the welfare of her kindred. She rests one shapely foot upon the plinth of the piece. In her left arm and touching her starry bosom is the silver harp of Erin, its chord as if yet vibrating with a pæan of gratitude. Her graceful right arm has been thrown about the base of the bust, scattering a profusion of shamrock over the pedestal. The upturned face of the figure, classical in the beauty of its contour, is almost eloquent in its expression of gratitude and admiration.

The bust of Gladstone is pronounced by friends of the English statesman to be remarkably true to life. Beneath the bust a little scroll bears the figures "1886–7," denoting the years of the raising of the fund and the presentation of the Testimonial.

Another novel feature of the Testimonial is the utilization of the ancient Celtic scroll for the background of all the bas-reliefs. This ornamentation is familiar to antiquarians who have given attention to the mediæval and prehistoric relics of Ireland. It is to be found engraved upon old masonry, and still survives in the cornices and friezes of many of the cathedrals and churches of Ireland. The peculiar nature



Testimonial Presented to Wm. E. Gladstone, by His American Home Rule Admirers, July 9, 1887.

of the scroll has enabled the designer in various instances to modify it into the letter G, adding to the symbolic appropriateness of the piece. The inscription on the face of the body of the work, "William Ewart Gladstone; Testimonial, Presented by his American Admirers," stands boldly out from the Celtic background. The fasces in the centre represent Gladstone's Ministerial career. On either side the words "Home Rule" stand conspicuously out in solid block-letters.

The female figure at the right, which it nineteen inches high, is partly balanced on the left by a heavy ring of laurel in full relief. At the rear in a wreath of olive, are the figures "1887," the year of presentation. The unique Celtic scroll, etched with minute care, forms the background of all sides. Over the face of the graduated plinth a branch of palm has been carelessly laid. Upon this rests a shield, which in the completed work bears the coat-of-arms of the Gladstone family, with the ever-present Celtic scroll about the margin. On the scroll beneath is the Gladstone motto, "Fide et Virtue."

A band of alternate stars and shamrocks in bold relief encircles the lower strata of the graduated plinth. The face of the base is unique, elaborite and appropriate. Here, as elsewhere, the Celtic background is maintained, giving richness and intricacy to the details of the design. In the centre is the lamp of wisdom in full relief, symbolizing Mr. Gladstone's ripe intellectual attainments. Diagonally to this, and also in bold relief, is the axe of Hawarden, wielded with such undaunted vigor in looping off the cumberous and pernicious growth of English legislation and so sturdily laid to the stubborn roots of political evil and injustice. Above this appear the arms of Christ's Church, Oxford, where Gladstone attained the enviable distinction of a "double first" by his proficiency in classics and mathematics. Within a laurel wreath to the right hang again the scales of Justice, a tribute to his love of equitable laws and equal rights. In the wreath to the left is engraved a burning heart of silver, symbolizing his sympathy with the oppressed of human kind. On the left of the base is a bust of Homer in bas-relief, representative of his love and devotion to the classics during the lulls and even in the midst of the storms of political life. A bust of Demosthenes on the left side of the base typifies his wonderful eloquence and parliamentary power. On the rear of the base the shamrock, the thistle and the rose are artistically and fraternally grouped, suggestive of the harmony that shall prevail when the Home Rule struggle has been won. About these emblems clusters of stars cast their rays, emblazoning in solid silver the shining example of equitable government that the great Republic of America affords the world.

The Testimonial.

LONDON, July 9.— This afternoon at Dallis Hill, in the presence of a large number of guests invited by Mrs. Gladstone to a garden party, the American testimonial to Mr. Gladstone was formally presented to the ex-premier, and afterwards exhibited by him to the guests.

The presentation speech was made by Hon. Joseph Pulitzer of the *New York World*. Mr. Pulitzer was accompanied to Dallis Hill by Mrs. Pulitzer and several distinguished Americans, among them Congressman

Collins. Mr. Gladstone received the party a few minutes after four o'clock, and after shaking their hands and presenting them to Mrs. Gladstone, all proceeded to the lawn where the testimonial was taken out and stood upon a box. The massive piece of silver work was most carefully examined and admired by Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone. It was the first time either of them had seen it.

Mr. Gladstone then faced Mr. Pulitzer and the two gentlemen formally bowed. Mr. Pulitzer then made the presentation speech. Mr. Gladstone, who had made some notes during the proceedings, spoke with great deliberation and feeling, as follows:

After praising the beauty of the gift, he said he did not think so much of what he deserved or might fairly claim as of the profound and irrepressible interest of America in the great Irish cause. (Cries of "Hear! Hear!") He would not dwell upon himself further than to say that while in public life praise and blame came from all quarters freely, praise generally came in a manner of which, for the most part, public men could not complain. The case of America was peculiar in this respect. From America he had never anything but the most generous treatment, unmixed indulgence for and appreciation of whatever efforts it had been in his power to make, the most generous interpretation of everything he has said or done,and a disposition outrunning alike his expectations or wishes to interpret his conduct, not only wisely, but in a manner which the largest charity would scarcely suffice to account for. He would not dwell upon personal matters which were of minor importance on such an occasion, but he had hardly a greater consolation than the unanimous support he had received in America in the present struggle. (Hear! Hear!) Some of his countrymen, in the false position wherein they had placed themselves, expressed certain jealousy of American interference in English affairs. Was he to consider the interference of one nation by the expression of opinion in the affairs of another unjustifiable and intolerable? If so, that sentence would fall heavily upon England, because she has been interfering in everybody's concern throughout the world, instructing countries what they ought to do and how to do it. It was much too late, under these circumstances, to object to the conduct of Americans when they venture to advise upon the Irish question. It would be monstrous and unnatural if Americans did not do it, for feelings of humanity required it at their hands. (Cheers.)

It was not merely an expression of opinion from America. England long has been the recipient of American alms. This great, ancient and wealthy country was not ashamed to partake of the growing wealth of America. We receive American alms to lighten famine in Ireland. It is our business, if possible, to prevent it, or, if it rises, to bear the cost thereof. We have received American alms, not for that alone, but for the removal from Ireland to a happier land of a large portion of the population which Lord Salisbury recently designated as a burdensome engagement upon the soil. While America's operations and remittances were confined to those purposes nobody complained, but we had now reached another period, when the sympathy of the Americans took another form. The Irish people were no longer

fighting their battles through secret societies; they were no longer driven to assert what they thought were their rights by movements against public authorities. But they were fighting a great parliamentary contest, and they had the support of hardly one in a hundred of the propertied classes in Ireland. America had once more, to what extent he did not know, for he was ignorant of the details, administered to the wants of Ireland, to enable her to assert her rights in a constitutional manner, by pecuniary means, which were absolutely inseparable from every public operation or struggle. America having done that, there were expressions of surprise and indignation of regret and horror, and assertions of foreign conspiracy. The cry was raised: Give us your money, for our landlords, to take away our emigrants of whom we want to get rid, to bear the cost of the famine for which we ought to provide, and we will not complain; but assist our fellow subjects to fight the battle of liberty in accordance with our law and constitution, and immediately we indignantly expostulate and complain to the world that you are interfering with British institutions. (Cheers.) He contended that the whole civilized world in its literature favored the cause of Ireland. He had challenged men who knew more than himself to produce a single author of repute who did not severely and unmitigatedly condemn England. The challenge was unanswered. (Cheers.)

Criticising the coercion bill, Mr. Gladstone said it was passed by men a majority of whom, when elected, opposed coercion and condemned the permanent features of the act and the suppression of societies in Ireland. He regretted that the American deputation had come at a time of retroaction and retrogression. There was one consolation. It was impossible that the love of liberty should recede from the people. He believed that the people, as represented by the present Parliament, were a deceived, deluded people. But the recent elections showed that they were awakening. (Cheers.) The cause of liberty would triumph eventually, when Americans and mankind generally — British mankind especially — would rejoice.

The Education Question in a Nutshell.

PARENTS are not safe in conscience, but are running great risk of eternal happiness, who will expose their children to lose their faith or morality in irreligious schools.

Parents are bound in conscience to send their children to Catholic schools wherever they are established. The Church tolerates parents in sending their children to public schools where there is no Catholic school near them, but the Church does not take the responsibility of advising parents to send them to them, and when Catholic children are so constrained, parents and priests are obliged to be more attentive in instructing these children in their religion, and in seeing that they frequent the Sacraments.

Parents are obliged to transmit to their children the most precious inheritance of faith which they received from their ancestors, and they commit a more grievous injustice in not doing it, than if they were to squander away their worldly inheritance, because the inheritance of faith is the more precious as it is to last for eternity. Children have always a right to this treasure, especially in youth, the springtime of life, for when the scorching rays of the summer sun of adolescence come, it may be too late to plant the seed. Again, the life of a child is like a web of cloth which the shuttle is constantly making, and whatever figures the workmen may wish to interweave will be marked upon it, whether beautiful or the contrary. As the shuttle is constantly going, the greatest care should be taken that the images may be always pure and true. Evil impressions on young minds are most difficult to erase. The foolish ghost stories, or lies against the true Church heard in youth, will influence old age. Even when reason has corrected those falsehoods the imagination will still conjure up the images of youth.

For Catholics the rule of the Church from the earliest ages is, that the education of Catholic children must be based upon and mixed up with religion, and our Holy Father Pius IX., of blessed memory, has declared that "mixed education is an evil." The sneers and taunts of Protestant children against the priest, the sign of the cross, the mass, the Blessed Virgin, holy water, etc., chill greatly the reverence of the child towards sacred things. We know this from experience, and from the experience of others who had frequented the Protestant schools. We could not induce a Catholic child of eight years of age, who had frequented a Protestant school for about three months, to make the sign of the cross, because the child had heard it was a wicked thing to do. The deaf and dumb are still more tenacious of first impressions.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH on the "Duty of Parents."

What it Cost to Perpetuate the Union.

THE following contains a number of facts that will prove interesting to ex-soldiers, or in fact to any one.

Official returns show that about 2,900,000 soldiers enlisted during the war, in response to the successive calls of President Lincoln, and that of this number 186,097 were colored troops. Of this number,

New York furnished 467,047 men, Pennsylvania furnished 366,107 men, Ohio furnished 319,659 men, Illinois furnished 259,147 men, Indiana furnished 197,147 men, Massachusetts furnished 152,048 men, Missouri furnished 109,111 men.

These figures do not include men who enlisted for a shorter period than ninety days, and, estimating on the basis of New York's enlistment of 17,213, it is fair to calculate that the aggregate of troops furnished by the State for the Union armies was at least 3,000,000.

Additional reports show that the Northern and Southern armies met in over two thousands skirmishes and battles. In 148 of these

conflicts the loss on the Federal side was over five hundred men, and in at least ten battles over ten thousand men were reported lost on each side. The appended table shows that the combined losses of the Federal and Confederate forces in killed, wounded and missing in the following engagements were: Shiloh, 24,000; Antietam, 38,000; Stone River, 37,000 Chancelorsville, 28,000; Gettysburg, 54,000; Chickamauga, 33,000; McClellan's Peninsula campaign, 50,000; Grant's Peninsula campaign, 180,000; and Sherman's campaign, 125,000.

Official statistics show that the 3,000,000 men enlisted there were:

Killed in battles	44,238
Died of wounds	49,205
Died of disease	186,216
Died of unknown causes	24,148
Total	303,843

This includes only those whose death while in the army has been proven. To this number should be added, first, 26,000 men who are known to have died while in the hands of the enemy as prisoners of war, and many others in the same manner whose deaths are to-day unrecorded; second, a fair percentage of the 205,794 men, who are put down on the official reports as deserters and missing in action, for those who participated in the war know that men frequently disappeared who it was certain had not deserted, yet could not be otherwise officially accounted for; third, thousands who are buried in private cemeteries all over the North who died while at home on furlough.

From official records of the War Department, based on the losses given and the total number of men furnished by the States and Territories during the war, it appears that:

Out of every sixty-five men one man was killed in action.

Out of every fifty-six men one man died of wounds received in action.

Out of every thirteen men one man died of disease.

Out of every nine men one man died while in service.

Out of every fifteen men one man was captured or reported missing.

Out of every ten men one man was wounded in action.

Out of every seven men captured one man died in captivity.

CAST your thoughts earnestly upon the shoulders of the Saviour, and He will support and strengthen you. When He calls you to a kind of service which is contrary to your taste, your courage should not be less, but rather more than if your taste concurred with His pleasure, for where there is less of self the work goes best. Do not permit your mind to consider itself, its powers, or inclinations. You must keep your eyes fixed upon the good pleasure of God, and upon Providence.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Irish Schools

IN SPAIN, PORTUGAL AND FRANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

FRANCE.—PART I.

TWENTY years ago was the grand year of Paris. Her universal exhibition was arrayed in all the splendor of the imperial *régimé* upon the Champs de Mars. It was my first visit to Paris. The following years up to 1870 I often visited the charming city, and spent hours in her grand churches and matchless temples, dedicated to art. One fine day while there, in February, 1873, I had finished writing a long letter to America, when the thought struck me that I had omitted to visit the Irish college at Paris. I jumped up and set about going there "right off." I was on the point of starting when I paused and something whispered to me, "You have no letter of introduction." True. I had two others and copies of more, but I had none to the Rector of the Irish college. I knew a couple of French priests at Saint Sulpice some few years before, but where they were now, Heaven only knows I wrote a letter upon the spot. In fifty-two hours I had an answer, enclosing a letter of introduction from a charming woman who was most liberal of her adjectives in my behalf. The next day I sallied forth, and stopped on my way to look at the beautiful church of Ste. Genevieve, (vulgo the Pantheon); when I left the church I looked all around me, but the streets were so similar in appearance and narrow that I felt at a loss which way to turn towards *Rue des Irlandais*, Irish Street. Fortunately I met a tall policeman and inquired the way to my destination. He responded promptly by pointing to the eastward and speaking as rapidly as Parisians generally do. I only heard *a la droit*, *a la gauche*, *au face*, etc; to the right, to the left, in front. I thanked him kindly and set forward; but his turn to the right and then to the left and so on, had little influence upon my footsteps. Unexpectedly I arrived in front of a narrow street marked Rue des Irlandais; this was enough. The street wasn't long, but from where I stood I saw something over a lofty gateway that I was desirous of examining at closer quarters. As I approached, the outlines of a harp became visible; as I stood before the broad gateway, there stood the harp of Erin surrounded with oak branches and palm leaves, and above the inscription,

"COLLEGE DES IRLANDAIS."

This was the second place in my journey through life that I ever saw the uncrowned harp of Ireland out in the open air. The first one was over the main entrance and under the beautiful portico of the Hibernia Hall in Charleston, S. C., which was the principal hall in the "Queen City of the South" forty years ago.

I pulled the bell on the right of the gate. The door was immediately opened and a rosy-cheeked porter, with the lineaments of a Frenchman, politely bowed as I entered. Presuming he spoke English I accosted him, "How do you do?" He looked me square in the face and responded "*Je ne comprehend pas Anglais*," * Visitor † "*Tant mieux.*

* "I don't understand English." † "So much the better my dear friend."

mon cher amie." The rosy-cheeks became rosier, and sunny with a sweet smile, as he heard my *young* French, but I didn't detain him long. Placing my letter in his hand, as I entered the hall on my right. Upon a black marble slab is a list of Irish benefactors of the Irish college. Munster heads the list, and the name of O'Sullivan heads all others of Ireland. The hall is painted in panels of marble, and above in gold letters on a green ground are the words

"FRANCE, IRELAND: ARMAGH, DUBLIN, TUAM, CASHEL."

Further on is a gilt harp and gilt shamrock of large proportions. How one feels in such presence cannot be easily written about in such a queer atmosphere as ours. Turning to the left there is a spacious, airy apartment roomed with pictures and maps and known as the *Salle de Recreation.* The refectory is a lofty, well-lit room ornamented with paintings. The chapel is a gem and entirely surrounded with the choir or oak stalls for the students. Under the altar repose the remains of the brave priest who, from the savings of a hard life, bought a home and garden in the *Rue de Cheval Vert*, now *Rue des Irlandais*, and built a college, since known as

COLLEGE DES IRLANDAIS.

In the ante chamber of the chapel there is a row of black marble tablets, with faded gilt letters. These are the monuments of the benefactors of the college who befriended the institution in the days of tribulation and who have long since gone to receive the reward of their generosity in a better world.*

The presenter of a bourse is distinct from a benefactor. The former has the right to name one or more students, as they do to this day, from various parts of Ireland; the latter do not, but their recommendation of a poor student would, of course, have great influence with the prefect and board of administration.

From the chapel the visitor enters the court and observes that the college is a plain, lofty building forming three sides of a square, whilst the rest of the court is surrounded with stately chestnut trees, whose stout arms and thick foliage have sheltered the school boys from Ireland from the ardors of a French sun. Almost in the centre of the court there is a large monument of the Immaculate Conception erected in memory of the dogma promulgated in 1854. As the visitor draws near he can hardly suppress his mirth, but at the same time he is touched to the heart's core with a kind of reverence and gratitude that banishes the smile from his lips. Under the feet of the Virgin is a large harp embedded in shamrocks of large dimensions, and upon the arch under which the figure stands, are the words "Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught," and at the base, under the harp in letters of gold, "Erin go Bragh." In the world there is not anything so unique

* This is the list. Louis XIV, King of France. Rev. John Lee, Rev. Patrick Ma uire, Rev. Malachi Kelly, Baron de Lescalopier, M. Luttrell, military officer in France; Mr. O'Crowley, ditto, Right Rev. Dr. O'Maloney, Bishop of Limerick; M. Bonfield, merchant; Bordeaux, Most Rev. Dr. Maguire, archbishop Armagh, M. de Batru de Vaubien, M. Lubin, M. Brown, M. Maury, Rev. Lawrence Kelly, and Rev. Father M. Sweeney.

in its way, and so pre-eminently characteristic of the warm feelings of the administrator and guardian of the Irish foundations in France, towards the Irish people, the Abbé Monsieur Ouin la Croix. This distinguished gentleman was a canon of St. Denis, and chaplain to the emperor twenty years ago. He also decorated the hall of entry, and presented the college with many of the paintings which ornament its walls.

Whilst looking at the monument in company of my friend, to whom I brought the letter, I heard one of the students chant a rhyme. His strong Munster accent sent the words ringing through the naked arms of the chestnut trees. This was what he said :

Dear Harp of my Country.

"Dear Harp of my country ! In sunshine I find thee,
The cold chain of silence won't hang o'er thee long,
For proudly, my own darling harp, I proclaim thee
The noblest symbol of light, freedom and song.

Thrice blest be this day — faith ! 'tis one of gladness,
That has wakened my heart's liveliest thrill ;
But often I've echo'd your sigh of sadness
That e'en now in my joy 'twill steal from me still.

Dear harp of old Erin ! You're snugly bedd'd in clover,
In the land of "Boney," brandy and wine,
But I'll not forget you at Calais or Dover,
Nor in mighty Columbia, the land of the pine.

Cushla Machree ! the patriot, soldier, and lover,
Oft heard thy sweet music in dear Innishowen,
Good bye ! darling harp, don't forget to come over,
And we'll love you and guard you in old Garryowen."

The voice was soft, and the slow measure of enunciation riveted my attention upon the monument ; but soon as he finished I turned to greet him. He was not to be found. I inquired of my cicerone where he had gone to. He asked me to whom I referred. I told him.

"Oh," he said, "you refer to the doggerel of O'Shaughnessy."

"Is that his name ?"

"Yes, he is from Inchigellah in the county Cork. Every stranger who comes out here he greets with a rhyme of some sort or another. You, of course, were not forgotten. He doesn't come in here. He speaks from that little window and by some knack throws his voice very far."

"Would you kindly get me a copy of his patriotic greeting ?"

"I will if I can, but not to-day or to-morrow."

About a week after I received a copy, and for the first time give it to your readers.

The Irish college at Paris dates from the last quarter of the sixteenth century. Three hundred and nine years ago there arrived in the city of Paris an Irish priest, the Rev. John Lee, with a little band of Irish exiles, seekers for knowledge, and young guardians of the faith of their fathers. They were poor. They could not think of presenting

themselves as pensioners to any of the more respectable colleges. They were wan and weak from their long journey. They landed on the north-west coast in a fishing boat, known as a hooker, a species of craft well known from the mouth of the Slaney to the bay of Sligo; they had been more than a week at sea. The war ships of "good Queen Bess" were cruising all round the coast.

They presented themselves to an unpretending college built upon charitable foundations. They were received kindly in the name of charity. This was the college of Montaigu, which stood upon the site now occupied by the bibliotheque Ste. Genevieve, and near the church of that name. This kindly act took place in the autumn of 1578. Henry III. was king of France and Gregory XIII. was pope.

We doubt if there is a more interesting chapter in the ecclesiastical annals of Ireland than the narrative of the painful journey of the impecunious priest and his band of students. Perhaps if we knew the details of the founding of the college at Douai by the Rev. Christopher Cusack, a priest from the county Meath, and who also assisted at the erection of similar houses at Lille, Tournai, and St. Omer,* we would find as great abnegation, but hardly as much suffering and respectable mendicancy as with Father Lee and companions.

The Paris Irish College of our day is only one hundred and seventeen years old. It was built by the then prefect of studies, the Rev. Laurence Kelly, in the Rue de Cheval Vert, now Rue des Irlandais, or Irish Street, in 1770. The college of Montaigu, which received Father Lee and charge, was founded in 1314. In 1485 it was placed under the direction of the celebrated Jean Standone, regent of the faculty of theology of Paris. He formed a community of ecclesiastics distinct from the college who were chosen from amongst the poor, the conditions for admission being poverty and good ability. He drew up a rule so strict as to rival, in many respects, the most austere of the monastic orders. The diet was scant and poor. Meat and wine were strangers amongst them. Beans, *haricots*, and herrings were the principal food. The rule was half a herring to the younger boys, a whole one to the more advanced students for dinner.† In point of

* Daniel O'Connell entered St. Omer's with his brother Maurice early in 1791. In 1792 he was removed for a short time to Douai. Dr. Stapylton, president of the former, prognosticated his future eminence under date January, 1792.—*Vide* "Life and Times of O Connell," M. F. Clare Cusack.

† The well-fed alumni of Oxford, Yale, Ushaw, Georgetown, and Fordham, could not perhaps, compete at any length for the honors of a rowing match, the laurels of a racquet contest, or the medals of a base-ball field, if fed on beans and herrings, and then only sparingly. The students of Montaigu, however, could match the first of them in "the enduring produce of immortal mind," and leave them behind them as they did others who were furnished a more generous diet. Herrings and fish a thousand years ago in the British Isles were synonymous. The former were so abundant that when one spoke of having fish for breakfast or dinner, herrings were understood to be meant. The venerable Bede, who resided some years in Ireland, refers to the abundance of fish on the coast and in the rivers of Ireland.—*Vide* Eccl't. Hist., Bohn's Ed., p. 6.

Our West Point friends would stoutly demur to a herring diet, having lived so long, as the rank and file of the army, on "fat bull-beeves," as Shakespeare calls them; but the English army of Agincourt and Cressy was fed on herrings that were salted. At the siege of Orleans, France, in Lent, 1429, an English general left Paris with fifteen hundred wagons and carts laden with stores and provisions. The latter was composed of salt herrings in great quantity, so that after the battle, which took place between the guardians of the wagons and

sleep there was as little indulgence as at table. The community was divided into four parts, and each part took its turn to rise at midnight for a week to recite matins; the others, who were not on duty, rose always at three o'clock to recite the office of the Blessed Virgin and other prayers.

The fabaceous, ichthyophagous fare and austere life did not interfere with their proficiency in studies; on the contrary, the students of Montaigu were distinguished above all other scholars in Paris for their profound learning and brilliant theses.

> "They thank'd their Maker for a pittance sent,
> Supped on a turnip, slept upon content."

The next abode of the Irish colony was the aristocratic college of Navarre. The benefactors of the college of Montaigu were all French. They required all the students to be taken from Auvergne, France. It was always in debt. Its pecuniary difficulties, perhaps, obliged the students from Ireland to seek other quarters. What a change it must have been for them to be suddenly transplanted from the dilapidated buildings of old Montaigu,* with its herrings and *haricots*, to the finest and best appointed college in Paris, and to exchange the country boys of Auvergne for the nobility of France and the princes of the House of Bourbon. The college was founded in 1304. It was the favorite school of the French nobility and was particularly honored by the kings of France. It was called *L'ecole de la noblesse Française, l'honneur de 'université* — the school of the French nobility and the honor of the University.

A word more about old Montaigu, or the "Collége des Haricots," as it was called. The students were confined to a street for the purpose of exercise. It was the Rue St. Etienne des Grés and extended from the church of Ste. Genevieve towards the east, to the church of St. Etienne des Grés towards the west. Their walk was therefore bounded at either end by the two most remarkable shrines in Paris. To Ste. Genevieve, as patroness of Paris, the citizens had recourse in all public calamities; and in the lady chapel of St Etienne des Grés was the famous black statue known as *Notre Dame de Bonne Deliverance.*† There was a royal confraternity attached to the latter in which were enrolled many of the nobles and people.

The church of St. Etienne des Grés, after being despoiled of its ornaments and sacred vessels, was torn down to the foundations in 1791. Monsieur Jaques Doublet, dean of the royal abbey of St. Denis, published at Paris in 1648 a large volume wherein this church is described

carts and the allied forces, the engagement was designated as "the battle of the herrings." —Monstrel, quoted by Lingard, Vol. IV.

The herring eaters on this occasion not only defeated the Scotch and French forces, but six hundred of their dead were found upon the bloody field.

* The building was plain and unarchitectural, without the smallest provision fo the comfort of the students. There was no court or ground for exercise. They were obliged to go into the street for recr ation, marching up and down.

† These two churches have since been taken down. The ancient church of Ste. Genevieve has been replaced by the splendid temple dedicated to her name, which, at the Revolution, was called the Pantheon, and which has been restored to divine worship by Napoleon III.

at length. It was first known as St. Stephen of the Greeks. The tradition is that St. Denis, who was first bishop of Paris, a Greek, introduced into the city the devotion to St. Stephen, who was particularly honored in the East. The first cathedral in Paris was dedicated to St. Stephen. Afterwards were erected St. Stephen of the Greeks and St. Stephen of the Mountain. Our author informs us that he himself saw before the former of those a very ancient stone cross on which were engraved these words: "*C'est la Croix de Monsieur St. Etienne des Grécs, batie par Monsieur St. Denis.*" *

The celebrated statue of Notre Dame de Bonne Deliverance, — before which St. Francis de Sales, when a student of the university, was delivered from the temptation to despair which so long afflicted him — was saved destruction in May, 1791, by Madame de Carignan Saint Maurice, who succeeded in purchasing it, and afterwards placed it in the chapel of the congregation of St. Thomas Villanova, Rue de Sèvres, which on that account has become a place of pilgrimage.

Monsieur Doublet tells us there was every day in this church a Solemn High Mass, with many other public devotions; and it was specially enjoined that these High Masses should terminate with the *De Profundis*. The customs of this ancient sanctuary, to which the Irish were in the habit of resorting for two hundred years, may have induced many of them to adopt the practice on returning to their own country, and this practice, which is now universal throughout Ireland, may have been thus gradually introduced.

In the year 1605 the Baron de Lescalopier, president of the parliament of Paris, rented a house for the Irish students in the St. Germain quarter. To this establishment were transferred all those who had received the order of priesthood and those advanced in their studies. The younger students remained in the College of Navarre.

Permission had been obtained from the Holy Father to ordain young men of exemplary lives who had attained the canonical age, although they had not completed their studies, on condition that they should go abroad to finish them. By their studies was meant philosophy and theology; their classics were learned at any place in Ireland, that the Catholic schoolmaster dared show his face. Many of Ireland's noblest priests and bishops were so educated.

How did the young levites leave home? A glance at a map of Ireland shows from the Slaney to Lough Swilly a large number of bays and harbors. From any one of them was the safest route and the cheapest to France. The first thing to find out was the number going south. The next to procure a fishing smack or *hooker*.† The young men arrived in twos in the vicinity of the place of departure. They

* This is the cross of St. Stephen of the Greeks, erected by St. Denis.

† A hooker or howker was a species of a Dutch vessel with two masts. The appellation, however, was applied to those of one mast, and known on the south and west coasts of Ireland as fishing smacks. Thomas Davis, in his "Boatman of Kinsale," refers to this kind of craft as follows:

"His hooker's in the Scilly van,
When seines are in the foam."

The island of Scilly is the southern extent of British fishing-grounds and is off the north-west coast of France.

presented themselves to the priest of the parish, at a convenient time, who billeted them on some of the neighbors, by whom they were joyfully received. After paying their passage, which was not heavy, they had little left, but their wants were few and their expenses trifling. Their baggage was small, but they brought a modicum of provisions which thousands of them never tasted, owing to continuous sea-sickness. All is ready to go on board the little vessel, which is tugging at her anchor to get away from the vicinity of rocks, to the boundless ocean. Before setting out they were united not far off in the house or barn of some trusty friend, in front of a temporary altar, at the foot of which they received the Blessed Sacrament. The punt of the fishing boat was hauled up on the beach. The former was only a stone's throw away. Three, at most, could find room in it, while the fisherman sculled it outward. All are aboard, and the wind is fair. A signal from the vessel announces that they are preparing to go to sea. The friends of those on board hasten to the water's edge; the brown jib flutters over the bow; the bronzed toilers of the sea draw up the anchor, and the tiny craft creeps before the soft breeze. Up, creaking loudly, the patched mainsail is hoisted, which is filled with the fresh wind, and out upon the ocean the taut vessel dashes with its dun wings outstretched, bending its bow, now and then, to the swell of the ocean, or cleaving a white-capped breaker as it came rushing to expire upon the rocks of Ireland, and to toss its saline spray among the tears of the friends who are anxiously gazing from the beach at the transport which is bearing their beloved ones from home to France. The craft is out of sight; the watchers from the beach murmur prayers, congratulate each other that the wind is fair, and fervently hope and pray for a safe journey.

These *hookers*, or fishing smacks, some of which are to be seen in the southern and western parts of Ireland, were stout at sea and could laugh at the loudest gale. There was not much space in them for dormitories. The dining-room was flanked with bunks, into which were packed the "passengers," who rarely, from the time they left Ireland, were able to leave them until they arrived in some French port. Thousands upon thousands of men escaped or fled from Ireland in this manner to enter French schools or her army. It was a common occurrence for the catechumen, after a few years' study, to return the *summa* of St. Thomas to the book shelf, and commence a thorough study of military and civil engineering, — the cowl for the cuirass.

In the beginning of the present century the following natives of Ireland were in the French service: Generals O'Connor, O'Mahony, and Count Daniel O'Connell, uncle to the Liberator. At the close of the last century there were in the French army, Generals Count Arthur Dillon, O'Moran, Ward, and MacCurtin (who had assumed the name of Kinles). The first three were guillotined in 1792.

During the first quarter of the present century we find Irish-born generals in the French service, as follows: Generals Harty, Lawless, Murphy, O'Keeffe, Corbett, O'Malley, and Colonel Byrne. Corbett had been engaged in the rebellion of 1798, and escaped to France; he entered the French army, and gradually rose to the highest position; his two brothers followed him to France, and also embraced the military profes-

sion. One who was highly esteemed as an officer was killed in battle; the other, a mere lad, on arriving at Paris entered the Irish College, and after some years passed to the Military School of St. Cyr; wishing to enter the *Ecole d'Etat Major*, he presented himself at a competitive examination; only twenty-five could be selected, and no less than five hundred students competed. When the examination had terminated, and the successful candidates were decided, the first place was awarded to young Corbett. This brought him into public notice, and he was soon after put on the staff, where he rose to the rank of commandant.*

The noble generosity of Baron DeLescalopier enabled Father Lee, after thirty years' sojourn in the French Capital, to become rector (superior) of the new house in the Rue de Sèvres. He was succeeded, after being called to the great reward in store for him for his three-score and ten years of toil in the hardest of vineyards, by Dr. Messingham, the author of a book called, "Florilegium," or the "Lives of Irish Saints." He wrote a charming sketch of the pious and generous baron who used to live with the students, "Poor exiles for the faith." He promised, if he survived his wife, that he would remain with them always and found a seminary for them with a fixed yearly income. Alas! death anticipated his designs. Dr. Messingham says: "When the priests of our seminary had completed their studies, and were about to return to their country to break the bread of life to the famishing people, and to draw from the Sacred Scriptures the waters of sound doctrine to refresh their parched souls, this pious and provident nobleman † had them thoroughly examined by an able theologian, and to those who were found duly qualified for the pastoral duties, this most liberal friend presented a suitable outfit and sufficient provision for their journey; he then presented them to Cardinal De Retz, Archbishop of Paris.

After the baron's death dark days overtook the college. The generous consort of the deceased, and some other friends, helped it along as best they could; but in 1624 it was threatened with destruction. The bishops of Ireland wrote a long letter to the Catholics of France, "but especially to the great city of Paris, and to its most renowned university, as also to the illustrious college of the Sorbonne," etc. This letter is dated September 4th, A.D., 1624, and was signed by David Ossoriensis Epus, Vice Primas totius Hiberniæ, Mauritius Imalacen Epus, Thomas Medensis, Richardus Epus Limericen, Malachias Quaeleus, Vicarius Ap. Laonem.‡

* Duke de Feltre, Count Clarke, born of Irish parents, was Field Marshal of France and Minister of War. He stated that four hundred and fifty thousand (450,000) Irishmen lost their lives in the service of France.—*Vide* "O'Connor's Military Memoirs."

† How generous feelings are transmitted from sire to son we give an example: In the course of the year 1865, Administrator Monsieur LaCroix, wishing to purchase some ground which bordered on the Villa of the Irish College at Arcueil, discovered that one of the proprietors was the Count De Lescalopier; upon inquiry the gentleman informed him that he was of the family of the good president, who, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, had proved so kind a friend to the Irish, and that he was happy to renew old acquaintance by presenting, as a gift to the Irish, the portion of the land they now desired.

‡ This document was found about seventeen or eighteen years ago in the archives of the Propaganda, Piazza di Spagna, Rome. The English of the above is, David Roothe of Ossory, Vice Primate of All Ireland, Maurice O'Hurly of Emly, Thomas Dean of Meath, Richard Arthur of Limerick, and Maurice Queely, Vicar Apostolic of Killaloe.

The little community had to leave the Rue de Sèvres; notwithstanding the appeal, it could only accommodate twenty-five persons. Their next abode was in a house at the corner of the Rue St. Thomas and Rue d'Enfer, and here they remained till the priests were transferred to the Lombard College, when the students removed to another building in Rue Traversine, immediately beside their old quarters, the College of Navarre.

In those days all the Irish studying in the University of Paris were subjected to severe trials, and after the house in Rue de Sèvres had been abandoned, such of the priests as could not find room in the house in Rue St. Thomas, were glad to be received again in the old College of Montaigu, willingly subjecting themselves to great privations in order to acquire the learning necessary to fit them for the ministry.

Louis XIII., by letters patent, in 1623, granted the Irish permission to receive donations and alms to support them during their studies.

In 1672, Louis XIV. renewed this permission, and added, moreover, that of purchasing a house which might serve as a college or *hospice* in the city of Paris. This may seem to some of small importance; but at the time it was considered a special favor, and gave them a certain legal position as regarded the University, by permitting them to enter into possession of the ancient College of the Lombards.

This college was founded in the University of Paris, A.D. 1333, for Italians. The original foundation consisted of eleven bourses for poor scholars from the different provinces of Italy, and on that account it was called, "La maison des pauvres écoliers Italiens de la charité de Notre Dame." "The house of poor Italian scholars by the charity of our Lady."

When St. Ignatius came to Paris in 1528 he found his countrymen, the Spaniards, living with the Italians in the College of the Lombards, and resided there some time before entering the College of Montaigu.* St. Francis Xavier also most probably was in the habit of calling there to visit his countrymen. It was, therefore, no small recommendation to this venerable institution, that its threshold was hallowed by the footsteps of those illustrious saints.

The house was fast falling into ruin when, in 1677, the Irish superiors applied to the king for permission to occupy the abandoned college, and take possession of the dilapidated buildings, as a home for the numerous Irish students who were continually arriving in Paris. The request was granted without difficulty. The king, Louis XIV., who was very favorably disposed towards the Irish, seemed willing by this act to mark his appreciation of the services of his faithful Irish soldiers, who were at that time very numerous in his army. Before, however, entering the establishment, there was need of great outlay. The buildings, long untenanted, had fallen into ruin, and required not merely to be repaired, but to be actually rebuilt.

The times were hard for the poor Irish students. Whilst the four walls,—and really little else was standing to be worth considering,—of the old Lombard College were not to be refused, yet the wherewithal to

* "Piganiol de la Fosse," t. VI.

repair the crumbling edifice was in the keeping of Him "who tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," but the sons of Erin knew not of it. There happened to be in Paris, at this crisis in the affairs of the Irish college, two ecclesiastics of eminence. They were the chosen instruments of the providence of God. They were Patrick Maginn, Abbot of Tuley, who had been chaplain to the Queen of England; * and Malachi Kelly, prior of St. Nicholas de Chapouin and chaplain to the Queen of Poland. Seeing the difficulties in which their countrymen were placed, they most generously offered to expend their little savings of years in rebuilding the old college of the Lombards. There was, however, a difficulty to be settled.

Athough the college had been abandoned, the regular succession of provisors had been kept up, and the persons who then held the nominal dignity were Cardinal de Bonzy, Archbishop of Narbonne and grand almoner of France; John Bentivoglio, Abbot of St. Valerien's, and the Abbé Valenti.

Upon application being made to those ecclesiastics, all three agreed not only to forego their respective rights, but to hand over to the Irish the eleven original burses which still remained in existence after the apse of nearly three hundred and fifty years. This concession was confirmed by letters patent, dated August, 1677. When the building was completed the following inscription was placed over the main entrance:

COLLEGIUM B. M. VIRGINIS,
PRO CLERICIS HIBERNICIS,
IN ACADEMIA PARISIENSI STUDENTIBUS,
INSTAURATUM ANNO 1681.
PRO ITALICIS FUNDATUM ANNO 1330.

The burses, in gratitude to their benefactors, made a law on the 22d of January, 1681, by which the said Revs. Patrick Maginn and Malachi Kelly were appointed provisors of the college for life, with power to nominate their successors, which power, however, was to cease with them. The generous priests, besides rebuilding the house, bequeathed to the community an annual income of five hundred dollars.

Thus it happened that the old Lombard College was transferred to the Irish one hundred and fifty years after it was inhabited by Ignatius of Loyola, and the apostle of the Indies, Francis Xavier. It was rather a substitution of Irish for Italians, for the old form of government by provisors was continued; the same protectors or defenders were retained, namely, the abbot of St. Victor's and the chancellor of Notre Dame, and the same old ground still remained the abode of foreigners attending the university. This was the first regular college the Irish possessed in Paris. It was received with great gratitude, and continued for over a hundred years to afford shelter and a home to many a brave Irishman, during the dark days of the church in Ireland, from the abdication of "dirty Jimmy" to the advent of the imbecility of the third of the fools and oppressors called George.

New York, June, 1887. R. F. FARRELL.

* This must have been the wife of Charles II., who began to reign in 1660. James II did not until 1685.

Commencement Day at Laval.

At half past two o'clock, on the 27th of June of this year, we were all assembled in the grand reception room of the University of Laval and ready to proceed to the hall of convocation. I say "we" not without some compunction, but with some justification, however. On that day I was to be admitted among the graduates of Laval — fortunately for me not by the perilous way of an examination — and the university authorities added another to the many courtesies already extended to me. On great days in a university, a man is either a student or a professor; otherwise he is nothing. I was permitted, possibly as the representative and graduate of another seat of learning, to a position among the sons of the university. I occupied for the time being mayhap the chair of philosophy or of canon law. I can certainly claim to have held the chair of some professor in Laval, for at least three-quarters of an hour. I don't think that the rector would have allowed me that tenure of office if there was anything more to do than to receive a diploma and ring, and make a short speech; active work and my resignation must have come at one and the same time. Apparelled as persons must be on these occasions, it was probably a tenderness to locate one where the gorgeousness of his robes would not be out of harmony with the splendor of the costumes around him.

I expect that the reader will forgive the most of this or condemn it lightly, especially when he recollects how distressingly frequent the third vowel will come to the surface in all academic reminiscences.

In the assembly room, the caps, gowns and hoods of the rector and each of the professors were carefully laid out on chairs and ready for their owners. The rector and vice-rector are Monsignores, and over the brilliant red of the papal household they wore the academic dress of the university. Laval has its four faculties, and the dress of the professors and graduates in each is distinct. The rector, who is necessarily the superior of the grand Seminary of Quebec and is doctor in sacred theology are, with his staff in divinity, distinguished by long graceful gowns falling more from the neck than the shoulders. Their hoods are of terra-cotta color, and they wear not birettas but the square caps as at Oxford. These caps commonly known as mortar boards are worn by all the professors and by the students as well. The faculties of medicine and of law wear the ordinary gowns with loose sleeves, and what is somewhat peculiar, the sleeves are faced with silk of the same color as distinguishes the hoods. The color for medicine is a bright red, for law royal blue. These colors have been selected from French and Italian universities. The width of the ermine on the hoods is much deeper than those of Oxford or Cambridge, and unlike these also they are not hung around the neck but are fastened with hooks to the back of the gowns. They hang more gracefully than the English or Canadian hoods and they are richer and more picturesque in the general effect.

When the professors or the majority of them arrived and were robed in their costumes, the procession was formed, with the rector proceeding and the members of the faculties following. A beadle with two assistants led the way till Convocation Hall was reached. This hall is capable of holding a large number of students and visitors, the floor

being reserved for the former and for invited gentlemen; the gallery, running three sides of the hall, was packed with ladies. They were not permitted on the floor of the house I suppose. The raised platform for the accommodation of the rector and members of the faculties affords a good view of the hall and its occupants; in front the aristocratic countenance of the Vicar-General of Quebec and many others in the brilliant dresses of a Monsignore, then the black robes of the city and provincial clergy, then the students soon to be graduates. All the students were in appropriate costume and what appeared to me observable for a carefulness in the details of their dress more than is usually observable in commencement days. For twenty years I had observed graduates going up for prizes and degrees in another Canadian university, and, though the numbers had been larger, the students in Laval were the most mindful of decorum and personal appearances. The torn gown was not at all affected.

It is supposed in other places that a gold medalist or princes prizeman could not possibly have obtained such eminence without the wear and tear of the mental conflict reducing his gown to a series of strings or one ribbon under his coat collar. Then, whether from its general uselessness of its expense, few students indulge in hoods for graduation day. It was otherwise here, and it would be difficult to see a prettier sight than the groups of students in their costumes and distinguishing colors, awaiting their turn to ascend the platform and receive the coveted parchment. The kindly recognition of the rector and the applause of their fellow-students are recollections to be cherished.

After the authorities had taken their seats on the platform, the rector, Mgr. Methot, stood up and delivered the opening address, in French of course, referring to the work of the house in the past year and such information as is usual to give on these occasions. It is the fashion here to read the address which is found in the ensuing "annuaire" of the university. It is delivered without any gesture or declamation and is staid and usually brief.

The incident of conferring an honorary degree took precedence of all others, the recipient coming forward to receive the diploma, and the rector putting the ring of the doctorate on his finger. The great seal of Laval has quartered on it the four shields of sacred theology, medicine, law and arts, and the ring in each one of these is a medallion with the arms appropriate to it. Arts has an open book; law the customary scales, medicine the caduceus, and sacred theology the cross. Two gentlemen were awarded degrees in the doctorate after examination and the usual requirements. These were not in the floor of the hall nor in the dais, but the rector named two professors, one in law, and one in theology as appeared for the purpose of bringing them up to obtain their degrees. The professors with the beadle marched to the door of the hall and returned with the two gentlemen in question. After receiving their degrees they were seated in places of honor on the platform and remained there till the close of the *seance*.

The students were called up separately to receive their degrees, the rector reading out the form of their reception before summoning the students of each faculty. The individual student comes up and

receives his diploma without more. In many other universities, graduates in any one faculty are called up before the rector or chancellor or who ever presides, and presented by some member of the university in that faculty, He then in a set speech addresses the Chancellor "*Ego presento tibi hosque scholares,*" etc.— that they may be admitted to a degree. The chancellor then with each individual student formally admits him *In Baccalaurei Artivos Legibus* or whatever the degree or faculty may be, using the formal "*Ego te admitto,*" etc. The student kneels on one knee before the chancellor and rises up a graduate. It has some advantages in point of time when the number is very large.

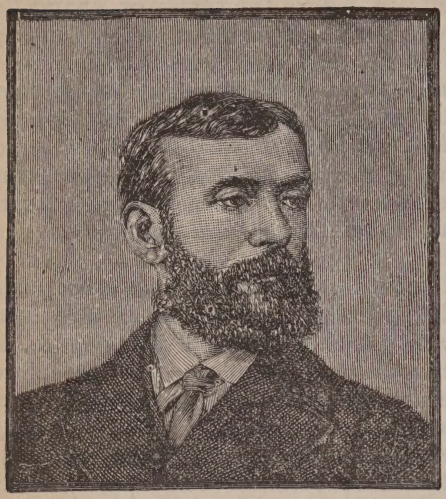
After the graduates were disposed of the prize men came in for their turn and the applause of the students and graduates was very general and more pronounced than when they received their degree. In many colleges and universities the fraternal applause of the fellow-student comes sometimes with reason and perhaps a curious one; and sometimes comes for no reason other than because it would be rather indecent not to applaud any one person. The enthusiasm over the average graduates in Laval was that decent respectable applause that is becoming to academic gentlemen; but when a student or graduate is named "*cum laude,*" then they get slightly vociferious before the talented young man appears and quite noisy when the rector is bowing him to his place. There is no such rude exhibitions of bad singing or worse personalities at Laval as disfigure the commencement days of other universities. There seemed to be an impression that such would be out of place and vulgar, as indeed it generally is.

When the degrees were all conferred and the honors distributed, the rector and the professors formed in a procession, the graduates and visitors following, and all proceeded to the Basilica where a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted. The members of the staff went inside the sanctuary, and the historic old church was rapidly filled with the audience. The rector officiated and when the last verse was ended, he took his place in the procession and we returned to the university and dispersed. The *cloture* was over. The trunks of the seminarians and other students were on their way to the depots and the wharf, and an hour was pleasantly spent in inspecting the university and seminary buildings. Laval, with its great paintings, its superb museums, its valuable library of one hundred thousand volumes, might occupy one at least a week to inspect and require a whole article for itself. Founded by a seminary in the first half of the seventeenth century, it now includes sixteen or more affiliated colleges. It is one of the great Catholic universities and one that no Catholic need be ashamed of.

Toronto, Ontario. D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

WE must not amuse ourselves with discoursing when we should run, nor with chatting about difficulties when we should conquer them. Say courageously: "I will do much; not I, but the grace of God which is within me."— *St. Francis de Sales.*

The New Lord Mayor of Dublin.



THOMAS SEXTON.

DUBLIN *Freeman's Journal:* Mr. Sexton, high sheriff of Dublin, and the representative in Parliament of West Belfast, was unanimously selected on the fourth of July, (auspicious day) for the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin during the year 1888. All the apples of discord that enemies, avowed or insidious, in the press could throw in were unavailing to break the unprecedented, unselfish, and magnificent unity of the National party, behind which city and country stand *en masse.* The solidarity of the people themselves consolidates with the discipline of a phalanx the representatives of the people, and while each man is stronger and more independent individually, each man, too, has learned the long-looked-for lesson in Ireland that it is the welding together of that strength and independence which makes Irish nationality irresistible.

Mr. Charles Dawson, an Irish Catholic, and a gentleman whose unimpeachable integrity won him the confidence of the Irish party as well as the tenure of the mayoralty for a second term, was Mr. Sexton's proposer; and Mr. Winstanley, an English Protestant, who, an honored member of the corporation, was himself a worthy candidate for the mayoralty, was Mr. Sexton's seconder. Mr. Gill, whose name had been the subject of discussion, and whose action throughout has commanded the respect not only of his colleagues but of the country at large, said, in a graceful and earnest way, what might be expected from a man occupying his position, and passing over the little pardonable petulances of other gentlemen, an example was afforded to the whole country and its corporations of the acumen and self-abnegation which are needful to gain for Irishmen self-government. Alderman Moyers, with that good taste which distinguishes him, paid a marked tribute to the gifts and status of the Lord Mayor-elect, and there was no division. We congratulate the corporation, and in so doing we congratulate Mr. Sexton. He owes his selection to his fealty to the Irish cause, to his earnest work in the service of that cause, and to the splendid abilities which have caused him to be singled out for special recognition. The unity of not only the Irish party, but of Ireland, north and south, east and west, is manifested by the selection of Mr. Sexton. A Southern by birth, he is a citizen of Dublin since his adolescence, and while the first constituency for which he sat in Parliament was a Connaught one, he is now the representative of one of the great divisions of the capital of Ulster.

THOMAS SEXTON.

Interesting Sketch of one of the Foremost Orators of the Day.—How He Rose to Fame

The following sketch is contributed to *United Ireland* by Justin Huntly McCarthy, M. P., son of Justin McCarthy, M. P.

Colonel King-Harman has been a deal astonished during the eventful epopee of his career. He must have been a good deal astonished for example, at the result of that merry little shindy years ago in those Arcadian groves which have long since vanished. He must, too, at one period have been astonished by the question which the late Lord Mayor of Dublin put in a peculiarly pungent, delightful ballad, some few years ago as to "What's to become of King-Harman?" He must have been hugely, titanically astonished too, as befits a man of so mighty a bulk, when the government chose him, the huge, the heroic, as the bulwark and buttress of the limp, languid, and lugubrious Balfour against the interrogations of a speculative Parnellite party, thirsting for information. But undoubtedly the greatest astonishment he ever experienced, the "boss," the champion, astonishment of his career was that which flowed over his herculean spirit when he was defeated at the general election of 1880 by the almost unknown young man from the office of the *Nation* newspaper.

It would require the imagination of a Swift, a Rabelais, or of a Lucian — or for the matter of that of a Voltaire, who also dealt fantastically with the humors of giants — to do full, complete, soul-satisfying justice to the feelings of Colonel King-Harman on that memorable occasion dear to the tragic Tory muse. Here was, on one hand, the potent landlord, the mighty man, the father of home rule, the burly idol of certain sections of the opulent and the aristocratic; and on the other hand, an obscure journalist, by no means massive of frame, by no means well-to-do, by no means beloved of the high and mighty; and yet forsooth because this young man had two things which Colonel King-Harman was not happy enough to possess — patriotic principles and golden speech, behold the new Goliath entirely, ludicrously, and thoroughly put to route by the graceful David from Abbey Street. Never since that struggle between the stag of Philistia and the hope of Israel, never since that little affair between the gentleman named Jack on the one part and various enormous individuals on the other, has there been a more terrible conflict between titanism or a more magnificent triumph for genius.

Ireland felt grateful to the gallant young man who upset the champion Tory giant, but it had very little idea in that early spring of 1880 of the heavy debt of gratitude which it was destined to incur towards Thomas Sexton. All Ireland knew then was, that a clever young man, who had been devoting his intelligence to the services of the dear old *Nation*, had suddenly turned his thoughts to active politics — had entered the arena and had inaugurated his career by overthrowing one of the biggest and bulkiest of the enemy's gladiators. It was soon to know, however, that a new Chrysostum, as deserving as he of old of the exquisite epithet of "golden-mouthed," had devoted himself to his country.

A rapid glance will give us the chief facts of a life now familiar to his countrymen. Thomas Sexton was, like so many other members of the Irish National party, born in the year 1848. He was born in Waterford on the 28th of June in that year, and began life at the early age of thirteen by competing for a clerkship in the secretary's office of the Waterford and Limerick Company. Although Sexton was the youngest of the thirty young men who competed for this post, he took the first place. A year after this he joined the Catholic Young Men's Debating Society and also a little later, when he was about fifteen, the Mechanics' Institute. In both of these societies he started debating clubs. In both, also, he naturally took a leading position. He was elected president of the former and secretary of the latter, which positions he held until he left Waterford for Dublin in his twenty-first year. As soon as Mr. Sexton arrived in Dublin he became a journalist, and seems for the time to have given up speaking almost altogether, for there is no record of any speeches of his until the year 1878, when he became a member of the then formed Land League. As a journalist he joined the staff of the *Nation* newspaper, then edited by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, as leader writer, and later on became editor of the *Weekly News* and of *Young Ireland*, both published from the *Nation* office. In 1879 he was requested by the council of the Land League to attend as their delegate at a county meeting at Dromore West, in the county Sligo. His appearance here, which was in a manner his first appearance in public life, was a great success, and he was chosen as the Nationalist candidate for Sligo at the general election of 1880, in opposition to colonel King-Harman, and returned by a large majority. Mr. Sexton had, as we have seen, spoken a great deal in his earlier years, for he had given lectures at the societies he belonged to as well as joined their debates; but for the first session he hardly spoke at all in the house beyond asking a great number of questions, and it was not until one of the evenings, when Mr. Forster's Coercion bill was under discussion, that he made his first great speech. He spoke for more than two hours to a not very full house, and only, of course, cheered by his own party, which was then much smaller than it is now. But his speech was nevertheless a great success, and he rose immediately to the position, which he ever since retained, of one of the greatest orators and debaters in the house. One of Mr. Sexton's most remarkable gifts — equal, indeed, to his command of words — is his marvellous mastery of figures, which has often amazed the house of commons. He can make calculations rapidly in his mind which most people would find it difficult, or impossible, to work out on paper. He is said to have been the only member of the house, except Sir Charles Dilke, who had mastered all the figures and facts connected with the Redistribution bill. In 1884 Mr. Sexton, accompanied by Mr. William Redmond, went to the United States of America to attend the convention in Boston. He was there only a short time, but long enough to impress the American public with a full recognition of his genius as an orator. He returned to Ireland in September of the same year, and arrived in Dublin one night shortly after. He was met at the station by a very great crowd of people, including most of the members of the

Irish party, and he and Mr. Redmond spoke from the windows of the League rooms in O'Connell street. Mr. Sexton continued to represent Sligo until the general election in July, 1886. At the general election before that, in November, 1885, he contested West Belfast against J. N. Haslett, conservative. But contrary to the expectations of his supporters there, he was defeated by a majority of thirty-five by the conservative candidate. The National disappointment, however, did not last long, for less than eight months later — on the 7th of July, 1886 — he was returned by the same constituency by a majority of one hundred and three over the same opponent. The news of his victory was received with rejoicing over the whole of Ireland, and was the greatest triumph for the National cause in that election. Since then Mr. Sexton has been called upon to fill the distinguished office of high sheriff of Dublin.

The various national movements in Irish history have always been distinguished for the eloquence which accompanied them. Grattan and Flood led the way for the other orators of '98. The orators of '98 heralded O'Connell. O'Connell was succeeded by the rich and varied literary eloquence of Young Ireland, and Young Ireland has found its rival in the orators of the Home Rule movement. Such eloquence as Mr. Sexton's would confer a lustre upon any party and any cause; when given to the national party and the national cause it is destined to become an enduring ornament of Irish literature. Irish orators have often enough been blamed by their enemies, and even censured by their friends, for allowing the charm of mere words and the magic of sonorous sounds to carry them beyond and away from the mere business in hand, whatever it might happen to be. Such a charge could never be levelled against Mr. Sexton. His speeches are as artistic as any of those which have enriched the store of Celtic eloquence; but their beauty of form and phrase is never for a single moment allowed to interfere with their cogency, their direct application to the subject under discussion, with their close, keen, debating purpose. Mr. Sexton can bring to bear upon some technical and apparently arid topic all the exquisite choice of words, all the felicitous wealth of illustration, all the richness of language and of imagination which a weaker man would think only of employing, if he had the power to employ it, upon some specially attractive theme. But Mr. Sexton never makes the mistake which a weaker man would be sure to make, of allowing the manner of his speech to dominate or overshadow its matter. He speaks brilliantly, beautifully, because it is a law of his nature to speak brilliantly and beautifully; but the adornment of his utterances is always subordinate to the logical clearness, closeness, and acuteness of the argument. It is a physical delight to listen to Mr. Sexton making some great speech upon some topic presenting many difficulties, taxing the memory, taxing the logical powers, taxing, in a word, all the various resources of the parliamentary orator. He rises superior to every difficuity, defends every point of his case with masterly skill, attacks every patch in his opponent's armour with fatal quickness and decision, discussing every point as it arises in its due sequence with comprehensive accuracy, and all this in language of the finest choice and of the greatest beauty.

Nor is there either any air of labored preparation hanging heavily over Mr. Sexton's speech. Some of his triumphant successes in the house of commons have been scored when he has been suddenly called upon by his party to speak upon some grave and weighty question which has unexpectedly arisen. All that can adorn and strengthen the utterances of the most carefully prepared rhetorician Mr. Sexton holds in easy command and can employ at any moment. His grasp of mind, his grace of diction are as completely displayed in some speech which he had not thought of making five minutes before, as in some speech upon a topic known beforehand. Small wonder, indeed, that his party and his country are proud of such a man and of such an orator.

A Constitutional Coward.

At a club dinner in New York, recently, an examining surgeon related the following incident, showing how the Arrears act developed pensioners out of sound and undeserving men. During the war he was surgeon of an infantry regiment. When the regiment first went into battle he observed, sitting behind a big tree at a safe distance from the fighting line, the captain of one of the companies.

"What are you doing here, captain?" asked the doctor.

"I'm not feeling well," replied the officer, in a doleful voice.

The surgeon was too busy looking after the wounded to stop and inquire as to his complaint. A few weeks later the regiment again got under fire, and the surgeon found the same captain skulking behind a barn.

"Hello! sick again?" he exclaimed.

"Well, the fact is, doctor, I'm not exactly sick. I may as well own up that I'm a coward. There's no help for it. It must be constitutional. Now, doctor, what's the use of my staying in the army? Won't you help me to get a discharge?"

The surgeon thought he was doing the country a service when, a few days afterward, he recommended that the man be discharged on the ground of general disability. He heard nothing of the captain until sixteen years later, when he received a letter from the Pension Office informing him that Captain Blank had applied for a pension from the date of his muster-out, and that as he, as surgeon of the regiment, had certified to the disability, would he kindly inform the Government as to the nature of the disease from which the officer suffered. The surgeon replied that the captain's complaint was chronic and incurable cowardice, not contracted in the line of his duty, but constitutional. The captain's name did not go upon the roll, and his plan for getting some four thousand dollars for arrears and twenty dollars a month for the rest of his life came to grief.

How Polly Outwitted Her Father.

"So that's a lover's alarm clock, eh?" queried old Enos Haskinson, inspecting a timepiece. I've read about it in the newspapers, but I s'posed it was a joke, How does it work?"

"I'll explain," cheerfully responded the dealer in musical instruments with a patronizing air. "If you have a daughter, and she is keeping company with a young man who is rather dilatory about bidding her good-night, this alarm-clock steps in and fills a long-felt want. You are probably aware that when a couple of lovers are sitting alone, discussing deep scientific problems they take no note of time. The golden hours flit away on velvet pinions, and when midnight confronts them they give each other a surprised look and exclaim in unison, 'Goodness! I had no idea it was so late!' As a rule lovers are sensitive, and a gentle reminder about ten p. m. would be pretty sure to start the young man homeward, and the girl next morning would look as fresh as a new-blown rose. This clock plays several tunes, and can be set to ring out an air at any hour desired. For instance, if you want the young man to start at ten p. m. set the clock to play 'Good-by, Sweetheart!' at that hour, and place it on the parlor mantel. The youth may be so deeply absorbed in the pleasing occupation of holding the girl, so that she will not fall off her chair, that he will miss the true inwardness of the ten o'clock tune. Hence you will arrange the timepiece to play 'It's Bed-time Darling,' an hour later. D'ye see?"

"Er–yes,' said old Haskinson dubiously. "But say," he added earnestly; "haven't you got a clock that will reach out a heavy boot about 10. p. m. and impel a young man towards the door to the lively tune of 'you git?' My gal's young man is an able-bodied stayer, he is, and I'm afraid no 'good-night-love' sort o'clock will budge him. I rather think it will take something with a little more 'go' in it."

"Ah," said the dealer. "I see you don't understand lovers. A father interposes no objections when a young man keeps his daughter out of bed until midnight, or later, and the youth feels encouraged to continue his late hours; but if he is once made cognizant of the fact that her parents desire his departure at an earlier hour, any delicate hint to that effect will be speedily acted upon."

"Maybe so," assented Haskinson. "You may give me one of your new-fangled clocks anyhow. If it goes right on the spot I'll recommend it to some of my neighbors."

Enos Haskinson took his "lovers' alarm" home, and set it to play "Goodbye Sweetheart" at ten o'clock, and "See, the Dawn is breaking," at eleven.

"I guess that'll move him," he chuckled, as he stood the contrivance on the parlor mantel.

Now it happened that Mr. Haskinson's daughter Polly's education, in regard to lovers' alarm clocks, had not been neglected. When she saw the instrument on the parlor mantel she immediately divined her father's praiseworthy *ruse*, and prepared to turn the tables on him. She returned the clock, and persuaded the dealer to exchange it for one that played different airs.

"There," she said in a tone of triumph, placing clock No. 2 on the

mantel-piece; when Tom hears those tunes I guess he'll take the hint." And he did.

Tom called about eight o'clock that night and assured Polly that it seemed like an age since he had seen her, although not more than eighteen hours had elasped. Just before ten o'clock Polly's father glided cautiously into the room adjoining the parlor and glued his ear to the door-crack. Presently the clock struck ten, but Mr. Haskinson waited in vain for the music to follow the last stroke.

"I must ha' made a mistake of an hour in settin' the blamed thing," he said. "It's pretty rough, but I'll keep awake another hour."

When the lover's alarm began to strike eleven, the unsuspecting father mentally observed, "Now for 'Goodbye, Sweetheart.'" But instead of that tune, the clock began to play, "Don't Go, Dear Tommy, Don't Go." Tom recognized the tune in an instant, and rewarding the roguish Polly with an explosive kiss, said:

"Why, you little goose; did you think I'd leave at such a ridiculously early hour? Not much."

"Seems to me," murmured the deceived Mr. Haskinson in the next room, "that 'ere tune don't sound much like 'Good-bye, Sweetheart,' and it's not goin' to move him either. The lover's alarm is an infernal swindle; but I'll give it one more chance. If 'Dawn is Breaking' don't make him reach for his hat and make tracks, danged if I don't get a clock or something that shoots dynamite bombs."

As the last stroke of twelve rang out, the clock began to play "Stay a Little Longer, Love."

"You bet I will," gushed the delighted Tom, kissing the strategic girl some more. "Your musical clock, Polly, is a very clever idea, indeed; and I greatly appreciate the delicate method you have adopted to show me that my company is agreeable, no matter how late I may stay."

Then he kissed her again as a guarantee of his sincerity.

"Well, darn my buttons!" softly ejaculated old Haskinson. "The 'Dawn is Breaking' is a consarned failure too! To-morrow I'll kick that lover's alarm clock inside out."

With this dire threat he went to bed.

An hour later Tom kissed Polly "good night," and the ingenious girl permitted him to depart without acquainting him how she had played a shabby trick on the only father she had in the world.

WHEN you meet with some contradiction, take your resolutions and place them in the wounds of our Lord, and pray Him to preserve them and you with them; then wait ourselves in His presence. Beware of thinking it necessary to offer each action to our Lord, for that would interfere with the simplicity of the practice of the presence of God.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Charlestown Convent.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BURNING OF THE URSULINE NUNNERY, AUGUST, 11, 1834.

"FIRE! Fire!" was the cry of fifty odd years ago, when the flames streamed from the Ursuline convent on Mount Benedict, in what is now a part of Somerville. An old resident, whose house was near the scene of the outrage, tells graphically the story:

"I was but a boy at the time, and yet so vividly was the terrible excitement impressed upon me that it seems as if the years that have since passed were but so many days. I lived in Charlestown and was an apprentice to my father's brother. My sister went to the convent, or as we called it, the 'nunnery' school; and, as mother was dead, she lived altogether at the convent. For days great excitement prevailed in Charlestown. At the corners men were discussing the rumor, that proved so false, of the solitary incarceration of a young nun in the convent dungeon. Some openly declared she had been murdered by her sister nuns, and though stronger grew the bitter feeling, we had no idea of the terrible violence to come. But the crisis was near. On the 11th of August men began to gather around the convent walls. Soon a cart came by the house bearing tar barrels. And now — I never can forget the sight — there came rushing by over one hundred men in hideous disguises and with painted faces.

Torches were Blazing, Tar Barrels Burning,

and men yelling, a perfect pandemonium of fiends. The convent windows were broken by stones and clubs, and the inmates were called on to leave the building. Suddenly the tumult was hushed, but for a moment, however; then the work of rapine commenced. Doors were burst open and the mob entered the building. Furnishings, pianos, harps, the altar and its sacred furniture — all were borne to the yard and destroyed. And then the torch was applied and the buildings were in flames. As the fire spread, the broken furniture was thrown into the blazing pile. The miscreants, maddened by scenes of violence, applied torches to the bishop's lodge, the stables and the old wooden nunnery that was a short distance off. The conflagration was at its height when the Charlestown and Cambridge fire companies came on the scene, and, to their shame be it said, they refused to work, and by force prevented the Boston department from extinguishing the flames. No one dared oppose the mob, and as I looked from our roof I saw all join in the insane destruction of property. All through the night

Fresh Scenes of Violence were Enacted.

The bishop's large and valuable library was made food for the flames. But the greatest outrage was now perpetrated. The tomb of the institution, was rifled, the plates torn from the coffins, the contents thrown on the ground and exposed to further insult. But, let my sister tell you her experience. She was in the convent at the time of its destruction."

"I was so small at the time," said the lady, "that I can remember

but little. However, I will tell you what I can. The night of the fire we retired to our dormitories as usual, but had hardly got to sleep when a dreadful noise awoke us. We sprang up and ran into the corridors, where the nuns followed, as frightened as ourselves. The mother superior went about directing the sisters in their terror. After a little all was quiet again, and we started for our beds, but, never reached them. Cries of 'fire' and the sight of flames drove us from the building by the rear door. We ran through the field and fell down the hill, for it was dark. Many of us were badly bruised. At the foot of the hill was a fence over which most of us were unable to climb, and we had to wait till help came. Then, with some of my companions, we ran to my uncle's house, where in great fear we passed the night. That is all I remember about it."

The Gentleman, then Continued :

"Greater excitement than ever existed after the fire. Boston was aroused; the press in strongest terms condemned the outrage; the citizens called a mass meeting at Faneuil Hall; the towns of Charlestown and Cambridge also held mass meetings, and at all these assemblies the strongest resolutions were passed. The Irish Catholics were fearfully excited, and vengeance was the cry. All praise can be ascribed to Bishop Fenwick, who counseled moderation and successfully allayed the excitement. The agitation was not entirely over, however, and confidence was not yet restored. The next night, the 12th of August, a mob, armed with knives and pistols, marched through the streets of Boston, menaced the Franklin Street Catholic Church, and then proceeded to Charlestown, where they made a bonfire of the convent fences. The people were alarmed, the military were called out, and the men from the revenue cutter Hamilton were quartered in Faneuil Hall. The citizens formed armed patrols and paraded in their several wards. A vigilance committee was organized, and further trouble was anticipated. But the pacific counsels of the leading gentleman, and the abhorence of the deed by all good citizens, gradually restored confidence. The city and State offered large rewards for the conviction of the offenders. Trials began, the law took its course, and the event faded from the minds of men. Now, after half a century, it is recalled."

The New St. Patrick's at Rome.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, in directing the rectors of his diocese to make a collection for the new church of St. Patrick at Rome, so dear to the heart of Leo XIII., who wishes it to be his Jubilee church, makes a most effective plea for this great national religious and patriotic work. The archbishop says: "Our holy Father the Pope has expressed a deep interest in the project of erecting in Rome a church in honor of St. Patrick, and has contributed liberally to

the fund necessary to carry out this design. The Catholic nations of Europe have all representative national churches in Rome, except Ireland. His eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda suggests that collections be taken up in all countries where the Irish have settled in considerable numbers, in order that the proposed edifice should be worthy of its representative character. It is to be erected *in the new portion of Rome where a church is much needed.* No one can question the fact that *the children of St. Patrick have done more for the extension and support of religion than any English speaking people in the world,* and it is appropriate that they should build this representative church, and that it should bear the name of the great Apostle of their nation and their race."

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal,* in announcing the return of Prior-Glynn, O. S. A., of St. Patrick's Church, Rome, says: "The corner-stone will be laid on December 23, the feast of the Pope's Jubilee, when the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, and the Most Rev. Dr. P. J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, the most eloquent prelate and the most renowned Irishman in the United States, will preach." One feels like uttering the prayer of the Roman balladist, in the "Lays of Ancient Rome:" "Heaven send Rome such a day, and send me there to see!"

Papal Pontifical Commissioner.

THE HOLY FATHER has long been known to have a special sympathy for Catholic Ireland, and his present act is another proof of his special interest in this portion of his great flock. The choice of his HOLINESS has fallen upon ARCHBISHOP PERSICO, whose perfect mastery of the English language, and long and varied experiences in the English lands — in the United States, in Canada, and in British India, specially fit him for this important trust. HIS GRACE was accompanied by the ABATE GUALDI, Ministrante at Propaganda for English and Irish affairs. The ABATE acquired his knowledge of English during the six or seven years he spent on the missions in the diocese of Westminster, England. MGR. IGNAZIO PERSICO was born at Naples, on January 30th, 1823, and entered the Capuchin Order in 1839. In 1846 he left Rome for the foreign missions, after having studied at the missionary college of his order, and passed an examination at the Propaganda *super universam theologiam.* He was appointed to work in the vicariate of Patna, then recently established. During the earlier years he spent there, he worked in the Himalayan regions, and even travelled as far as Chinese Tartary, Thibet, Cashmere, and Afghanistan. He established a college at Darjeeling, and there acted as chaplain to the English troops. He had great facility in learning languages, and for this reason was chosen by the apostolic visitor, MGR. HARTMANN to accompany him as "uditore" in his visits, especially in the Bombay presidency, where he held many important posts. He frequently preached in English or in Portuguese, and started a Catholic

newspaper. In 1853, at the time of the Goa schism, MGR. PERSICO was chosen and accredited by all the vicars apostolic of India as their commissioner and representative to the Holy See, and to the British government. The result of his memorial to the Holy See was the brief *Probe Nostis*. His mission to London, which was approved by the Holy See, had most satisfactory results. He published a memorandum on the conditions and wants of Catholics in India under British rule. Having been questioned by a parliamentary committee and by ministers, he obtained important despatches in favor of the Catholics of India, by which official recognition was accorded to the vicars apostolic in the presidencies, and to military chaplain and churches, and, what is more important, he obtained government patronage for Catholic schools. In 1854 he returned to India, and was consecrated coadjutor-bishop with right of succession, to MGR. HARTMANN, vicar apostolic of Bombay. The following year he became visitor and vicar apostolic of Hindostan and Thibet, visiting every part of his district, building many churches and schools, both for Europeans and Indians. At the time of the Indian mutiny, his vicariate was devastated, and for seven months he was shut up in the fortress of Agra. He afterwards accompanied the troops through many dangers as their chaplain. He visited Europe in 1855, and collected by his preaching alms for his distressed vicariate. He again visited England in 1859, and obtained confirmation of favors received six years earlier. Being in Rome in 1867, for the centenary of ST. PETER, he was sent to administer the diocese of Charleston, S. C., whose bishop was in exile, having been compromised in the civil war of the United States. Two years later he assisted at the council of Baltimore, and all the bishops present expressed a wish that the HOLY FATHER should appoint him to an American see, and he was accordingly sent to Savannah, Ga. He was afterwards present at the vatican council. On his return to America he visited his entire diocese and laid the foundations of a new and magnificent cathedral. The climate of Savannah having injured his health, in 1873 the HOLY FATHER accepted his resignation of that see, although all the population had petitioned against it. The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda entrusted him with an important mission to Canada, respecting Laval University, and the action of the clergy in political elections and other questions. In 1876 the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda proposed him for a metropolitan see in Italy, or for Halifax, N. S., and for this purpose he was called to Rome. No sooner had he arrived there then he was sent off in 1877 by the HOLY FATHER to Malabar, on the question of the Syro-Chaldaeic schism, and was so successful that he was greatly praised in a consistory by the HOLY FATHER. He was at this time spoken of in Rome as being likely to be appointed archbishop of Sorrento or Chieti, but at the pressing request of CARDINAL FRANCHI to the HOLY FATHER, he was named administrator of the dioceses of Aquino, Pontecorvo, and Sora. In 1880, having again been called to Rome, he was named apostolic visitor of the Chinese College in Naples, and has since been engaged in important matters in connection with affairs of Propaganda.

New Sees and the New Bishops.

News from Rome announces the formation of the dioceses of Wichita and Concordia, (Kansas), Lincoln, (Nebraska), and Cheyenne, (Wyoming territory.)

Bishop of Wichita.

The Rev. James O'Reilly,* who is preconised Bishop of Wichita, county, is the present rector of the Church of the Assumption at Topeka and is well and favorably known to the people of Kansas. Father O'Reilly is a native of the Cavan, Ireland, and studied partly in Ireland, but studied theology at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis., from which place he was ordained priest. He succeeded the present Vicar-General, Very Rev. J. F. Cunningham, as rector at Topeka, which place he has filled with wonderful fruit during nearly six years. Rev. James O'Reilly is about forty years of age, and has for some time past been Treasurer of the Irish National League of America at Topeka. His civic as well as religious reputation is as wide as the State.

Bishop of Concordia.

Father Scannell's experience as administrator — *sede vacante* — of Nashville helped to qualify him for the high honor to which he now seems called. He has been a priest of regular and studious habits, of decided views on church polity and of tenacity of purpose. He is a native of the County Cork, and made his ecclesiastical studies at All Hallows' College, Dublin, where he was ordained priest in 1871 for the diocese of Nashville. He has been stationed there since his arrival in 1871, serving as assistant at the Cathedral, as rector of St. Columba's, administrator of the diocese during the interval between the departure of Bishop Feehan for Chicago and the arrival of Bishop Rademacher. and during the past few years rector of St. Joseph's Church, Nashville, He was last summer appointed Vicar-General of the diocese of Nashville in the Diocesan Synod, held at St. Joseph's, which he built and which reflects great credit on his executive ability. His elevation to a position in the hierarchy had been expected for some time. Those who know him anticipate a zealous administration of the laws of the church throughout the diocese over which he may be placed. *Ad multos annos!*

Bishop of Lincoln.

The Rev. Thos. Bonacum, who is appointed to Lincoln, is pastor of the Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, St. Louis. Father Bonacum was born in Ireland, near Thurles, Tipperary county, in the archdiocese of Cashel and Emily, on January 29, 1847. He came with his parents to this country in his infancy, and after a brief sojourn in New Orleans, the family removed to St. Louis, where Father Bonacum attended St. Patrick's parochial school until his fourteenth year. He then went to Milwaukee, entering on a five years' course of classical studies at the seminary of St. Francis de Sales. Having graduated here with distinction and already decided on his priestly vocation, he became a student in the Theological Seminary at Cape Girardeau and was ordained to the priesthood in St. Mary's Church, St. Louis, by Right Rev. Bishop

* Rt. Rev. Bishop-elect James O'Reilly died at Topeka, Kan., July 26, at the age of 41 years.

Melcher, of Green Bay, Wis., his Grace Archbishop Kenrick being absent in Rome. After his ordination Father Bonacum went abroad and for two years attended the University of Wurzbrug, in Germany, studying ecclesiastical history and canon law under his Eminence Cardinal Hergenroether and apologetics under the celebrated Dr. Hettinger. Completing the course he returned to America and was given charge respectively of St. Stephen's Church at Indian Creek, St. Peter's at Rolla and St. Peter's at Kirkwood, on leaving which he was assigned to the Church of the Immaculate, in St. Louis, where he remained for one year, when in 1881 he was appointed pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, where he has since remained. His labors in the last-named parish have been efficient in building it up to its present flourishing condition. In 1884 Father Bonacum attended the Third Plenary Council in Baltimore as theologian to the Archbishop of St. Louis, and in the same year, on recommendation of the late Bishop Baltes, of Alton, Ill., he was nominated for the new See of Belleville, Ill. The Holy See, however, did not see fit to divide the Diocese of Alton.

Bishop of Cheyenne.

Rev. W. F. Burke, the newly appointed bishop of Cheyenne, W. T., was formerly assistant at St. Mary's, Chicago, and now rector of St. Mary's, Joliet, Illinois.

The Little Children that are Gone.

WHY do they come, these little ones that enter our homes by the gateway of suffering and that linger with us a few months, uttering no words, smiling in mysterious silence, yet speaking eloquently all the time of the purity and sweetness of Heaven? Why must they open the tenderest fountains of our natures only to leave them soon choked with the bitter tears of loss? It is impossible wholly to answer such questions of the tortured heart, but one can say, in general, that these little temporary wanderers from a celestial home come and go because of the great love of God. It is an inestimable blessing to have been the parent of a child that has the stamp of Heaven upon its brow, to hold it in one's arms, to minister to it, to gaze fondly down into the little upturned face, and to rejoice in the unsullied beauty of its smiles, and then — to give it back to God at His call, with the thought that in Heaven, as upon earth; it is still our own child, a member of the household still, to be counted always as one of the children whom God hath given us. Such a love chastens and sanctifies the hearts of the father and mother, gives them a hold upon the unseen. As things of great value always cost, it is worth all the sorrow to have known this holy affection and to have this treasure in Heaven.

A BAD book is falsehood and sin in a permanent and impersonal form.—*Cardinal Manning.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE LITTLE GRAVE ON THE HILL.

THERE'S a spot on the hillside far away,
Where in summer the grass grows green;
Where, beneath a rustling elm tree's shade,
A moss-colored stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude lone and wild;
Yet — somebody's hopes are buried there —
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In Winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow;
But around it, in the springtime, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,
With a fragrance soft and mild,
And the Autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm tree's branches high;
With her melody sweet, by the hour she trills,
And if by the scene beguiled,
Perhaps — who knows? — 'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there,
Some mother is weeping in vain,
For, though years may come and years may go,
'Twill never come back again.
Yet blessed are they who die in youth,
The pure and the undefiled;
Some road to Heaven, perchance, runs through
That grave of a little child.

THE ORPHAN'S MOTHER.

A LONG, long time ago there lived in Italy a little boy who had lost his father and mother. When his mother lay dying, she took him in her arms and said: "My dear little son, God calls me and I must leave you; but when our dear Lord takes a mother away from her child, His own mother Mary takes her place and watches over it." Then she looked up to heaven and prayed: "Holy Virgin, from this moment may

my son be your son, and dearest Child Jesus, may this child be your brother. Many times, when I am gone, dear child, you will have need of consolation and help. Remember that as other children who have mothers run to them, you must run to the Holy Virgin and the child Jesus. Go and kneel on the steps of the altar where I carried you when you were a baby and consecrated you to Mary, and where I have so often knelt to pray for you. Join your little hands and pray with all your heart to Him who has said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and then I, too, will pray for you in heaven, where I trust God's mercy may receive me." Saying these words and embracing her son with many tears the mother died.

Her face remained so beautiful after death that she seemed to sleep. The poor child, who did not know what death was, kissed the hand of his mother again and again. "My mother," said he "speak, I am listening. Speak to your child of the Holy Virgin and of the child Jesus. Mother, do you not hear me; you used to hear the slightest movement that I made in my little bed? Why are your eyes shut? Why do you not smile?"

As the dead mother made no movement, the poor child understood that she slept that sleep of which she had sometimes spoken to him — that last and deep sleep from which no one wakes.

The child wept much. The next day he begged to be allowed to see his mother once more. God had permitted that the expression of heavenly beauty which the last prayer of the pious mother had left on her face should still remain, and her child thought the room she lay in was full of the scent of violet and jessamine; and when he asked where it came from, no one could tell him. He became thoughtful, and kneeling down, he prayed. He noticed also at the funeral that, when the coffin passed under the Hawthorne trees, the branches seemed to move to and fro, shaking out their blossoms upon the black cloth like perfumed snow, and two doves followed the procession, touching the coffin from time to time with their wings.

Then the poor and helpless came weeping from all parts of the town, and the sick this good lady had nursed, and the little children she had taught, and they all cried, "We, too, have lost a mother." And the child, seeing all this, said to them as he emptied his purse amongst them: "Since my mother was also your mother, share with me the goods she has left me; I give them to you in the name of the Holy Virgin and the Child Jesus."

The next day the child was placed, as his mother had wished, in a convent of the Order of St. Benedict, where she used to pray, and where the Father Abbot, who had been her confessor, had a great love for the little orphan.

"My father," said the child to him, "my mother told me, when dying, to have a great devotion to the Holy Virgin and the Infant Jesus; and I beg you, therefore, to allow me to visit the chapel every day during the recreation after dinner."

"Very well, my son," answered the Abbot. "I am quite willing; and if ever you want anything or are unhappy, do not fear to come to me, for though I have much to do, I shall always find time for you."

Day after day, without ever failing, the little boy, on leaving the refectory, went to the chapel. He wept when he first entered, but he went out consoled. Kneeling on the steps and joining his hands, he said: "Holy Virgin Mary, I had two mothers; now I have but you. Take pity on me, and help me to conduct myself as one of your children should. Dear Child Jesus, my mother said that you would be my brother. I am very weak, very imperfect, very ignorant, very destitute, for I have no mother any longer; but you, O Child Jesus, are the most perfect of children; you are wisdom, goodness, light; teach me to know your holy will and to do it."

The child from the first day wept no more. He spoke always of his mother, but with sweetness and confidence. Some monks remarked that when he went from the church after his accustomed prayer, he had as it were, the reflection of a shining light upon his face. "One would say," said a young novice, "that an infant Moses had descended from Sinai."

He astonished all the convent by the wisdom of his words and of his conduct. Orphan that he was, he surpassed in prudence and piety those who could consult their parents. The reverend Father Abbot shared in the general astonishment. Sometimes he praised the child for his wisdom and piety, but casting down his eyes, he would reply modestly: "My father, I am only a poor child, very ignorant and feeble; but my mother told me that the Holy Virgin is the mother of orphans and the infant Jesus is their brother."

The reverend father, without attaching any particular importance to these words, admired the fervour of the child, and only said: "On this little fair head there rests the seal of predestination."

One day the usual prayer of the little boy before the altar, where the Holy Virgin and the Child Jesus were seated, was much longer than usual. The Father Abbot, becoming somewhat uneasy, entered the chapel. Wonder of wonders! The Virgin and the Child Jesus were no longer upon the altar. Looking down upon the steps, the Abbot saw the Child Jesus instructing the other child, who was asking him questions, while the Holy Virgin, as a mother full of solicitude, seemed to watch over them.

The Abbot bent his head before this vision, and prostrating himself upon the marble floor, he remained in profound meditation and prayer.

He still prayed when he felt a little hand resting upon his arm. He opened his eyes. The vision had disappeared. The Holy Virgin and the Child Jesus were upon the altar. The little orphan stood before him, and, in a sweet voice, told him that the clock of the monastery had struck the hour for the end of the recreation.

"God has done you a great favor, my child," said the priest.

"A great favor, truly," replied the child; "but my mother told me often that the Holy Virgin is the mother of those who have no mother, and the Child Jesus is their brother."

Every day until the first communion of the boy, the prodigy was renewed. On the eve of this great day, the Child Jesus informed him that on the morrow He should descend into his soul, never more to

leave him, and that he must now listen to that interior voice which rises from the depths of the conscience when all is silent within us; that voice which inflames our hearts as the voice of the Lord made the hearts of the disciples to burn within them as they journeyed on their way to Emmaus; and those children who have made their first communion have ever after, if they like to listen, a friend in their hearts, who will tell them all they need to know.

SOME PRANKS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

BEYOND a doubt, if there was a man really disliked by us boys, it was old Farmer Blenkinsop, He was considered fair game by "every man Jack of us," as we used to say. Many were our lame attempts to make fun out of his name. "Blinkers," "Blank," "Blanket," "Bring-the-Soap," with a dozen similiar attempts at wit were common, but our favorite nickname was, "Jonny Short." This was the most popular vith us, I fear, because it *teased the old man most.* For be it known he was wonderfully sensitive on the score of his stature, which indeed was not quite that of a giant.

Now if I were asked *why* we had such a dislike to Farmer Blenkinsop, I should be bound to confess that I hardly know. The only "old score" we had against him was the result of his persistent refusal — he was one of the church-wardens — to let us use the church yard as a play-ground. We boys considered it a distinct invasion of our "rights" when we were turned out and threatened with "the law." Had not our elder brothers always played there? Nay, had not we heard our fathers many a time relate the pranks they had played in that same church yard? And indeed there were ample evidences of the gambols of many generations of boys — the broken-down fence wall, the numerous cracked, chipped, and fallen tombstones, the well-nigh branchless old yew, the one-hinged gate, the names scored on the very vestry door. Why then should Jonny Short set himself so determinedly against us? Was he better than his fathers?

So we reasoned.

But one day matters came to a crisis. There was a funeral, and, as usual with us at such times — and with a large school now of boys of my own, I write it with deep humiliation and sorrow — we held high jinks in the church yard, for we were a rough set in our village, as I have said before.

We had with difficulty been kept in moderately good order during the service, and the moment the venerable old clergyman turned his back the fun, as we thought it, began. One of our number hid the old sexton's tools, whilst another commenced kicking down the earth lying around. In vain did the poor old rheumatic grave-digger protest.

What lengths we should have got to I don't know, but before we were aware a whip swished smartly amongst our legs, then again and again. We speedily recognized our old enemy Blenkinsop standing over us, and the look on his face — anger, sorrow, astonishment, disgust, were all plainly pictured there — I shall not easily forget.

"Stand still every one of you!" he shouted, in tones which we dared not disobey

For a moment we stood eyeing his formidable whip, and wondering what would follow.

"Boys," he said at last, "you are a set of mean and cowardly rascals! I can't call you anything else. This beats all even you have ever done. But this is the last time!"

Whereupon he gave his opinion of our conduct in no measured terms, and finished by taking down our names.

We were astonished to see how calm he was, though, and we began to think things would blow over quite easily. But we little knew our man.

When I reached home that night I received from my father the severest flogging I had ever experienced, and I found afterwards that every boy had been similarly punished. It came out later on that old Blenkinsop had threatened to bring before the magistrates every boy whose parents would not undertake to give him a sound whipping at home. Besides, the farmer was right — it *was* our last game in the church yard, for within a fortnight of that afternoon a new fence of very high iron palisading was placed round the burial ground, with a gate to correspond. We were fairly "done" as we confessed.

But "like true Britons" — this is how we expressed it — we speedily began to concoct schemes of "revenge;" and we were not long in finding an opportunity of bringing about our object. Prowling about the lanes one Saturday afternoon we observed in one of Blenkinsop's fiields a very large heap or rough stack of straw, the result of several days steam thrashing. These steam thrashing machines were then quite a novelty. This straw was the entire produce of the farmer's very large oat crop, and as it could be used as fodder it was of course very valuable. But this we did not know.

"Well, not to make too long a story, some young scamp proposed that we should return at dusk and set fire to the straw.

"It's only straw, you know, and worth nothing — its not like burning the corn," he explained, as he saw the blank look on our faces!

"Yes, of course it's no harm," said another boy; "it'll only tease old Short. Won't it be a blaze!"

So we allowed ourselves to be persuaded, although we did not half like the look of the plan. But we were all moral cowards. We could not stand being laughed at by our leaders.

Accordingly, just at dusk we were all at the stack (which, by the way, stood quite away from any house) and after a few preliminaries, a match was struck, and the straw fired by Carr, the boy who had been the proposer of the scheme.

As soon as the straw was fairly alight, we all scampered across the field to hide in an old bramble and furze-covered ditch, from whence we could see the fire without being ourselves seen. It was a capital hiding-place. But we began to be somewhat alarmed when we saw what rapid progress was made by the fire. At the most we had expected to see but a "jolly good blaze." But it was far more than that. The whole rick was one mass of flame, which leapt up into the air, and lit

up the whole country-side. Ghastly indeed looked our faces as we peeped through the bushes.

"I say, lads, I don't at all like this," I was begining to say, when we heard the sound of hoofs, and presently the figure of a man appeared in front of the burning mass, and we could see that it was the farmer himself who had arrived. Soon the whole village apparently was on the spot, the villagers having at first imagined it was the farmstead itself which was burning, because the rick was in a direct line with the farm buildings as seen from the village green, so ne mile and a half off. Within half an hour there had collected on the spot several hundreds of people, the farm-servants from one or two neighboring parishes having likewise rushed breathless to the spot.

We were now thoroughly frightened and looked at each other in blank despair.

"There will be a dreadful row about this," said one.

"Row!" echoed a second; "you may say that!"

"We may expect the lock-up, at the very least," chimed in a third.

"Ay, old Short will be sure to have 'law on us,'" replied two or three together.

"Well, I can't stand it any longer," shouted the lad Carr, who had all along been the ringleader; "I must go amongst the lot and see what they're doing."

And without another word he scrambled out of the ditch, and ran across the field to the concourse about the fire. One by one the rest of us followed, afraid to remain where we were, and yet dreading the reception we might meet with. But nobody noticed the advent of a boy or two.

Just then we all became aware of a shouting and a tremendous rattling of rapidly approaching wheels. We were puzzled to account for it, and peered through the darkness to discern, if possible, what it all meant.

"It's the fire-engine from Reekham!" exclaimed a man, after listening a moment or two. The fire-brigade there, seeing that some great conflagration was going on out in the country, had lost not a moment in getting to the spot, being guided, of course, by the light.

But they were too late, the fire had almost done its work. Nevertheless a hundred people rushed into the lane to meet the firemen. The horses came up at a fine canter, and covered with foam. We set up a cheer, which was returned lusterly by the men on the engine

But at this moment there was a piercing scream, and the vehicle was observed to give a lurch.

"Somebody run over!" a dozen shouted.

And so it was. On the muddy road, apparently lifeless, lay none other than Carr, our leader. Reckless as he always was, he had attempted to jump on the shaft of the engine, and slipping had fallen under the wheels, which had passed over both legs just below the knee.

Need I say we boys were horror-struck! Poor Carr was soon lifted up.

"I did it," he groaned, and became insensible.

"What's that?" asked Farmer Blenkinsop, as he came up.

"He says he did it," I replied; "but he didn't do it all; we were all here."

Could we believe our eyes! The old farmer pressed his silk pocket handkerchief to his eyes, and actually cried like a child. How we had misjudged this kindly old man all this time!

"Bring my gig here at once, and carry the lad to my house," he shouted after a moment or two.

"*Your* house?" asked several of the by-standers in astonishment.

"*My* house," was all the reply he vouchsafed as he sprang into his gig, and touching gently with his whip his famous trotting mare, disappeared in the direction of Reekham.

The boy was carried to the farmer's parlor and laid upon the sofa, and we boys dispersed to our homes in a fearful state of anxiety and remorse. In less than an hour the farmer returned from the town with Dr. W., the most skilful surgeon in our district.

"A bad case," he said; "a very bad case, but with care he may pull through, as he seems to have a robust constitution."

The rest may be told in but few words. Thanks to the unwearied attention of good old Blenkinsop and his wife — they had no children of their own — Carr recovered. But it was plain he would never be a farm laborer like his father.

No words can describe the kindness of the old farmer. Suffice it to say that, after having nursed the boy who had done his best to injure him, the kindly old man paid all expenses, which indeed Carr's father could not have paid himself. Later on Blenkinsop and the old clergyman put their heads together, and the result is that Carr is now a teacher, zealous and highly respected.

Thus did Farmer Blenkinsop "heap coals of fire on our heads."

UTILIZING THE DARLINGS.

A FARMER named August Pirch, who lives near Garvanzo, is the happy possessor of a dozen fine, healthy children. These youngsters grow fast, eat three or four hearty meals a day, and the way they wear out clothes is enough to make a woolen factory think a cyclone had struck it. Mr. Pirch has been in hot water with his little fishes for years, and was about to give up in despair when a bright idea struck him. He had a tract of land that could not be used for the want of water. But how to irrigate the land without spending a large sum of money was a mystery. A ditch would cost thousands of dollars, but corner lots had not been so plentiful in the Pirch family as the happy father could have wished, and his bank-book simply showed a balance of a few hundreds instead of thousands. He figured out the cost of a well, and found that he could stand a sixty-foot well, a cheap pump, and one of those great big family swings which are noticed at pleasure gardens and German picnic grounds. The well was bored, the pump was set up, and the

swing was put in working order. "Here, you little rascals," said the elder Pirch to his little fishes, "come out here and get in the swing; I am going to give you something to play with." In five minutes the children were flying back and forth through the air. The pump worked up and down, making a merry tune, and a fourteen-inch stream of water flowed from the well. The children don't know that they are working, as the swing is some distance from the well, and is connected by an iron rod, which works the pump as the swing vibrates back and forth. Mr. Pirch is positive that the youngsters will pump enough water during the day to irrigate a large tract of land.

A BOY MARTYR.

It was in the winter of 1867 that some Russian soldiers met a little shepherd boy, busy gathering sticks in the woods. They surrounded him and asked him what religion he was of. "I am a Catholic," answered the boy without the least sign of fear; whereupon the soldiers insisted upon his making the sign of the Cross in the Russian way, in which the right shoulder is touched before the left, while Catholics touch the left shoulder first, and this way of making the Cross, is one of the visible signs which distinguish Catholics from Greek schismatics. The little shepherd refused most decidedly to do as the soldiers told him, and crossed himself in the Catholic way.

The commanding officer enraged at this, threatened to have the boy shot if he persisted in his refusal, but the terrible threat did not have the desired effect upon the child. Finding he would not obey, they tied the poor child to a tree and the soldiers got ready to fire.

Pale, but filled with supernatural courage, the young hero looked calmly at his tormentors and offered up a short prayer.

The officer now told the soldiers to discontinue their threats, and approaching the boy, he said with a sneer, "You dog! you are not worth our powder and shot," and ordering the boy to be untied, he continued, "we will hang you, unless you obey the Emperor and the Russian Church."

The wild soldiers now dragged the boy to an ash tree and put a rope round his neck, and again and again they ordered him to make the sign of the Cross in the Russian way.

The young martyr did not utter a word, only shaking his head to show he did not intend to obey; upon which a soldier climbed up the tree, fastened a rope to a bough, while two others raised the boy waiting for the orders to let him drop.

But now the officer bethought himself of something else and shouted: "The little imp is not worth the cost of a rope! it will be better to drown him."

Again the boy was untied and dragged to the nearest pond covered with ice and the officer, who determined to prolong the death agony of the child, ordered his men to make a hole in the ice and let him into the water up to his neck.

When this was done, the officer, leaving the soldiers on the bank,

went up to the boy, whose head just appeared above the water, and cried: "You little simpleton! will you now make the sign of the Cross, as commanded by the Emperor?"

The boy made no answer, only raising his eyes to heaven, with one supreme effort he crossed himself in the Catholic way,

The officer with an oath bent forward, when the ice suddenly cracked; it had been weakened by the hole made in it and could no longer bear his weight, but broke into a thousand pieces before the eyes of the horrified soldiers. The youthful martyr and his persecutor both found a watery grave.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

A MOUSE fell into a vat of beer. The poor little animal struggled, spluttered, and was choking and drowning, when a cat came prowling by.

"Oh, Mrs. Puss, *do* lend me a claw to get me out of this nasty stuff!"

"Well," said the cat, "if I do, will you promise to come to me at supper-time."

"Anything to be saved from this beer!"

So the cat put in her paw, and pulled out the mouse; and the mouse ran into its hole as quickly as it could.

At supper-time, back came Puss.

"Now, little mouse, for your promise!"

"Aha," said the mouse, with its nose just out of the hole; "don't you wish I may be so silly?"

"Didn't you promise?" said the cat reproachfully.

"Well, yes; but then — remember, *I was in liquor at the time!*"

So the cat walked away slowly; much disappointed, but convinced that temperance and sound judgment go together. And so may we be without either cat or mouse to teach us the lesson.

STICK TO ONE THING BOYS.

WE earnestly entreat every young man, after he has chosen his vocation, to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as pulled off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether upon the old farm, where our fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to productiveness, in the machine shop, the factory, or the thousand other business places that invite honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be, "Perseverance and industry." Stick to one thing, boys, and you will have success.

A Black Record.

REASONS WHY IRELAND DID NOT JOIN IN CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The Woes of Ireland Under Victoria's Rule. — A Shameful Showing. — No Country in Europe has been so Cruelly Oppressed.

As a reason why Ireland could not join in the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee a writer in the *London Pall Mall Gazette* of June 22d, gave the following history of the woes of Ireland since the accession of Victoria to the English throne:

1837 — Her Most Gracious Majesty began her reign without Coercion. Gustave de Beaumont, the French publicist, notices the condition of Ireland at the time: — "I have seen the Indian in his forest and the negro in his chains, and I thought that I beheld the lowest form of human misery; but I did not then know the lot of Ireland. . . Seeing it one recognises that no theoretical limits can be assigned to the misfortunes of nations."

1838 — The Duke of Wellington declares there never was a country in which poverty existed to such a degree as it exists in Ireland.

(1) An Arms Act Passed.

1839 — "In order to benefit a small knot of haughty, unfeeling, rapacious landlords, the well-being of millions is disregarded.— The Times of Ireland, October 25, 1839."

(2) Unlawful Oaths Act Passed.

1840 — (3) Another Arms Act.

1841 — (5) Two coercive measures — an outrage act and an arms act.

1842 — Provision riots. Numerous outrages.

1843 — "Men are suffering and starving by millions."— Thackeray in "Irish sketch book."

(7) Another Arms Act.

and an Act consolidating all previous Coercion Acts.

1844 — Kohl, a German traveller, writes of this year: — "I doubt whether in the whole world a nation can be found subjected to the physical privation of the peasantry in some parts of Ireland."— "Travellers in Ireland."

(8) Unlawful Oaths Act Passed

"We have a starving population, an absentee aristrocacy, an alien church, and, in addition, the weakest executive in the world: that is the Irish question."— Disraeli, House of Commons, February 16.

1845 — "The people have not enough to eat. They are suffering a real, though artificial famine."— The *Times*, June 1845.

(9) Unlawful Oaths Act.

1846 — Captain Wynne, a Government official, writes early this year — "Famine advances on us with great strides." The great famine begins.

(10) Constabulary Enlargement Act.

"We have made Ireland — I speak it deliberately — the most degraded and the most miserable country in the world."— Lord John Russell.

(11) Crime and Outrage Act Passed.

1847 — "We are driving six millions of people to despair and madness."— *Lord Brougham*, House of Commons.

The Great Famine (continued) — "The people of England have most culpably and foolishly connived at a national iniquity. . . . The landlords exercise their rights with a hand of iron and deny their duties with a brow of brass." — The Times, Feb. 27.— 89,738 emigrants embark for Canada. One person in every five was dead by the end of the year.— Census Commissioners' Report, 1851, p. 305. "The famine was followed by the great emigration, and the wholesale evictions. . . . That was a dismemberment and a depression which planted in every quarter of the globe an enemy of your rule."— Mr. John Morley, House of Commons, June 3, 1886. — "All men agree that Ireland has been misgoverned. And who misgoverned her? The State." *Disraeli, House of Commons*, Feb, 5, 1847.

1848 — The great famine fever. Parliament constrained to pass an Act for the Protection and Relief of the Destitute Poor, evicted from their dwellings in Ireland. Insurrection. (12) Treason Amendment Act and (13) Suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and (14) another Oaths Act. Mitchel was condemned under the first named Act to fourteen years' transportation.

1849 — The great famine fever continued. The Census Commissioners declare that above one million and a half have suffered from famine fever since the beginning of '46, and add — "But no pen has recorded the numbers of the forlorn and starving who perished by the waysides or in the ditches.

(15) Suspension of the Habeas Corpus.

This Act was passed through both Houses in one evening, and William Smith O'Brien and others were condemned to death.

99,440 persons evicted. In the Kilrush Union alone 15,000 people were unhoused. "I do not think the records of any country, civilized or barbarous, present materials for such a picture." — Sir R. Peel, on Kilrush evictions, June, 8. The massacre of Ballingarry, July, 29. James Stephens was wounded.

(16) Crime and Outrage Act Passed.

1850 — Crime and Outrage Act passed. 104,163 persons evicted this year.

1851 — 282,545 human dwellings have been destroyed by the evicting brigade during the preceding ten years. 68,023 persons evicted this year.

(17) Unlawful Oaths Act.

1852 — "Ireland this year received a larger sum in charity from America than was realized by the profits of the trade of exporting horned cattle."—Sergeant Heron, Q. C. 43,494 persons evicted this year. "The name of an Irish landlord stinks in the nostrils of Christendom."—*The Times.*

(18) Crime and Outrage Act.

1853 — Crime and Outrage Act passed —24 589 persons evicted this year.

1854 — "There are districts in Ireland in which no man can travel without feeling that some enormous crime has been committed by the Government under which the people live." — John Bright, July 6th, 1854. The desolation increased by the eviction of 10,794 persons this year.

(19) Crime and Outrage Act.

1855 — (20) Crime and Outrage Act in force 9,338 persons evicted this year.

1856 — 5,115 more persons evicted.

(21) Peace Preservation Act Passed.

1857 — 5,475 persons evicted.

1858 — 4,043 persons more evicted.

(22) Peace Preservation Act Passed.

For the previous six years Ireland had been without political organization. "The last endeavor of the Irish masses to accomplish emeliorations within the lines of the Constitution had been baffled and crushed."—*New Ireland* p. 196. O'Donovan Rossa and James Stephens out of despair started Fenianism.

1859—3,872 persons evicted.

1860—The Chief Secretary of Ireland is pained to announce, April 17, that "a large amount of destitution does in fact exist in some of the western districts. 2,985 persons evicted this year. Lord Plunket, Protestant Bishop of Tuam, becomes an evictor—a hideous scandal, said the Times, November 27. Lord John Russell described how an entire Irish village which housed 270 persons had been this year razed to the ground.

(23) Peace Preservation Act.

1861—5,128 persons evicted. The terrible clearances at Glenveigh, Donegal.

1862—5,617 persons evicted.

(24-25.) Peace Preservation Act and Unlawful Oaths Act.

1863—8,695 persons evicted.

1864—9,201 persons evicted.

1865—4,513 persons evicted.

(26.) Peace Preservation Act Passed.

"I am afraid the one thing which has been peculiar to Ireland is the Government of England" (*Lord R. Cecil, House of Commons, Feb. 24*). "A time of trouble and of terrors. Midnight arrests and seizures, hurried rights and perilous escapes, wild rumors and panic alarms scared every considerable city and town." (*A. M. Sullivan's "New Ireland," page 201*). O'Donovan Rossa sentenced to penal servitude for life.

1866—3,571 persons evicted.

(27.) Suspension of the Habeus Corpus Act.

1867 — 2,489 persons evicted. Attempted insurrection.

(28.) Suspension of the Habeas Corpus.

"I have not observed since I have been

in Parliament anything on this Irish question which approaches statesmanship."—*Mr. Bright, House of Commons Dec. 1868.*

"The Irish legislation of the last forty years, notwithstanding the adoption of remedial measures, has failed through the indifference of Parliament to the sentiments of Irishmen."—*Golawin Smith on Irish Question, 1868.*

1869—4,741 persons evicted. Between 1829 and this year, 27 bills and resolutions were offered by the Irish members on the land question, and every one was rejected. "I say that the condition of things in Ireland which has existed for the last 200 years, for the last 100 years, for the last 50 years, would have been utterly impossible if Ireland had been removed from the shelter and the influence and the power of Great Britain. . . . The time has come when acts of constant repression in Ireland are unjust and evil, and when no more acts of repression should ever pass this House unless attended with acts of a remedial and conciliating nature."—*Mr. Bright, House of Commons, April 30, 1879,* defending himself against the charge of countenancing Fenianism.

1870—2,616 persons evicted,

(30) Peace Preservation Act.

"The oppression of a majority is detestable and odious; the oppression of a minority is only by one degree less detestable and odious."—*Mr. Gladstone, House of Commons,* March 11, 1870.

1871 — 2,356 persons evicted.

(31-32) Protection of Life and Property and Peace Preservation Act.

1872 — 2,476 persons evicted.
1873 — 3,078 persons evicted.

(33) Peace Preservation Act.

1874 — 3,571 persons evicted.
1875 — 3,323 persons evicted. "I own that I cannot wonder that a thirst for revenge should spring from such calamities."—*Professor Cairnes "Political Essay," p. 197.*

(34) Peace Preservation Act.

1876 — 2,550 persons evicted.
1877 — 2,177 persons evicted.
1878 — 4,679 persons evicted.
1879 — Famine. The rates for the support of the destitute reach £1,011,888. 6,239 persons evicted this year.

1880 — Famine continued. The paupers in the workhouses in February this year number 59,870, as against 51,302, the highest number during the famine of 1846. The number, additional, receiving outdoor relief was 117,454. The number relieved by Dublin Mansion House Committee for week ended February 28, was 512,625. Evictions rose to 10,458 persons.

1881 — The evictions this year, 17,341 persons.

(35) Peace Preservation Act.
(36) Suspension of Habeas Corpus, and
(37) Arms Act passed.

1882—The number of persons evicted was 26,863. "At this moment in one part of the country, men are being turned out of their houses, actually by batalions, who are no more able to pay the arrears of these bad years than they are able to pay the National Debt."—*Mr. Trevelyan, Hansard,* pp. 1,328-9.

(38) Crimes Act Passed; Peace Preservation and Arms Act Continued.

1883—17,855 persons evicted this year Arms Act and Crimes Act continued.

1884—29,025 persons evicted this year. Arms Act and Crimes Act continued,

1885—15,423 persons evicted. Arms Act and Crimes Act continued. 1000 persons imprisoned without trial. "It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers, encamped permanently as in a hostile country."—*Mr. Chamberlin, West Islington,* June 17.

1886—"Ireland—The present reign has been the most disastrous since that of Elizabeth as the following statistics show: Died of famine 1,225,000; number of emigrants, 4,186,000; number of persons evicted, 3,668,000."—*Mulhall's "Fifty years of National Progress."* "These evictions were always carried out in the Queen's name."—*Lord Aberdeen, at Leith in October.* "The number of persons evicted is equal to 75 per cent. of the actual population. No country in Europe or elsewhere has suffered such wholesale extermination."—*Mulhall's National Progress."* "We are *particeps criminis*; we, with power in our hands, looked on."—*Mr. Gladstone, House of Commons,* April 16.

1887 — Parliament has just passed another Coercion Bill (the thirty-ninth during the Queen's reign), which is to last forever and ever.

For these and other reasons Ireland refused to "jubilate."

A Most Inhuman Crime.

BRUTAL MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SEGHERS.

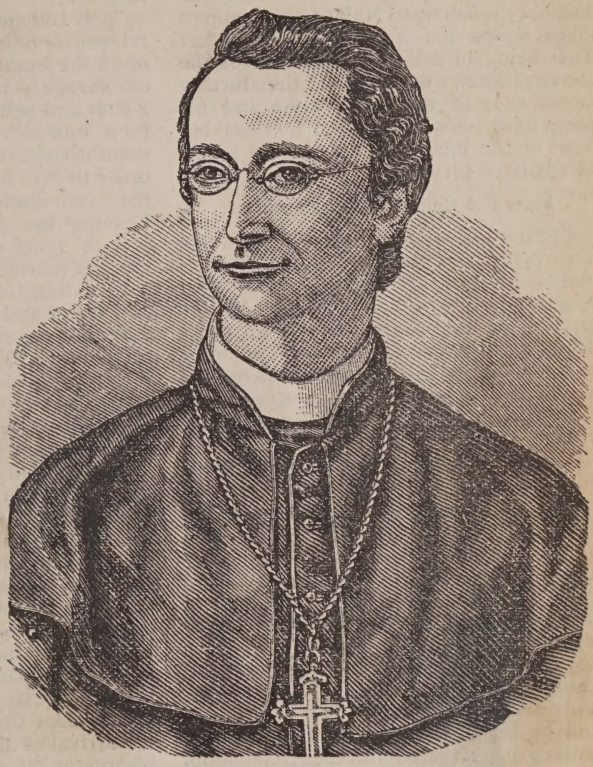
Cruelly Shot by a Crazy Man-Servant.

THE FOUNDER OF THE ALASKA MISSIONS MEETS A MARTYR'S DEATH.

READERS of the *Monitor* will remember reading in these columns last year an account of the departure of Most Rev. Charles J. Seghers, D.D., Archbishop of Vancouver's Island and Alaska, for the far North, in order to place missionary priests among the Indian tribes of that remote section of the world. On that occasion he was accompanied by two Jesuits, Fathers Tosi and Robaut, and a man-servant named Fuller, the cruel slayer of the sanctified apostle of Alaska.

The steamer *Dora*, of the Alaska Company, arrived in San Francisco, bringing the horrible tidings of the brutal murder of the holy prelate who was in the midst of his apostolic labors in establishing missions along the banks of the Yukon, in the interior of Alaska.

Among the passengers by the *Dora* was Rev. Paschal Tosi, S. J., who was one of the two Jesuit Fathers who accompanied Archbishop Seghers on what proved to be his last visit to that section of his pastoral charge, and from Father Tosi the *Monitor* has received the following account of the fearful crime which will horrify every Catholic.



THE MURDERED PRELATE.
MOST REV. CHAS. J. SEGHERS, D. D.,
Archbishop of Vancouver Island and Alaska.

Departure for Alaska.

In company with Archbishop Seghers, Fathers Tosi and Robaut, both members of the Society of Jesus, and an American named Frank Fuller, who agreed to act as guide and workman, left Victoria on July 12th, 1886, for Alaska on the steamer *Ancon*. They arrived in safety at Chilkat, the point of their debarkation.

The purpose of the journey was to establish missions for christianizing the Indians. On July 19th they traveled over the divide in a north-west direction as far as Stewart's river. There the party remained with the Alaska Commercial Company's traders, Mayo and Harper, until September 7th. The Archbishop left the two Jesuit Fathers at the Stewarts' river station to establish a mission for the Stickeen Indians. He decided to go as far as Muklakayet, a village near the mouth of the Tannanah river. Accordingly the Archbishop left Stewart's river on September 8th in company with Frank Fuller, his subsequent murderer; several Indians were met who accompanied them as guides. Muklakayet was reached on October 24th and the party were lodged at the trading post, receiving a hearty welcome from

the whites and Indians, to whom the Archbishop was well known. Part of this journey was made in a boat and partly by sled and dog teams. After a few weeks' work among the natives the Archbishop decided to push on to Nulato, two hundred miles down the Yukon river. Father Tosi being in a different section of the country knew nothing of the further movements of the Archbishop and his party until he was horrified by receiving news of the inhuman crime at the hands of a trusted servant.

How the Crime was Committed.

From information furnished to Father Tosi by a half-breed boy whom he considers perfectly trustworthy and who speaks English fluently, the Father learned the following account of the cruel deed and the causes which are supposed to have inspired the assassin in his hellish work. After several days journey with the sleds, the party arrived at a deserted village thirty miles from Nulato. The Archbishop desired to push on to a more suitable place for a mission, and consulted with his Indian guides upon the subject. This course of procedure did not seem to suit Fuller, who grew sullen and in an angry tone told the Archbishop that "he ought to ask his advice and not that of the Indians." The Archbishop mildly replied that the Indians were to be depended upon and had experience as guides, and that he wished to go on. This resolution caused Fuller to grumble, and he began to endeavor to make the natives discontented with the Archbishop. The Indians told the Archbishop of Fuller's conduct, but he paid no attention to their complaints and decided to carry out his plan of going forward in the morning. After supper the party arranged their bedding for the night, the Archbishop sleeping between Fuller and the half-breed guide. Early next morning, Sunday November 28th, about the break of day, which would probably be between 6 and 7 o'clock, the boy states that he saw Fuller get up from where he was sleeping and sit by the embers of the fire in the centre of the hut. He was seated, looking at the sleeping Archbishop, and had a rifle under his cloak. Suddenly he arose and called to his victim to get up. Raising his head, the sight of a rifle-barrel met the Archbishop's gaze. Folding his hands across his breast in an attitude of resignation, and without uttering a word, the apostolic Archbishop received the contents of the weapon.

The bullet entered the left eye, penetrating the brain and passing out at the back of the neck, and the body of the murdered prelate lay prone on the ground in death.

The Indians—with that instinct for self-preservation which is characteristic of all the human family, whether civilized or savage—immediately rushed upon Fuller and seized the fatal weapon. They then told him that he must accompany them to the nearest traders station, in order to give himself up into custody for the commission of the inhuman act. Leaving the pallid corpse of the holy prelate lying on the ground where his life was sacrificed for the holy cause of propagating God's faith throughout distant tribes and peoples, the Indians and the murderer set out on their journey to trader Fredrickson's station—that being the nearest habitation in the remote region where the murder occurred. Mr. Fredrickson, who knew the Archbishop and esteemed him highly, was astounded at the horrible tale which the Indians told him, and when he learned that the consecrated remains were still lying on the ground where the Archbishop's blood was spilt, he immediately sent off a sled drawn by a large pack of his swiftest dogs to carry the corpse back to his dwelling, from whence both the murderer and the body of his innocent victim were subsequently dispatched to St. Michael's, where is located the chief trading post of the Alaska Commercial Company. On the arrival of the remains of the Archbishop at St. Michael's, the body was carefully incased in an air-tight zinc casket which was then enclosed by a wooden coffin, with the view of keeping the remains until the departure of the United States revenue steamer *Bear*, when Captain Healy,* U. S. N., (who is a personal friend and an ardent admirer of the deceased prelate) will perform the sad duty of conveying the murdered prelate's corpse to Victoria, Vancouver's Island, for interment. Fuller and the witnesses will be conveyed by the same steamer to Ounalaska, where the unfortunate wretch will undergo a preliminary examination before United States Commissioner Johnston, by whom he will be committed for trial, which will take place next month at Sitka.

The Murderer's Antecedents.

Fuller's career as known to Father Tosi is as follows: He was working in Port-

*Brother to Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me.

land, Or., from 1879 to 1881 as a watchmaker. In 1882 Father Tosi met him at Cœur de Alene mission, where he was given employment on the farm and did general chores. During 1883 and 1884 Fuller was at Spokane Falls, working at his trade, and in 1885 he went to Colville on a farm. In March, 1886, he returned to Spokane Falls, and learning that Archbishop Seghers intended to travel on the Yukon, he applied to go with him as laborer and guide. He obtained the situation, leaving Victoria with the party. So long as Fathers Robaut and Tosi were with the Archbishop, Fuller behaved himself and worked well.

"I was five hundred miles away from the scene of the murder," said Father Tosi, "and only learned of it on my arrival at Nulato this summer, on my way to St. Michael's. Fredrickson, the trader, told me. The traders and miners wished to lynch Fuller, but their better judgment prevailed and he will be brought to justice. He came to St. Michael's with the body on a sled, and coolly walked up to Henry Neumann, the agent of the post, telling him he had shot Archbishop Seghers.

"The utmost indignation prevailed among the white residents on the Yukon and at St. Michael's over the murder. And upon the arrival of the steamers the feeling was intensined. The priest of the Russo-Greek church had the body placed in his old church, and there it will be till the steamer *Bear* takes it to Victoria for burial. Fuller confessed the crime and is now penitent; but what impelled him to shoot the holy prelate I cannot conceive. Fuller is not in any way crazy or foolish, as he told the Indians he did not wish to kill them, but only wanted to shoot the Archbishop. Upon the arrival of the steamer *Dora* at St. Michael's I took passage for Ounalaska, aud there I obtained a warrant for Fuller's arrest."

Life and Labors of Archbishop Seghers.

Most Rev. Charles J. Seghers, D.D., was born in Ghent, Belgium, on December 26th 1839, and was only forty-eight years old when he was thus ruthlessly cut down in the midst of a life which promised to accomplish wonderful missionary results, through his intense love for spreading the faith and his herculean labors in founding missions. He was educated in the far-famed University of Louvain, and ordained priest at Mechlin, proceeding soon after to Victoria, Vancouver Island, where he labored as rector of St. Andrew's Cathedral, for many years, beloved alike by all the people of Victoria, from the non-Catholic governor to the Indians. Among the Catholics, Father Seghers was loved to that degree that many of them wept when they heard of his ecclesiastical promotion, so fearful were they that they would lose the dear, devoted and kindly priest whose amiable qualities and sterling virtues had endeared him to their hearts.

When Bishop Demers, of Vancouver Island, visited Europe about twenty years ago, he called at Louvain, and among other subjects secured the services of the late Archbishop to labor among the Indian tribes of what was generally known as the British possessions in North America. Here Father Seghers labored with the zeal of a St. Francis Xavier up to 1871, when the death of Bishop Demers entailed upon Rome the duty of selecting his successor; and with the wisdom proverbial in all such selections, Father Seghers was nominated. In 1873 he was consecrated bishop of Vancouver Island, where he resided until July, 1879, when, in obedience to the mandate of Rome, issued December 10th 1878, he entered upon the duties of Coadjutor to Archbishop Blanchet, of Oregon, and, upon the retirement of that venerable and holy Bishop, December 12th, 1880, Bishop Seghers became his successor as Archbishop of Oregon.

As a missionary of the Cross, the zeal of Archbishop Seghers knew no bounds. When Bishop of Vancouver Island he visited Alaska and all the adjacent islands, accompanied by Father Mandart. The bishop spent the first few months of his visit learning the language and gathering information about the country; he then set out on snow shoes and travelled by sleds drawn by dogs and in canoes propelled by Indians, visiting many of the tribes in the interior and along the coast, instructing and baptizing many in the baptismal waters of Catholic faith. While travelling along the frozen Yukon river the missionaries nearly lost their lives through a break in the ice, and the many perils which they passed through was graphically described by Archbishop Seghers in a very interesting lecture we had the happiness of hearing him deliver several years ago.

Upon assuming the coadjutorship of Oregon, Archbishop Seghers at once set out to explore the country over which he was to have spiritual charge; and after

a year's travel through Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, he returned to Portland one of the best informed residents of Oregon upon the physical features of the great North-west. During this trip Archbishop Seghers also met with many adventures on his journey through the mining regions and whilst camping out among the Coyotes. His Grace's letters, published at the time, were copied into many Catholic periodicals in the East and in Europe, in consequence of the full description given of the soil, climate, capacity and general contour of the country through which he passed, and these letters have done much to make the North-west known. As a scholar, Archbishop Seghers was a divine of great erudition, being deeply versed in theology and ecclesiastical history. As a pulpit orator, he was also remarkably lucid and pleasing; in fine, his Grace combined the many virtues necessary for his high and holy office with humility and paternal solicitude for his flock, which made the people of Vancouver Island—irrespective of creed—mourn over his loss as if he had been carried to the tomb. But their loss was Oregon's gain, and in his extensive Archdiocese Bishop Seghers was loved by all who knew him personally or by reputation.

Three years ago archbishop Seghers petitioned Rome that he might be transferred back again to Victoria, so that he might be able to resume the establishment of missions among the Indians of Alaska an enterprise which came to a stand-still during his episcopate in Oregon. The Pope granted his Grace's prayer, and then the Archbishop travelled over Bel gium, France, England and Ireland, collecting funds for his long cherished missions, in the spread of which he surrendered his life in a manner worthy of his holy calling. R. I. P.

The Monitor, San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. Lawrence Kehoe.

THE *New York Freeman's Journal*, in its pen pictures of distinguished Catholics gave in its last issue a good picture of the manager of the Catholic Publication Society Company, together with the following brief sketch: "Lawrence Kehoe, who has made a national reputation as the manager of the Catholic Publication Society Company, was born in the parish of Litter, County Wexford, Ireland, on July 24th, 1832. He has done more to raise the standard of Catholic literature in the English language than any other man in the country. He has had the advantage of the backing and advice of Rev. Isaac T. Hecker and Mr. George Hecker, but he has always borne the weight of his portion of the responsibility of the work of the trio. When the history of the Catholic Publication Society Company is written it will reveal how single-minded and disinterested the men engaged in founding a great Catholic publication concern have always been. Of George Hecker, Catholics will yet learn to speak with that reverence with which patriots mention the name of Robert Morris. Mr. Kehoe, on whom the practical work of the organization has rested since its inception, began his apprenticeship in the work of editing and publishing in 1857, when D'Arcy McGee sold the New York *Tablet* to the Sadliers. In 1865 he left the *Tablet* to found the Catholic Publication Society Company, at the suggestion of Rev. Isaac T. Hecker, who literally opened a new world, not to Castile and Leon, but to the Catholics of America. Some time ago Mr. Kehoe, in conjunction with Burns & Oates, of London, assumed entire control of the Catholic Publication Society Company. Owing to the enormous increase of its general business, Mr. Kehoe was obliged to retire from the active management of the *Catholic World*—Mr. John J. Farrell, who had graduated in his business methods, taking his place. Mr. Kehoe is the only publisher in the world who remained in the management of a Catholic magazine for twenty-two years. He is now in the prime of life. The pioneer work is over; the crop he has sown is begining to gladden his eyes. Such men as he deserve honor in their life. All things after death, but prayers, are valueless."

A FARMER said: "One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't reach 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

The Orange Saturnalia.

Dublin Freeman's Journal: The Orange saturnalia has come and gone, and has left no trace behind, as far as our present information extends, save the miserable recollections engendered by the fanatical outburst peculiar to the occasion. There was the customary gathering in the round room of the rotunda, with the old familiar true blue speeches, interspersed with a dash of ultra royalty. But the proceedings were harmless on the whole, and we by no means begrudge to the people who put in an appearance such enjoyment as they experienced. The city was peace, and that is enough for us. In the North, also, tranquility reigns. A rattle of revolver bullets in one of the leading streets of Belfast, as the Orange procession wended its way from Carlisle Circus to the Botanic Gardens, was the outward and visible sign of the readiness of the sons of William for emergencies. It was a mere fizzle however. Nobody was hurt, and the drummers and their friends pursued their way. In the evening there was the customary excitement, associated with alarmist reports of outbreaks of riot here and there; but beyond an occasional squabble there was really nothing to record. The processionists returned in comparative peace, and by midnight the town was in repose. The same happy state of affairs has obtained throughout Ulster, Coleraine furnishing the solitary exception. These are matters we note with all the more gratification since the ears of the Orangemen were regaled with the usual Orange pabulum at the various meetings. There was no lack of incentive to disturbance. The poison was instilled into the minds of the untutored throng with all the ardour and unscrupulousness of days that are gone, but without, we are glad to say, producing the results peculiar to that time.

MGR. PERSICO, the Papal envoy to Ireland, dedicated a chapel in Wicklow on last Sunday. In the course of his address to an enormous congregation, he assured them, and through them their fellow-countrymen, how dear to the heart of His Holiness is Ireland, and that the Sovereign Pontiff fully recognized how love of Catholicity and love of country were entertwined in the existence of the Irish race. Mgr. Persico in conclusion informed his attentive hearers that the sending of an envoy to inquire into the condition of the Celtic people was but another instance of the solicitude of Leo XIII. in all that concerned their welfare.

Fifty Thousand Pounds for Ireland.

IN the House of Commons on Tuesday Colonel King-Harman announced the allocation of the grant of £50,000 for public works in Ireland. It is as follows: — £12,000 for drainage works on the Shannon, £6,000 for drainage on the Bann, £5,000 for drainage on the Barrow. This, with £7,000 for preliminary inquirie "with the view to legislation next season with regard to the Barrow and elsewhere," makes a total of £30,000 for drainage purposes. The remaining £20,000 is divided into £5,000 for the completion of works for the relief of distress in Galway and Mayo; £5,000 for the Royal Dublin Society, with the object of improving the breed of horses and cattle; £5,000 for the Fisheries School at Baltimore, £1,000 for the establishment of a technical school in connection with the Donegal Industrial Fund, and £750 for the enlargement of the Dairy School in county Cork.

Two New Churches in Charlestown.

ON the afternoon of Sunday, July 31, the corner-stone of the new church of St. Catherine of Sienna, on Vine Street, Charlestown, was laid by the Very Rev. William Byrne, V. G., D.D. Rev. Fr. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., delivered the sermon The new church is an off-shoot from that of St. Francis de Sales. St.

Mary's parish will soon have a new church. The site is corner of Warren and Winthrop Streets, and the building is already begun. Old St. Mary's, Charlestown, is now, with the single exception of St. Augustine's Chapel, South Boston, the oldest Catholic house of worship in Massachusetts. It was built before the Ursuline Convent was destroyed in 1834.

HON. P. A. COLLINS and editor O'Brien have received the freedom of the city of Dublin with great enthusiasm. Mr. C. also received the freedom of the city of Cork.

The Augustinians in Lawrence, Mass.

A CONTENTION, some considerable time existing in a house of the Augustinian Hermits at Philadelphia, has just been set at rest by a decision from the ecclesiastical tribunals. The Rev. John P. Gilmore, was last year elected provincial of the order in this country and a question as to the validity of his election was raised on the ground that his elevation was attributable to a plurality of one vote, that being his own. As this vote could not have been counted under the statutes of the order, the tribunals referred to annulled the election, deposed the Rev. Provincial and appointed the Very Rev. Christopher McEvoy in his stead. The Catholics of Lawrence connected with the Augustinian churches have formed a church debt society, which now numbers upwards of 1500 members, who pledge sums ranging from $3 to $25 each annually towards paying the depositors of the Augustinian bank, which failed in 1883. It is expected that a sufficient sum will be raised by this means to pay the entire debt within ten years.

THE PUBLIC LAND is not all gone yet. There are still 9,000,000 acres in Colorado; 12,000,000 in Arizona; 30,000,000 in California; 49,000,000 in Dakota; 7,000,000 in Florida; 44,000,000 in Idaho; 7,000,000 in Minesota; 41,000,000, in Utah; 20,000.000 in Washington, and millions of acres in other states and territories.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN of Philadelphia, says that members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians can attend the funerals of their members, but without their uniforms.

Ireland in Australia.

THE five lately appointed Australian bishops are natives of Ireland, and four were educated in that country: Right Rev. Dr. Dunne, at Carlow; Right Rev. Dr. Boyle, Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly and Right Rev. Dr. Gibney, at All Hallows. Right Rev. Dr. Corbett was educated on the continent. Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, who has just been appointed to the diocese of Christ Church in New Zealand, is a Marist Father.

THE HOLY FATHER will send at his own expense to Russia the celebrated astronomer, Father Ferrari, S. J., to observe the total eclipse of the sun, soon to take place, visible at Moscow. Father Ferrari, director of the observatory erected last year on the Janiculum, was a pupil of the famous Father Secchi, S. J., as was also Father Lais, of the Congregation of the Oratorians, who is appointed his companion on the scientific expedition.

THE 118th anniversary of the taking of New Orleans by Don Alexander O'Reilly, for the king of Spain, will occur Aug. 18th, 1769-1887.

The Catholic Review:—It is just as well for the cable not to anticipate the pronouncement of the Congregation of the Propaganda on the Knights of Labor. It may take a long time for that pronouncement to come. It may possibly never come.

IT is all very well to publish the splendid articles of our Holy Father, the Pope, Bishop Ireland, Father Conaty, etc., in our reviews and newspapers. But they do not reach the masses. They should be published in leaflets, circulated in our churches and schools, on the highways and by-ways, to have any great effect. They do not reach the people to any great extent in the other way.

Emigration for Half a Year.

THE total number of emigrants who left Ireland during the half year, which ended on the 30th of June, was 50,323. The corresponding number last year was 35,750, the increase in the depopulation being thus for six months about 15,000 in round numbers.

Turn About is Fair Play.

"How do you account, Mr. Hervey." asked a *Globe* reporter, the other day, addressing the head of the great house-furnishing firm of W. H. Hervey & Co., of No. 5 Union Street, in this city, "for the remarkably strong hold which your establishment has upon the people of New England, particularly of the working classes?" "Well," replied the merchant, there are many reasons which I might give you for this, but perhaps the most influential is that our house has always been operated and is to-day as a distinctly New England enterprise. We do not buy goods in the West, but on, the contrary, make a special offort to purchase what we do not manufacture from New England dealers, thus distributing the money which we expend for such goods among the very people whom experience has taught us are among our very best customers, namely, the workingmen of New England. As we look at it, it is not only our duty but for our benefit to patonize those who deal with us, and thus encourage home industries. Other firms, in our line are not so particular, as I happen to know; but the firm of W. H. Hervey & Co. does not propose to forget the people with whom it has had so many pleasant dealings during past years."

THERE are 8,820 Catholic churches in Mexico, and out of a population of 10,105.000 the church claims 9,861,000 communicants.

Englishwomen to Irishwomen.

THE address from the women of Great Britain to the women of Ireland, which was presented to the Lady Mayoress, as their representative, at the Mansion House, Dublin, is one of the many evidences which daily testify to the extent and strength of the Home Rule movement. The interesting and historical document in question had its origin in a letter signed "Mater," published in the *Manchester Examiner* of April 5th last, the authorship of which, however, we break no confidence in ascribing to one of the ladies now in Dublin with the deputation in charge of the address, Mrs. Isabella Mills, wife of an eminent Manchester banker. The address bears close on forty thousand signatures, affixed by women in all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales, and is in itself a great proof of national as well as natural kindliness and sympathy of immense value at the present moment, and indicative of the enormous force which lies behind the Liberal party in their brave and conscientious offort to secure for the Irish people the restitution of the right to manage their own affairs.

FORTY-FIVE young ladies took the veil and retired from the world at Malinckrodt convent, Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 5th of July.

Crime in Ireland.

Dublin Freeman's Journal: The fitness of things is admirably illustrated in the appearance of the quarterly return of "agrarian outrages" at the same time as the passing of the coercion bill. Of the 229 "outrages" 83 are described as threatening letters. A new description for crime is "otherwise," whatever that may mean, and under this head the total reaches fifteen. There may be much virtue in an "if," but is there any outrage in an "otherwise?" But the return is far more remarkable for its negative admissions than for its positive assertions. During the three months there was not in all Ireland a single case of conspiracy to murder, of robbery, of appearing armed, of riot and affray, of administering unlawful oaths, of having arms or being armed in a proclaimed district, nor a single case of rescuing prisoners or of perjury. But more curious still is it that, notwithstanding the large number of evictions, there was not a solitary case of taking and holding forcible possession. This is a further argument in favor of the coercion act, and will, no doubt, be regarded by Lord Salisbury an another blessing in disguise.

THE *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* copies at length the article on the Scotch-Irish which appeared in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for August.

Conversions in Germany.

THE church is reaping a harvest of conversions in Germany. Among the latest who have been received into the the church in that country are Herr von Hillern, a celebrated publicist, and Baron Lossberg, a cousin of the general of that name. Furthermore, the Frankfort *Gazette* announces that two Protestant ministers have adjured their errors at Mayence and have entered the Seminary

of Lichtstadt to study for the priesthood. The German clergy are well equipped for the battle on behalf of religious truth, and the reasons that they give for the faith that is in them are bringing convictions to men and women who are earnestly searching for light.

Murder of Archbishop Seghers.

WE give elsewhere, a full account of this deplorable event, from the San Franscisco Monitor. Father Tosi thinks that Fuller may have become partially crazed on account of his naturally morbid suspiciousness. The people at St. Michael's, however, say Fuller's mind is as sound as a dollar.

Father Tosi states that when he met Fuller in Portland he (Fuller) was asked to do a certain errand after nightfall, but refused to go out unless some one accompanied him, saying he feared somebody would take his life. This same disposition was manifested on the steamer trip from Portland to fort Wrangel and Chilcat. So marked had this trait of being suspicious of every one grown that when Chilcat was reached Father Tosi advised Archbishop Seghers to send Fuller back to Portland on the returning steamer. The Archbishop, however, thought that when the party had passed beyond the limit of civilization, Fuller's fear that some one was plotting to take his life would leave him. He was therefore taken along.

THE FORM OF EXCUMMUNICATION,—published in many papers, is a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end. It is, says the *Catholic Review*, the coarse invention of that foul-mouthed, dissolute member of the English church established, "Rev." Lawrence Sterne, in which case he was influenced by stupid malice against the Catholic church. It is surprising that any respectable journal should publish such stuff.

A Gladstonian Victory.

THE election of Sir George Otto Trevalyan, for Glasgow, is considered a victory for home rule. The vote was 4664 for T. and 3353 for the Tory candidate. Sir George, in a speech in the evening, said that his victory made it next to impossible for the government to proclaim the Irish national league. The election, he declared, largely settled the Irish question. Henceforth Ireland must be treated in a spirit of conciliation, kindness and confidence." The people of Ireland are jubilant over the victory.

THE COERCION ACT is proclaimed in all Ireland. The proclamations over the greater area of Ireland are not to operate actively, but as a mere measure of precaution, says Mr. Balfour.

REV. THOMAS S. STACK, S. J., has been appointed rector of the church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston.

Irish Manufacture.

MR. PETER WHITE, representing the new company to develope the Irish woollen industry recently organized by Parnell and Davitt, has returned to Dublin, taking with him as a result of six weeks' work in America sample orders to the amount of $200,000. Mr. White will return in January with the goods. He could have taken almost double the amount of orders, but doubted the ability of the mills now in operation in Ireland to satisfactorily fill them. Sherman & Co., of Boston, ordered largely from Mr. White. Their Irish woolen suits are going like hot cakes.

THE MISSES DREXEL, of Philadelphia, have given $30,900 to St. Agnes' hospital, with which a large lot of ground adjoining the hospital has been purchased. The property has long been desired, but the means could not be secured. As a last resort the mother superior of the Convent of the Sisters of St. Francis appealed to the Misses Drexel, asking them to start a subscription list. The response came in a check for the full amount.

REV. FATHER WILLARD, Vicar General, Dakota, formerly editor of the *Milwaukee Citizen*, is in Washington, D. C., to assist Father Stephan in the affairs of the Indian missions. His place in Dakota is to be filled by Very Rev. Dr. Zardetti, professor at St. Francis' seminary, Wisconsin.

THE COERCION BILL is in full force in every county in Ireland. In all human probability it will be the last of the coercion bills.

That Green Flag.

THE Admiralty has decided that his seizure of the flag in Bantry Bay was wholly illegal and unjustifiable, and he has been ordered to restore it to its proper owner, as an acknowledgement of his error. Meanwhile, Mr. Murphy has commenced suit against him for five thousand dollars for trespass and damages.

THE total mission fund raised in first collection for the colored people and Indians in the United States is $97,301. It will probably reach $100,000.

VERY REV. FATHER FLOOD, O. P., Prior of Tallaght, whose nomination to the Coadjutor-Bishopric of Trinidad we announced recently was over three years prior of the church and convent of his order at Newry. His appointment to the Novitiate house on the death of the lamented Father Tom Burke was a special mark of favor, indicating the value set on his services by the heads of the order. To his lot it fell to complete the Burke Memorial Church, and his visit to the United States in aid of that great work established a keen sympathy with the labors of the fathers both in Dublin and elsewhere. As a preacher Father Flood stands in the front rank of an order distinguished for the pious fervor with which it commands the hearts of the faithful, and those who heard his appeals on behalf of the memorial church will not easily let die the memory of some of the most touching words ever addressed to the generous instincts of Irishmen. His elevation to the episcopate came as a graceful recognition of noble and enduring toil, and the qualities which adorn his character are sure to gain for him the respect and esteem of his episcopal brethren. Father Flood, it may be added, is the second of the past priors of Newry who has been raised to the Episcopate. The first was the present bishop of Cork, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan.

P. T. O'CONNOR, M. P., dined with Mr. Gladstone recently and noted with satisfaction his buoyant spirits, and his absolute confidence that the government are going to pieces.

THE Very Rev. Father Alphonsus O'Neil has been appointed by the Father General of the Congregation of the Cross and Passion in Rome, to establish the first foundation of the sons of St. Paul of the Cross in Australia.

IT was by reading the "Lives of the Saints" that St. Ignatious was converted.

The National Bank.

Dublin Freeman's Journal:—Despite the dullness of the times the National Bank has held on its prosperous way during the last six months, and the report just issued announces the payment of a dividend of ten per cent. or ten shillings per share, free of income tax. The dividend absorbs £75,000, leaving a balance of £7,056, which is carried over, and divided almost evenly between the profit and loss account (new) and the rest account. This is the bank Mr. Donahoe draws upon.

HON. P. A. COLLINS is reported to have said to an interviewer in London: Gen. Collins said that Mr. Barnum, who is the chairman of the National Democratic committee, came to him several days before his departure for Europe, and asked him whether he would accept the secretaryship of war. To this Mr. Collins replied: "Mr. Barnum, what led you to suppose that I had an appetite for second-hand food or would wear second-hand clothes?"

MESSRS. FEELEY, & Co., gold and silversmiths, of Providence, R. I., have issued a very neat souvenir programme of the convention of the C. T. A. U. of A., held in Philadelphia on the 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6th of August. Copies of the souvenir can be obtained by writing to the firm in Providence.

Fair in Watertown.

THE Rev. Robert J. Stack, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Watertown, is building a parochial school which will accommodate four hundred children; it will contain also a hall capable of seating one thousand persons. The building will be of brick and three stories high. The total cost of the structure will be close on $30,000. It is proposed to have the main hall in readiness to hold a fair therein in November next, when it is expected to realize several thousand dollars. The school will be taught by religious, under the supervision of Father Stack.

Honors to a Torontonian.

Montreal Gazette: AT the *seance* of the Laval University at Quebec, on Monday, the distinction of according the degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan of the Ontario bar, was the chief feature of the day. The rector, Mgr. Methot, in a complimentary speech, referred to the labors of Mr. O'Sullivan in historical and legal literature, and presented the recipient with the usual parchment and the ring, which in Laval accompanies the degree of Doctor. Mr. O'Sullivan was dressed in the academic costume of the university of Toronto, of which he is a scholar in its law faculty, and some years past a member of its senate. After the rector had concluded his remarks the new doctor came forward and addressed the faculty in a short speech in English. Amongst other things he said that although he had been the recipient of a number of degrees and of some little distinction in another university, and felt glad to acknowledge the gratitude and loyalty every student owes to his *alma mater*, he valued very highly the honor accorded to him by Laval, and he hoped that the degree was a step towards the more friendly recognition of a neighboring province, and that it would be the beginning of a closer union between the two great families of the Canadian people. He was received with great enthusiasm by the students and visitors and treated with marked courtesy by the members of the university staff. He is a graduate in arts and law in the university of Toronto, and is a practising lawyer well known in Ontario.

ACCORDING to the London correspondent of the *York Herald*, the bigots in that city are exercised about the successor to Sir Reginald Hanson in the Lord Mayoralty. Alderman de Keyser, the heir apparent, is, it appears, a Catholic, and there are some who say that he ought not to be Lord Mayor for that reason.

A Letter of Thanks.

Pawkuska, Osage Agency, Indian Territory, June 22, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND: — I return you my sincere thanks for your kindness in forwarding to me every month a free copy of your excellent and handsome magazine. I consider it as eminently calculated to do an immense good here in being placed for family reading in as many households as I can amongst our Osage Indians, who are in a majority Catholics. I would have written you sooner but my many occupations prevented me. You will excuse me when you will know that I am alone here with five Indian tribes under my charge. The Osages, Kaws, Poncas, Tonkaws, Ottows, and Pawnee Indians. Thanking you again for your kind assistance, I am, dear friend, your most devoted and respectful servant in J. C.,

REV. FELIX DEGRASSE, O. S. B.

THE *Michigan Catholic* regards the secret organization known as the Elks, with others of the same kindred, as but inventions of the devil to ensnare our Catholic young men and inveigle them into masonic lodges.

WHAT would become of the world without religion? The greatest service I ever rendered to France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.— *Napoleon Bonnapart.*

Nineteenth Annual Convention.

THE nineteenth annual convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union will assemble at noon in the city of Washington, D. C., on the 7th of September, and the hope is earnestly expressed that every affiliated society of the Union will be represented in the person of delegates so that in the proceedings of what promises to be made the most important session of the Union, the voice of every organization may be heard in the settlement of all matters that will be presented for the action of the convention.

POWDERLY does not seem to think much of the moderate drinker. Hear him now: "I had rather be at the head of an organization having 10,000 temperate, honest, earnest men than at the head of an organization of 100,000 drinkers, whether moderate or any other kind."

THE *Catholic Telegraph* asks: What is the difference between Polygamy by the Divorce Law and Polygamy by Mormonism?

THAT was a telling point Mr. Gladstone made in his speech accepting the testimonial presented to him by Editor Pulitzer in the name of the American people, when he said that English Tories

had made no protest against American money as alms to starving Ireland, or when sent to pay rack-rents, or steerage passage tickets, but cried out now when it was given to help Ireland to the blessings of self-government.

Not in Favor of Prohibition.

AT the Catholic Temperance convention in Philadelphia, the following resolution was offered:—

RESOLVED, since intemperance is not only a personal vice, but productive also of crimes against the public weal, public order and law, that we indorse and support the legislatures of our different states that courageously seek to repress these crimes, and to thus guarantee us a fuller enjoyment of our rights as citizens, to life, liberty and happiness.

After considerable debate the resolution was defeated by a vote of 563 against 267 for it.

IT was very kind of our young Toronto contemporary to mention the author of our article on Henry George, the socialist, without stating the source from which it copied the article. We attribute this to inexperience.

THE collection in the Catholic churches of the United States for the colored and Indian races, has already reached $96,000. More to come.

A Famous Dog.

WITH Garryowen, the champion Irish red setter, dies the most valuable dog the world has yet seen. It has been calculated he was worth his weight in gold. He might have been weighed pound for pound with the precious metal and the purchaser lost nothing by the exchange, and now his flesh—

> Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
> As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.

We are afraid to guess at the number of championship prizes Garryowen obtained. He was wont to wear at the dog shows a collar, hung thick with tablets, indicating his several successes. There must have been fifty at least. In every town of the three kingdoms, in most of the capitals of Europe, he triumphed over all competitors. An Irish red setter is, we venture to think, the handsomest of all dogs. Garryowen was, probably, the handsomest red setter ever born. He possessed and indicated strength, grace, symmetry, and intelligence in the superlative degree. He has begotten a race worthy of their sire. There is, perhaps, no quarter of the world in which the Garryowen strain is unknown to sportsmen. His sons and daughters have won champion prizes in the show yards of New York, and maintained their ancestral fame on the trackless prairies of the far West.

THE Queen has given her royal assent to the Coercian bill. It may be her last.

"THE heart of the wise is where there is mourning, and the heart of fools where there is mirth."—*Solomon.*

Cardinal Gibbons as a Peacemaker.

WHILE Cardinal Gibbons was driving in the suburbs of Baltimore the other day, he saw a number of boys indulging in a free fight, the outcome of a game of base ball. The Cardinal told his driver to stop, and, alighting from the carriage, hastened to where the *mêlée* was going on, separated the astonished combatants, and acted the part of a peacemaker all around. He soon had the youngsters in good humor, and walked back to his carriage as quietly as he came. Just as he was driving off, one of the boys proposed three cheers for the Cardinal, which were given with a will.

"HE who created you," says St. Augustine, "without your own exertions will not save you without them."

DURING the heated term, it is estimated that 2,000,000 glasses of beer were consumed daily in New York.

LORD CILCOURSIE is about to despatch, at his own expense, a deputation of English labor representatives to Ireland to judge for themselves and report to their fellow laborers on the true condition of the Irish laboring population. Lord Kilcoursie, it is hardly necessary to add, is a supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Policy.

The Scapular.

WEAR piously the Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and never take it off day or night. The late Father Ryan (poet-priest) used to say, "no strings in the world broke so *easily* or so *often* as the

strings of one's Scapular, and then the poor little Scapular was left hanging on a bed-post or toilet stand, until the clap of a thunder storm frightens it back on the *wearer's shoulders!*"

WHEN Dr. Talmage, the American preacher, was announced to preach in San Francisco on the "Seven Plagues of New York," a New York journal unkindly observed: "Dr. Talmage forgets that since he left this city there are only six."

A Doctor and his Patients.

LONDON *Truth*, Labouchere's paper, says: "At a certain debating society an English doctor recently argued that the Irish were naturally a depraved and dishonest race, and in support of his position he adduced his own experience. He remarked that he had at Manchester eight hundred Irish patients on his books, and out of this number only thirty paid him his fees. An Irishman arose when the doctor sat down and said: "There is never an effect without a cause; there is never a phenomenon which does not admit of an explanation. How, sir, can we explain the extraordinary phenomenon to which the doctor has called your attention? He finds an explanation in the depravity of the Irish nature. I, sir, have another explanation to offer, and it is this: That the thirty patients who paid him were the only ones that recovered."

A YOUNG physician of small practice noticed a man buying some cucumbers, and he followed him home and waited outside for developments. Four hours later the front door opened and a man came hastily down the steps. "Want a doctor?" gasped the impecunious physician. "No," responded the man, "I'm going around to the grocer's for some cucumbers."

Home Rule.

A SOMEWHAT interesting incident, which occurred on the homeward voyage of the City of Rome from New York, is reported in the *Manchester Guardian*. A discussion was raised as to the right of Ireland to legislative independence. There were not less than one thousand passengers on board, five hundred of whom were saloon, mostly American tourists. The question was very fully debated, and after the conclusion of the discussion the opinion of the passengers was ascertained by ballot. All on board voted, with the result that the right of the Irish people to a native legislature, was declared, amid approving cheers, by four-fifths of the passengers.

THE Church of St. Anne de Beaupre has been declared a minor basilica by the Pope.

The DUBLIN Freeman, in an article on the crops says: "Such a season of heat and draught is a phenomenon in our island."

Sewing up a Horses Eyes.

OF all the outrages which from time to time have been reported, none excited more horror and indignation than the mutilation of dumb animals, says the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. Every humane and right-minded person expressed detestation of those capable of such brutality, but could anything exceed in atrocity an instance which occurred a few nights ago in England on the Bellagio estate, not twenty-five miles from London. Some wretches who broke into the stables actually *sewed up with wire* the eyes of a cart-horse. And this is the country that declares Ireland has the monopoly of crime!

HAY FEVER.—Dr. Moorehead writes to the British Medical Journal, that he has obtained relief from hay fever, his annual persecutor for thirty years, by hydrodermic injection of one-twentieth of a grain of morphine and one two-hundredth of a grain of atropin, night and morning. The relief was complete.

HE—And did you see Monte Carlo while you were in Europe? She—No; papa called on him, I believe; but from this disappointed appearance when he go back to the hotel, I think Mr. Carlo must have been out.

WE have a poet attached to our office who not only composes his own poetry, but sets the types, corrects the proofs, and sells his books. All he wants now is a poetess to keep him comfortable the balance of his life. We recommend a compositor to set her cap for such a prize.

Notices of Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII. By John Oldcastle. Price seventy-five cents.

THE following is the contents: What Manner of Man? Boyhood to Priesthood; Peacemaker in the Provinces; Nuncio at Brussels and Visitor to England; Cardinal Archbishop at Perugia; Elected Pope; At the Vatican; "Thou art Peter," by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster; Teacher and Peacemaker, by T. W. Allies, R. C. S. C; The Pope's Muses, by Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S. J; The Pope's city, by Alice Meynell. All the above topics are treated in a pleasing manner. The book is illustrated with four portraits of His Holiness, in different stages of his eventful life. The book is beautifully got up and is bound in white cloth. It makes an appropriate souvenir for the parlor table. No Catholic house should be without a life of the great father of the faithful.

The Baltimore Publishing Co., Baltimore.

POPULAR life of CATHARINE MCAULY, foundress of the Institute of the Religious Sisters of Mercy, Dublin, Ireland, edited by the Sisters of Mercy, St. Louis. Mo., with a preface by Rev. T. A. Butler, rector of St. Cronan's, St. Louis, Mo. Father Butler in the preface to this book says: "The life of CATHERINE MCAULY is not a mere dry chronological biography of the pious foundress of an illustrious religious order, but it contains many interesting and pleasing features, capable of attracting intelligent readers along paths so seldom followed." We trust this interesting book will have an extensive sale. The order has many houses in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, and other states in the Union. All who love the good works of the sisters will be anxious to read the life of the foundress and her wonderful achievements. She may truly be styled the valiant woman of the gospel. The book is embellished with a portrait of Rev. Mother McAuly. The book is well bound and sold at a moderate price.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THE Great Cryptogram; or, Lord Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays" will be the title of Ignatius Donnelly's forthcoming book, which the author claims will forever settle the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. The work will be published by R. S. Peale & Co., of Chicago, who have just closed a contract with Mr. Donnelly. The terms are not made public, but the book will be sold by subscription. It is stated that the publishers have such confidence in the enterprise that they have paid Mr. Donnelly a considerable cash advance, and that the royalty agreed upon is larger than any previously recorded.

The Art of Singing, a practical method in four parts, by Mathilde de Castrove Marchesi, Part I. Beans and Buttons, comic operetta in one act, libretto by Wm. H. Lepere, music by Alfred G. Robyn. Trios for the mandolin, guitar and piano, by George Barker. "The Folio" for August, a very interesting number of this popular journal.

LEO TAXIL'S late work, entitled the "Vatican and the Freemasons," contains two remarkable letters of Voltaire. One of these is a dedication of the tragedy "Mahemet" to Pope Benedict the XIV., which the Sovereign Pontiff acknowledged by sending his benediction and a gift of some medals, at the same time kindly criticizing some faults in versification on the part of the French writer. Under date of October 1745, Voltaire replied as follows:

"Most Holy Father—The kindness of your Holiness is expressed by the medals which you in your great goodness have sent me, as also by the letter with which you have deigned to honor me. I offer at your feet my most humble and sincere thanks. I am constrained to acknowledge the infallibility of your Holiness in literary matters as well as in matters of far higher worth. With sentiments of the deepest veneration and the liveliest gratitude, I kiss the feet of your Holiness. VOLTAIRE."

The acknowledgement of the Papal infallibility shows the depth of that faith which marked the character of Voltaire in early life, but which the intellectual price of a later period completely destroyed.

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE. A record of missions among the colored people of the United States, and foreign countries, issued quarterly. Price fifty cents a year. The July issue is beautifully illustrated,

and the reading matter is extremely interesting. All who take an interest in the conversion of the African race should take the *Advocate*. It is recommended by Cardinal Gibbons, whose portrait appears in this issue. Address, (with fifty cents) St. Joseph's Advocate, 401 Courtland Street, Baltimore, Md.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Hear, O Lord," Anthem, soprano solo and chorus, Michael Watson. "Zadock the Priest," chorus, Handel. "Forget-Me-Not," song, H. Hoffman. "The Roses have Returned," song, Geo. W. Persley. "Bedouin Love Song," Ciro Pinsuti. "Saturday Night," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by J. L. Molloy. "Ave Maria," soprano or tenor solo, Henry McLachlan. "The Chorister," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by Arthur Sullivan.

Instrumental:—"Farewell," Nocturne, J. B. Riche. "May Bells," gavotte, E. De Valmency. "In the Chalet," Gustav Lange. "Le Revel du Lion," caprice heroique, Anthoine de Kontski. "Coquette Valse," G. Bachmann. "In the Blooming Fields," waltz, Henry Scott. "Cuckoo song," W. Popp. "Song of Love," Fritz Spindler. "Night and Morn," vocal waltz, P. Bucalossi. "Rondoletto," F. Burgmuller. "Kings Hussars." march brilliante for four hands, Rafael Leonard. "Sunshine and Shadow" waltzes, E. H. Bailey, for violin, cornet and piano. "Tim Tom Polka," Theo. Bendix. "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs," transcription, G. P. Ryder. "Boulanger's March," C. L. Desormis, arranged by B. M. Davison. "When the Leaves Begin to Turn," C. A. White; arranged for zither by Chas. L. Vetter.

"JAMES," said a milkman to his new boy, "d'ye see what I'm o' doin' of?" "Yes, sir," replied James; "you're a pourin' water in the milk." "No, I'm not, James; I'm a pourin' milk in the water. So, if any one asks you if I put water in my milk you tell 'em no. Allers stick to the truth, James; cheatin' is bad 'nough, but lyin' is wuss."

"PAT," said a Yankee to an Irishman, "can you tell where —— street is?" "How did you know my name is Pat,' "I guessed at it," said the Yankee. "Well, sir," retorted the Irishman, "guess the name of the street." The Yankee collapsed.

"O'BRIEN, I kissed a young married woman in the doorway last evening. She's an old friend of mine. Did I do wrong?" 'Well, Bromley, that depends, you know., As a mere matter of etiquette——" "But, O'Brien, it wasn't a matter of etiquette. It proved to be a question of muscle. Look at my eye! Her husband happened to come up the steps."

GUS DE SMITH was quite late in arriving at a soiree given recently by a prominent Austin lady. When he arrived he immediately sought her presence, and having found her, said: "I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late."—"My dear sir," replied the lady, "you can never come too late." Gus thinks this is a hint too stay away altogether.

Mr. M'Lush (slightly full)—"Now, my dear Mariar, don't be severe on me. I've a new conundrum for you. Heard it last night from one of the boys." *Mrs. M'Lush* (not at all mollified)—"Indeed!" *Mr. M'Lush*—"Yesh. "Lem me see—oh yesh! What ish the differensh between corned beef and a corned man? You can't guessh that!" *Mrs. M'Lush* (savagely)—"Yes; I can. Because corned beef never makes a fool of itself."

Fat Lady—"What advice would you give me professor, about skating?" *Professor*—"Why, lady, my advice is to keep off the ice."

Life insurance agent (filling out application): "Your general health is good, is it not?" *Applicant*—Never had a sick day in my life." *Agent*—"Um; you do not contemplate entering upon any hazardous undertaking, I suppose?" *Applicant*—: "Well, yes, I am afraid I do. I am going to get married next Wednesday."

A GENTLEMAN living in the northwestern part of the city has two very smart children, Charley, aged seven, and Maudie, just passed five. The other morning Maudie said to herbrother—"Charley, you mus' do somefin to s'prize me."—"What for?" queried Charley.—"Just because," was the feminine, but illogical answer. Twenty minutes later Maudie, half whimpering and half laughing, complained to her mother—"Ma, I told Charley he mus' do somefin to s'prize me, and he's gone and et all my cake."

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE death is announced, on July 15th, at New Orleans, of Father Adrien Roquette, the priest of the Indians. Father Roquette devoted himself nearly half a century ago to the conversion of the Indians scattered throughout the Gulf States, adopting the Indian name of Chataqua and the Indian fashions and customs. He moved about among the aborigines preaching the Gospel in their native tongue. As a result of his missionary work, all the Indians of Louisiana and Mississippi were converted to the Catholic faith, but they would have no other priest than Father Roquette. A Catholic chapel was built in the forest of Bayou Lacoume, and there for years lived the apostle of the Indians, the virtual ruler of these people, who came to him to settle all their disputes, who obeyed his every word. A year ago his body and mind wrecked by the hard life he had lived and the many hardships he had endured, Father Roquette came to New Orleans. His reason never returned, and he died an inmate of the Hotel Dieu. He was a man of great ability, speaking all the ancient and modern languages, as well as the Indian dialects, and was the author of a number of books on Indian subjects, poems, etc.

WE learn from Lyons, France, of the death of Rev. William Connaughton, the able lecturer and eloquent preacher, so dear to Irishmen and popular among Catholics throughout the United States. Father Connaughton was by birth an Irishman, born in Baltimore, in the county of Meath.

THE death of Rev. J. D. Bowles, treasurer of the C. T. A. Union of America, on the 4th of July, is greatly to be regretted. He was universally beloved as the late treasurer of the C. T. A. Union of America, of Fremont, Ohio. For nine years he was an officer of the union and during that time he was faithful in the discharge of his duties and thought no sacrifice he could make was too great for the cause of total abstinence. As a priest he was a model. On the mission thirty-four years, his was, indeed, a noble life, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that he has received his eternal reward. Bishop Gilmour and forty-three priests were present at the funeral. Rev. J. M. Cleary, president, and Mr. Philip A. Nolan, secretary of the union of America, were also present.

REV. FATHER DONNELLY, O. S. A., a well-known member of the Order of St. Augustine, Pennsylvania, breathed his last, on the afternoon of July 14th in the mother-house of the order at Villanova, Delaware County, Pa. He had long ago begun to prepare himself most carefully for death, to whose summons he calmly succumbed, after having received the last sacraments and consolations of our holy religion.

FATHER JOHN ROGERS, the oldest priest in New Jersey, died in New Brunswick, that state, aged 79 years. Father Rogers was born in Ireland. He was a priest fifty-five years, forty-one of which he spent in St. Peter's parish, New Brunswick. He celebrated mass one week before he died.

THE Rev. James S. O'Sullivan, pastor of the Catholic church at Salem, Washington county, N. Y., died suddenly in Albany, July 3d. He was the first priest ordained in the Albany diocese, and was the uncle of the Rev. James J. Moriarty, of Utica.

THE remains of the late Rev. Edward Murphy, rector of St. Mary's Church, Fall River, Mass., arrived from Ireland, in that city, Saturday, July 30, and were conveyed to the parochical residence. On Sunday, July 31, at the High Mass in St. Mary's Church, in presence of a large congregation, the Rev. Owen F. Clark preached a touching memorial sermon on the life and good works of the lamented parish priest.

REV. PETER A. GALLAGHER died at Pottsville, Pa. Sprung from an old and most highly respected family that belonged originally to the county of Donegal, but a branch of which migrated westward, he was born in the north-eastern part of the county Mayo, Ireland, among a people literally saturated with the true faith and its most interesting traditions in a land of suffering.

REV. ARTHUR DEVLIN died at Pittsburgh, Penn. He was a native of the county Monaghan, Ireland.

BROTHER.

BROTHER FRANCIS DESALES, chief of the manual training department of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., died very suddenly at McCoy's European hotel, Van Buren and Clark street, Chicago, on the 15th of July. Brother Francis was born in Ireland, and had been connected with the university for more than thirty years. He was a noble specimen of manhood, physically and intellectually. His sympathy with the cause of Irish independence was well known, as indeed his sympathy with all movements that lead to the elevation of the human race. His piety was simple and profound. There was no ostentation of any kind about Brother Francis. He led a calm and saintly life, and, although suddenly summoned from this earthly sphere, he was prepared to enter on the journey of eternity whenever it pleased his God to call him to himself. Brother Francis, although well past middle age, was in full possession of the vigor of his youth up to the night of his death. The announcement that he was no more was a shock to his innumerable friends in Chicago, as well as to his confreres and pupils at Notre Dame.

SISTERS.

SISTER MARY ROSE, aged 34 years, of St. Mary's convent in Wilkesbarre, Pa., and well known as a teacher in the parochial schools of Pennsylvania, died at the convent in Towanda, July 3d. She was the daughter of the Hon. James McDade, of Wilkesbarre.

MOTHER EMILIE, the American Superior of the Order of the Sisters of Mary, died at the home convent, in Lockport, N. Y. She entered the convent of the Sisters of St. Mary of Belgium, in 1884 She filled the office of Mistress of Novices in 1847. Assistant Superior in the mother house in 1853, till appointed superior of the convent in Brussels in 1857. In 1863 she founded the order in this country by establishing the home convent in Lockport, since which time she was instituted nine branch convents. She was a woman of remarkable energy and executive ability, and was a fine linguist.

THE Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent, Mother Baptist Lynch, died recently at Preston mansion, Columbia, S. C., recently purchased for a convent building. She was in her 65th year. Mother Lynch became a nun in Cincinnati in 1847, when Bishop Lynch, her brother, assumed charge of the diocese of South Carolina. She became Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent in 1854, the first convent established in the State. For thirty-three years she has remained at her work. Her convent was burned by Sherman's army in 1865. Just before she was taken ill she wrote an account of the burning of Columbia and her interview with Sherman and gave it to the press. The general turned over to her for a convent the Preston mansion in place of the one his men had burned, and she took possession just in time to save it, for fireballs had already been put into the building.

The Star of Bethlehem.

THE frequent references of late to the Star of Bethlehem and its reappearance call to mind the beautiful poem under this title, written by Henry Kirke White about fifty years ago. It is as follows:

When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I road,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze.
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose —
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

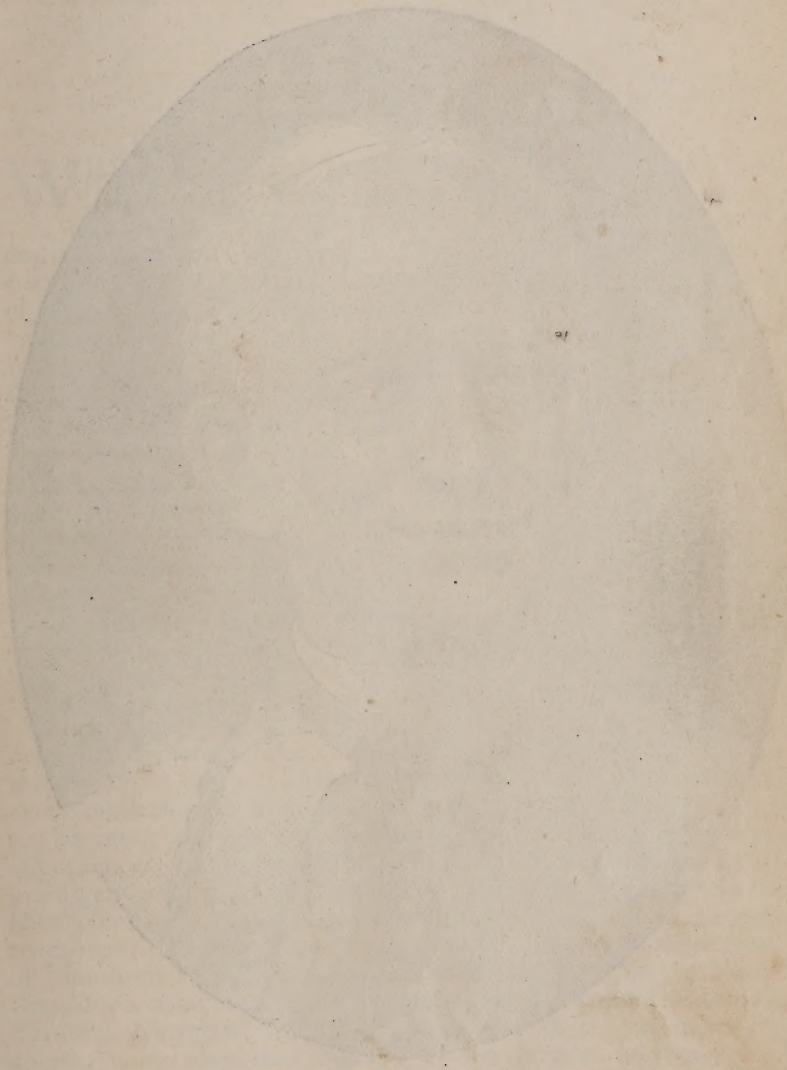
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in the night's diadem,
Forever and forever more
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem.

Origin of "Yankee Doodle."

FROM the lowlands of Holland, it is said, came the origin of "Yankee Doodle," where a song with the following burden has long been in use among the laborers in harvest time, when they receive as much buttermilk as they can drink and a tenth of the grain harvested:

"Yanker didel, doodel doun,
Didel, dudel lanter,
Yankee viver voover vown
Bottermilk und tanther."

The tune was known in New England, before the Revolution, as "Lydia Fisher's Jig."



LEO XIII.

POPE LEO XIII.

LOWER HALL.

CHAPTER I.

What Manner of Man?

WHEN the news of Joachim Pecci's election to the Papal throne surprised the world, millions of tongues asked what manner of man he might be. The newspapers with one accord, but in many discords, hastened to reply. "His Holiness was tall and not tall; smooth-tongued and rough-tongued; an ultramontane and yet moderate; of patrician and of plebeian birth; the dearest friend and the dearest enemy of Cardinal Manning; broad and narrow-minded; a cosmopolitan and an Italian." And then what a contrast with his predecessor! To the most corpulent occupant of the Chair of Peter had succeeded the thinnest, who lacked not only physical bulk, but also the "polish, the facile manner of Pope Pius IX." Nay, was it not "an open secret" that the late Pontiff had said, in a letter to the Bishop of Tournai that "the election of Cardinal Pecci as his successor would be the ruin of the church?" And was it not "notorious" that Cardinal Antonelli was, in this case at least, faithful to his lord even in his dislikings?

Perhaps nowhere had this literature of legend a more surprising growth than in England, where, from one cause and another, the Papal Church had become a great factor in the national life. The numerical strength of Queen Victoria's Catholic subjects in the United Kingdom —some five millions — would appear to be hardly yet realized by those masters of modern life, the Editors — especially the Editors of the great daily papers. These, once they discovered, for instance, that every tenth man in London is a Catholic, and that the remaining nine are begining to know him, will be at pains to treat the affairs and the affections of this human tithe with at least that modicum of truth and intelligence which all other topics command. Meanwhile, accidents have combined to give prominence to Catholicism in England. The truth-revealing public controversies and the truth-witnessing return of thousands of our countrymen to the Old Religion; the interest and admiration attaching to the personality of Cardinal Manning and of Cardinal Newman; the re-establishment of the Hierarchy and the approach, by leaps and bounds, of the largest and most cultivated section of the Anglican Establishment to some of the forms and to the Ethics of Catholicism — these and other causes, great and small, have effected within our own generation an astonishing change in the attitude of public opinion towards the Church of Rome.

When, therefore, Cardinal Pecci ascended the Papal throne, English newspapers were busy about him, with results already outlined. Catholics for the most part, held their peace. They were content to wait, patient in the conviction that the choice of the cardinals would not be lightly cast on one unworthy the august position of the Archbishop of Christendom. Verily has their faith been justified by the works of Leo XIII. But even the friendly outsider imagined vain things. "The result of Pius IX.'s life," prophesied the *Spectator* in February 1878, "has been to lay a burden on his successor to which few men could be equal, and beneath the weight of which, not only the spiritual throne, but the church on which it rests, may begin to sink."

It seems almost heartless to recall such perverse committals of the most gratuitous form of human error, and to revive, with all the light of subsequent knowledge to shame it, such a paragraph as the following, appearing in the pages of another weekly paper, shortly after the new Pontiff's accession: —

"The Pope is an object of universal pity at Rome. They say that all the spirit he showed at first has disappeared. He weeps frequently, and has attacks of deep depression, and cries:—'Is it necessary that an old man like me should end his life thus?' He feels like one who is standing in an open place to be shot. As a Cardinal he used to hunt at Carpineto, and was fresh and active as a young man. Now he has aged over much, and is very thin; three times a day he will pack his box to go to Perugia, but he dares not carry out his desire. Since Franchi died, his fear of being poisoned has increased, and his brother is even more anxious than Leo himself. He never touches anything at the table. His brother goes daily to the town and brings him back pies and turkeys cooked in jelly, which he carefully conceals under his cloak. This is the only food he ever partakes of. Leo makes his own coffee. He has his wine straight from Carpineto, from his own vineyard, and keeps it in his *secrétaire*. Two attempts have already been made to poison him. Once it was a glass of wormwood, after drinking which he felt suddenly unwell. His brother fetched a physician, whom he could confide in, and not the doctor of the Vatican; he gave him a counter poison, which proved efficacious. Several Cardinals, who were present, sought to prevent his brother from fetching aid."

For every idle word that man shall speak he shall give an account; but not, let us of the pencraft pray, for every idle word that he shall write!

It would seem not inappropriate therefore, though decidedly prosaic to attempt to transfer Pope Leo XIII. from the penny wax-work to the gallery of serious Portraiture. And if in the following pages there is no record of the Pope of rumor and of the Pope of romance, so also another absence may be noted — the absence of those adjectives which not uncommonly overlay and clog the biographies of pontiffs written by contempories. Declamatory praise has been here eschewed as a literary superfluity and therefore a double impertinence — in this case to the subject no less than to the reader. We are willing to allow even Encyclicals of Pope Leo to speak for themselves without protesting that they are "magnificent." For the rest, venerable as Joachim Pecci is to us as Pontiff, these pages are insufficient to give anything like a history of his Pontificate; and, in this consciousness, we have tried to penetrate as much as we might through that immaculate white cassock of his, and to portray the Man.

CHAPTER II.

Boyhood to Priesthood.

The narcissus was taking the "winds of March with beauty" as they blew across the Voscian mountains when Joachim Pecci was born in the old family palace at Carpineto, near Signia, in the year 1810. Of his father, Count Luigi Pecci, there is little to be said, and we spare the reader the elaborate pedigree in which an Italian genealogist traces back to Rienzi the descent of the Countess — known in her maidenhood as Anna Prosperi of Cori. What is more to our purpose is that her spiritual traditions were entirely noble. A friend of the late Father Faber used to say of him in his boyhood that he would certainly turn out well because he was "the child of his mother's prayers." The same prediction might have been as readily ventured in the case of the little Italian boy who first drew breath in a large stone-floored chamber, on the second story of the Pecci palace, leading into the private chapel where he and his brother were afterwards to say Mass.

In the baptism he received the names of Joachim Vincent Raphael Aloysius; but it was by the second of his names that he was known at home, his mother giving it the preference on account of her admiration for St. Vincent Ferrer. Herself a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, she inspired her children with that love of the Seraphic Father which was afterwards to be proclaimed to the City and the World in an inspiring Encyclical — surely a striking instance of the influence which one woman — the mother of a Pope — may wield by proxy over a celibate-served Christendom. Made familiar with the brown habit of St. Francis from his earliest infancy, at the age of eight he was entrusted to the keeping of St. Ignatius, being sent, in company with his brother, to the Jesuit Fathers at Viterbo. It was there that he formed that admiring affection for the Society which the pupils of its Fathers ever feel; which Lamartine has expressed in prose at once masculine and tender; of which the less demonstrative Englishman carries through life the memory in his heart; but which only now and again in the world's history can take voice from the chair of Peter. Thus the little child was father to the Pope who besought millions of mothers to be, even as his own mother had been, of the Third Order; and the schoolboy was father to the Pope who restored to the Jesuits the privileges of which they had been deprived. One of these beloved preceptors at Viterbo was Father Vincent Pavini, and to him his pupil, at the age of twelve, addressed some Latin verses, to be found on another page.

On the death of his devoted mother in 1824, the boy of fourteen was sent to Rome. At first he lived with his uncle in the palace of the Marquis Muti. Thence he soon proceeded to the Roman College, passing in due course into the academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, that nursery of Nuncios and school of Cardinals. Here he had among his professors Andrew Carafa, John Perrone, Anthony Kohlmann, and — most loved and brilliant of all — Father Francis Manera, S.J. This

period is, besides, memorable to the Pontiff as that of close friendship with Cardinal Sala, who 'favored the youth in many ways and afforded him great assistance by wise councils and admonitions."

The students at the academy for noble Ecclesiastics may be said to live under the eye of the Pope, and Gregory XVI. was as quick to discover the aptitude of Pecci as Pius IX. was, a few years later, to discover that of our own Cardinal Manning. There had hardly been a hesitation as to his vocation from the first; and he too, doubtless, at his ordination "wept most abundant and most sweet tears at the thought of what he had then become;" but he is reticent, even in his poems, about his inmost feelings. While yet in minor orders he was attached to the Papal Household, as Domestic Prelate, and a few months later he received the Priesthood at the hands of the pious Cardinal Prince Odescalchi. His first mass he said in the chapel of St. Stanislaus in Saint Andrew's on the Quirinal, assisted by his brother Joseph Pecci, then a member of the Society of Jesus, and now a Cardinal.

This was in the year 1837; and the young prelate, who was also a young politician, watched from a distance the course of events in England where "in a palace in a garden, meet scene for youth and innocence and beauty, came the voice that told the maiden she must ascend her throne." That Monarch, whom, even then, he regarded with the strong interest felt by the Court of Rome in all that appertains to England, he was afterwards to meet as a happy wife in Brussels; and was linked to her still later, by a celebration and a date, that of the jubilee of *her* accession to a throne of now lonely splendor, and that of *his* voluntary dedication to an unrelieved solitude of the heart.

CHAPTER III.

Peacemaker in the Provinces.

THE first public post assigned to Monsignor Pecci by Gregory XVI. was the governorship of the Province of Benevento. Brigandage was rife in the district, with other disorders, the result in part of the French invasion and of the long imprisoment of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Class was divided against class. The tillers of the soil, subject to cruel exactions, were yet unable to form combinations for their mutual protection and support. Such was the account of things sent by agents of the peasantry to the Pope King, an account which was, of course, impugned by the nobles, who retorted by vaguely but vehemently charging the people with laziness and a love of impracticable politics.

The Delegate began his work of pacification in his own way. "He went amongst the peasantry," says a careful writer;* "he visited them in their own homes; he questioned them and cross-questioned them about their affairs, and all this with such gentleness of manner and such deep sympathy for their hard lot, that they took courage, whereas before they had been full of fears, and boldly told the history

* O'Byrne's *Lives of the Cardinals* in *The Oscotian.*

of their sufferings and wrongs. The nobles and officials next came under the Delegate's notice, their accounts were overhauled and their administration subjected to a searching examination. They were compelled to meet every precise charge that any of the peasantry chose to make against them. The accuser and the accused were brought face to face and their evidence taken by the Delegate in person. He could afford to show himself rigidly impartial, for he had under his immediate jurisdiction all the military and police forces of the district. Besides, he was too alert to be hoodwinked and too firm to be terrified. In a short time it became easy to see in what direction the judgment and sympathies of the Delegate were tending. The officials and nobles began to grow alarmed. Recourse was had to intrigue. An impeachment was carried to Rome of the Delegate's manner of procedure. 'He was undermining the legitimate authority of the lords of the soil; he was openly siding with the peasantry; he was inciting them to disrespect and disaffection towards their superiors; he slighted the aristocracy, and, indeed, snubbed them; he would not listen to the advice of the friends of good government who had a stake in the country; and, in short, he was interfering with the influence of property and position on the masses of the people. He was, in other words, a revolutionary ruler; and if he were permitted to remain in the province, Benevento would be forever lost to the Patrimony of Peter.' These were very grave charges. But Pope Gregory refused to move or to interfere in any way. He had deliberately and with open eyes chosen his man and was determined to trust him. Any faltering or hesitation would have been a confession of weakness, and of all things weakness would have been, just at that time, the most fatal. Consequently the Delegate was left with a free hand to work out the problem in his own way."

A number of stories, more or less to the point, are told to illustrate the energy and impartiality with which he carried out his operations against the brigands, who seem to have terrorized the population and to have secured for themselves friends in high places. A certain noble, on whose movements invidious watch had been kept, came one day to the Delegate, in a fit of injured innocence, threatening to go to Rome to bring his complaints before a higher tribunal:

"Have you given the matter enough thought?" asked the Delegate quietly.

"Certainly," said the Marquis.

"I don't agree with you," replied Monsignor. "In these matters one cannot reflect too much, and you will therefore favor me by remaining here as my prisoner."

That night the noble's castle was surrounded, and twenty-eight brigands, who enjoyed its protection, were either slain or secured.

In exterminating these freebooters, Monsignor Pecci came into relations with King Ferdinand II. of Naples, who was characteristically anxious that Benevento should not continue to be a harbor of refuge for Neapolitan conspirators. In return for whatever favors Monsignor Pecci showed him, the king consented to certain administrative reforms; and offered, besides, public congratulations to the Delegate on

the result of his labors. Far more precious to him than those praises must have been the gratitude which the poor people of Benevento felt, and which they showed when, the Delegate falling sick of fever and overwork, they marched bare-headed through the streets to the great Church to implore the protection of Heaven for their own deliverer.

In 1841 Monsignor Pecci was nominated Papal Delegate to Spoleto; but, before the appointment took effect, he was transferred to the more important post of governor of Perugia. The same troubles were again faced, and the same pacification was achieved. Though the prisons were sufficiently filled when he reached his seat of government, a little good management opened the doors to the captives, until a day came when there was not a single criminal out of a population of twenty thousand. Some favorite peccadillos, familiar, it may be feared, from Perugia to Peru, were brought to a period by means at once novel, sensible, and suitable to a paternal government. The bakers of the city had, it seems, a habit of selling loaves under weight. Monsignor, when he took his walks abroad one day, inspected the bakeries and had the loaves weighed by officials. Those that were short were at once taken to the Market Place and distributed to the poor. This ideal method of at once punishing the defaulter and requiting the victim was too much for the benevolence of the bakers, and they did not risk a recurrence of the confiscation.

Pope Gregory, to show his delight in his Delegate, proposed to visit Perugia, an intimation which inspired Monsignor Pecci to undertake the task of repairing the highway from Rome. As a road-maker he had already had experience at Bonavento, where he had opened out tracks between town and town for the development of trade. Literally, a Pontifex Maximus had Monsignor Pecci already become.

CHAPTER IV.

Nuncio at Brussels and Visitor to England.

At the age of thirty-three, the Delegate, whose work was done in Perugia, was precognised archbishop of Damietta in January 1843, and was sent as Apostolic Nuncio to Brussels. Fresh from his consecration in the church of St. Lawrence, at the hands of Cardinal Lambruschini, he proceeded, by way of Marseilles, Lyons and Namur, to the Court of King Leopold I. It was not without some misgivings that he entered the city. True, forty years ago, it had more of the old Flemish and less of the smart Parisian character than now belongs to it; but it was a strange and to some extent an untried field to one whose horizon had been bounded, from his birth onward, by that of the States of the Church. The personality of the young Nuncio was, however, a safe passport for him wherever he went. The qualities which had won the love of the Pontiff were readily recognised by the Protestant king; and the tact which had been triumphant over the banditti of Benevento was triumphant too at the dinner-table, and in Lady Seymour's drawing-room, and in the more Bohemian *Salon* of Charles Lever, whose house

adjoined the English Embassy, and caught a stream of people coming from the Envoy's receptions which closed at eight.* At these gatherings the Archbishop of Damietta, truly *in partibus infidelium*, met the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whately, with whom he made great friends. The loud buzz of conversation and the louder laughter which filled the room and followed the rollicking host wherever he wandered, made convenient cover for the conversation of these two quiet talkers on things theological, who were interrupted now and then by music, when Lever would sing, with a bow to the grave Nuncio, the German student's song he had translated :

"The Pope he leads a happy life,
He fears not married care nor strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine;
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But then all happy's not his life,
He has not maid, nor blooming wife;
No child has he to raise his hope;
I would not wish to be the Pope."

Tact, unlike the Kingdom of Heaven, comes with observation, and the future Pontiff kept observing eyes on all that passed around him in the Flemish Capital. The churches, the convents, the charities, and above all the schools were constantly visited by him. His influence was already for that Literary Movement, which is the glory and in some sense the salvation of the century. Lacordaire "keen for salvation and all that is beautiful," was even then preaching this Gospel of Letters to his countrymen in language which may, indeed, as the world grows old, be forgotten, but the influence of which shall never die: "Literature is the Palladium of all true-hearted nations; and when Athens arose she had Pallas as her divinity. None save the people which are on the road to extinction refuse to recognize the value of Literature, and that because, esteeming matter beyond spirit, they cease to see light or to feel movement. But among living nations the culture of Letters is, next to Religion, the greatest of public treasures, the aroma of youth, and the sword of manhood." This was the doctrine which the Nuncio propounded to the educationists of Brussels, and which he has since preached from the heights of Papacy to the educationists of the world.†

At the Court of the widower of the Princess Charlotte there was much to call the attention of the Nuncio to England. It is not surprising, therefore, that, before he finally left Belgium for the See of Perugia, the future Pope spent a month in London; strolled in the Park; sat in

* It is told that, one night at dinner, a certain Marquis (perhaps the same "certain Marquis" so familiar in stories of the kind) showed the Nuncio a snuff-box, having on the cover a very lovely Venus. The men of the party watched the progress of the joke, and as for the Marquis he was choking with laughter, until the Nuncio deferentially returned the box with the remark: "Très jolie! Est ce le portrait de Madame la Marquise?"

† *Apropos* we quote from the *Oscotian*, 1887: "One of the latest acts of his reign has been to make a rule whereby the Students of the Pontifical Seminary at Rome are obliged to devote a whole year, after the completion of their theological studies, exclusively to Literature. In other words, instead of the seven years usually devoted to Higher Studies — viz., three years to Philosophy and four to Theology — candidates for the Priesthood, who study in the Pontifical Seminary will for the future make eight years of preparation.

the Distinguished Strangers' gallery in the House of Commons and heard O'Connell; looked into the print-shops of Pall Mall; and, accustomed to the narrow streets of old Italian cities, was moved to admire Regent street, we may suppose for its breadth — memories which he recalls to English visitors at the Vatican year by year. It is hard to imagine Thomas Aquinas in Holborn; but a more singular figure, in some ways was that of this future Pope wandering down Piccadilly, and breathing what Lord Beaconsfield called, "the best air in Europe" at the top of St. James' street. To the boyhood of Brakespeare we must recur to see upon English soil any other predestined occupant of "the Throne of the Fisherman built by the Carpenter's son." *

Monsignor Pecci knew a little English then. In Brussels he often visited the family of Mr. George Weld, of Leagram, a younger brother of Cardinal Weld, in order to "do conversation;" but the knowledge has, alas! been lost, rather than increased, by the lapse of years. Then, as now, he spoke French perfectly — so perfectly that King Leopold used to say, "I often forget that Pecci is an Italian." It was the language in which, at that time, he naturally conversed, for he was a welcome and frequent visitor in Catholic houses. The De Mèrodes were among his friends; and it was to him that Count Felix came to take advice about the career of the son, afterwards illustrious as Monsignor de Mèrode, the chosen friend of Pius IX., and so happy in being the brother-in-law of Montalembert. That great layman of his century had advised the boy to go into the army, but his advice troubled Count Felix until it was confirmed by the Nuncio. "You belong," he said to the Count, "to the great families of the country; your name is associated with the whole military history of Flanders and the Low Countries. Allow your son to follow his natural inclination for the army; who knows if he will not, like his ancestors, attain the highest military honors? He is pious and chaste; God will keep him, and his virtue will be only strengthened by trials." Reassured by this advice, Count de Mérode presented his son at the Military College at Brussels, which he entered as a simple soldier in 1839, expecting to be made an officer in 1841. "The affection," says his biographer, "which he had inspired in the Nuncio made him take as deep an interest in the developement of his character as his mlitary chiefs did in his education. He passed through all his examinations with the greatest credit, while his private conduct was worthy of his name and of his faith. At night he would say his prayers kneeling at the foot of his bed; he assisted

* Mr. G. A. Sala gives in the *Illustrated London News*, on the authority of "a dear friend, an old resident in Rome," the often-told story that the Queen, who had been in Brussels when Mgr. Pecci was there, asked him to dine at Windsor; and others relate that his Excellency was in London the guest of Lord Palmerston. On these points, which are naturally of interest to Englishmen, Mgr. Volpini, the Pontiff's Private Secretary, courteously informs me as follows: "In 1846 the Holy Father, already nominated Archbishop of Perugia, was in London, during the whole of the month of February. It is not true, however, that he stayed at Lord Palmerston's. For the first two days he was the guest of the Marquis of Lisbon, the Brazilian Minister, who had accompanied him on the voyage from Brussels to London. After that he took apartments of his own. It is true, however, that at a soirée, given by Lord Palmerston, Monsignor Pecci was present, introduced by the Austrian Ambassador, whom he had intimately known at Brussels. The Holy Father witnessed a great ceremonial in which the Queen took part; and he was invited to a State reception at Court, but was not specially presented to the Sovereign because he was travelling in strict *incognito*."

at High Mass on Sundays at the Church of St. Gudule, and in the evening he went to the house of the Nuncio. Mgr. Pecci rejoiced in his perseverance in well-doing, and congratulated himself on the advice he had given." Nor did the future Monsignor regret the life of the barrack which eventually he abandoned for that of the Church.

The Brussels episode would probably have lasted longer than it did, but for the health of the Nuncio. Almost from boyhood he had known what it was to suffer; and, at the age of twenty, he wrote on this subject some of his very literal verses, which will be found on another page.

At thirty-five he was a stronger man; but, even so, the northern climate was too much for him. For three years he had done his duty, and then he bade his adieus. "I am so sorry," said King Leopold, "that I cannot be converted; but you are so winning a theologian that I shall ask the Pope to give you a Cardinal's hat. "Ah," said the Nuncio, "but that would be a poor substitute for — since you mention it — an impression on your heart." "I have no heart," said the king. "Then on your head," were the Nuncio's parting words, and little did Leopold dream how much feeling went with them. Bearing away with him the collar of a knight of the order of Leopold, and a letter from the king in which the Pope was asked to make him a Cardinal, the retiring Nuncio reached Rome, after visiting Paris, Marseilles, and other places, only to find that the Pope was dead.

CHAPTER V.

Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia.

THE intentions of the Pontiff who was gone were known and regarded by the Pontiff who ruled in his place. But the ex-nuncio was permitted a few months of rest before he was nominated Archbishop of Perugia.

It was St. Anne's Day, 1846, when he entered the city to take possession of his See. He chose that day, kept very solemnly in Italy as one of the chief Saints' days of the year, in honor and memory of his mother, whose feast-day it had been. Such dates, with their long associations from remote childhood, are never like other dates to the oldest man. In England they belong to the birthdays of fathers and mothers, in Italy to their Saints' days; and doubtless to Archbishop Pecci the festival which comes in the heart of the Italian summer had all the suggestions of childish memories, and brought echoes of the hymns which the people of the mountains used to sing to their *pifferi*, —hymns to the "*Verginella*" as daughter of St. Anne.

Perugia is the queen of the hill-country which has the names of Saints wedded to the names of its cities—Assisi, Cortona, Viterbo, Foligno—towns guarded by the heights, or set secure upon the hillsides with the sunshine pouring into their steep streets. Along the solitudes of this hill-country St. Francis walked, and it was over these uplands that he saw the sun rise and set—"our brother the Lord Sun"—to the

glory of the Creator. The clear skies, with twilights as delicate and cool as dawns, of this great region of Italy have their associations also with the art of Umbria. Slender trees, such as Pietro Perugino drew, stand against the lucid blue, and the horizons are sharp though soft with air and distance. In the streets of Perugia, as the future Pope found it, there was some of the solemnity of the Umbrian mountains. As late as 1869 those streets had no gas; no carriages or carts came and went by the dim oil lamps; and the pavements on soft summer nights knew only the foot steps and the flutter of strollers, with the sound of their ceasless Italian voices. The streets were full of people, and had suggestions now of the stage, now of some palace corridors, until one looked up by Gothic towers to the globed stars and the moon. And if Perugia was so much a city of the past on the eve of the taking of Rome, it must have been most remotely old and most intensely Italian in 1846, when the sometime civil governor went back as Archbishop.

The entry was made amid the welcomes of the people who, indeed, had petitioned the late Pope for his appointment. Mgr. Pecci's able and faithful administration was remembered with gratitude, and before long they learnt how much more they were to owe to the piety of their Archbishop. Among the records of his rule are the building of thirty-six churches and the restoration of many others, the institution of the academy of St. Thomas Aquinas for priests, a reform of the means of education—a seminary being given to the Clergy, and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whom he had learned to revere in Brussels, being established in Perugia for the first time by his care—and the writing of two powerful letters of protest and reproof to King Victor Emmanuel. In one of these the Archbishop protested against the forcing of the law of civil marriage upon Umbria, after the Italian State had taken possession; in the other against the expulsion and spoliation of the Camaldolese Friars and other Religious Orders. For Archbishop Pecci's pastorate fell upon troubled times. It covered the whole of the national movement in Italy, 1848, 1859, 1870—three efforts of unlawful and disorderly violence, with the conspiracies of a puerile discontent and indiscipline filling up the intervals. Perugia was the centre of the ferment.

Among the archbishop's pastorals was one on "Modern Civilization and the Church," an energetic protest against the abuse of a noble word :—

"When men," he says, "turn into mockery the word of God and His Representative on earth, it is the dictates of 'civilization' they are obeying. 'Civilization' commands them to curtail the number of churches and priests, and to multiply the houses of sin. It is 'civilization' that requires the establishment of a class of theatres in which modesty and good taste are alike unknown. In the name of 'civilization' the usurer crushes his victim with shameless exactions, and the dishonest trader heaps up his ill-gotten gains, and a filthy press contaminates the minds of its readers, and art prostitutes its powers to promote universal corruption."*

*This passage will recall to many readers a speech delivered by Montalembert in the French Chamber in 1849, in which he similarly protests against the taking-in-vain of another noble word: "You have dethroned some kings, but more surely still you have dethroned FREEDOM. The kings have re-ascended their thrones, but LIBERTY has not re-ascended her

In another Pastoral, the Archhishop rendered honor, as he is never tired of doing, to Science:—

"If the universe is indeed a book on every page of which are inscribed the name and wisdom of God, it is certain that he will be most filled with the love of God, will come most near to God, who has studied this book most deeply and intently. Why should the church be jealous of the wonderful progress of our age in observation and discovery? Bacon so eminent in science, has said, 'A little knowledge leads away from God, but much knowledge leads back to God.' This golden saying is always true; and if the church fears the ruin that may be wrought by the vain ones who think they understand because they have a smattering, she has entire trust in those who apply seriously and profoundly to the study of nature; for she knows that at the end of their search they will find God, Who in all his works reveals Himself with His attributes of Power, Wisdom and Goodness. How splendid and majestic does man appear when he seizes the thunderbolt, and drops it harmlessly upon the ground; when he summons electricity, and sends it on the messages of his will, over the abyssmal bed of the sea, over the steep mountains, across the interminable plains. How glorious when he bids steam fasten pinions to his shoulders and bear him with lightning speed over land and ocean; how powerful, when by his ingenuity he seizes upon this force, makes it his captive, and conveys it by ways marvellously combined and adapted to give motion, we might almost say intelligence, to brute matter, which thus takes man's place and spares him his most wearisome toil! Tell me if there is not in man the semblance of a spark of the Creator, when he calls upon light and bids it disperse the darkness? But the Syllabus? Does not the Syllabus condemn science and civilization? No, it has not condemned true civilization, that whereby man perfects himself; but it does condemn the 'civilization' which would 'supplant Christianity, and destroy with it all wherewith Christianity has enriched us.'"

These are words which the flock expects from its Pastor; expressing sentiments sufficiently obvious, indeed, to Catholics, though those outside the Church seem hardly to realize that they are so; for they are not the words of a reactionary, of one who has the futile faith that human society can differ from all else that God has made, by standing still or by returning to the dead past. Neither are they the words of one who was alone in his enlightenment or sudden in his convictions. Twelve years earlier the same clarion notes had sounded through France, from the trumpet-tongue of Monsignor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and they had been listened to with pleasure in the palace at Perugia:

"The Pope"—wrote Monsignor Dupanloup—"condemns a certain 'Progress' which is no Progress at all, a certain 'Civilization' which is only decadence. But true Progress, Science, Arts, Letters, Industry, Customs, Laws—all that goes to make up what is called Civilization or Society, there is not a word in the Syllabus to reprove or to hinder these. You speak to us of Progress, Liberty and Civilization, as if we were savages and did not know the meaning of the words. But you take these grand words out of our mouth and you wrest them from their meaning. It is we who taught them to you, and who know what they mean. You can be of any form of politics you like, of any country, of any social system or community, and Catholic unity remains open to you."

throne, the throne which she had in our hearts. Oh! I know well that you write her name, everywhere, in all the laws, on all the walls, upon all the cornices" [pointing to the roof] "but in hearts her name is effaced. Yes, the beautiful, the proud, the holy, the pure and noble LIBERTY, whom we so loved, so cherished, and so served; yes, served before you did, more than you, better than you; this LIBERTY is not dead, but she is languid, fainting, crushed, suffocated between that which some of you call the sovereignty of the man (that is the sovereignty of evil), and that forced return towards the exaggeration of authority, which you have made a necessity for human nature, for society, and for the human heart, terrified by your excesses."

When he read this, the Archbishop of Perugia took up his pen tc offer to the Bishop of Orleans "his congratulations, together with those of the whole world." And when his own Perugian Pastorals appeared, the Bishop, then on the brink of the grave, read them with delight, exclaiming: "I have never thought anything else."

As to Science, the sentiments which grew with the growth of the eager Roman student who had taken a prize for Physics and Chemistry, and which found expression in the Perugian Pastorals, were afterwards to have utterance, public and private, within the walls of the Vatican. "I have always loved the students of Louvain," said his Holiness (who had visited the College during the Brussels Nunciature) to Dr. Lefevre in 1879. "Tell them to have no fear of Science, for God is the author of all Science."

Meanwhile the honors and the kindness which the Archbishop of Perugia had deserved from Leo XII., from Pius VIII., and from Gregory XVI., were continued and added to by Pope Pius IX. In 1853 Monsignor Pecci was created Cardinal, taking his title from St. Chrysogonus'. This ancient Roman Church dates its origin in the time of Constantine. In A. D. 731 it was rebuilt by Gregory III. In 1623 it underwent the universal and inevitable reconstructions of the period, at the hands of Cardinal Scipio Borghese. Among such antiquities as time and restoration have spared, are the twenty-two columns of Egyptian granite, believed to have been brought from the Thermæ of Septimus Severus, a fragment of mediæval mosaic in the apse, and the pavement of *opis Alexandrinum*. The church stands near the Via Lungaretta in that Trastevere which was once noted among Roman districts for its loyalty to the Popes.

For twenty-four more years the Cardinal Archbishop kept his pastoral charge in Perugia. That charge had absorbed the middle, the core, and centre of his life. Rome had had his youth, and Rome was to have his commanding and powerful old age. The life of the Cardinal had been almost as simple as a friar's; the daily Mass, long prayer, constant work, and the frugal table of an old-fashioned Italian had kept his mental and bodily vigor so high and so fresh that when at sixty-seven he was called to the Pope's side it was not to rest that he went, but to new duties.

The residence at Perugia came to an end in July, 1877, when he accepted the office of Cardinal Camerlengo to Pius IX., a post involving presidency of the Apostolic Chamber and the chief charge of the temporalities of the Holy See. Cardinal Pecci was also member of many of the Sacred Congregations. From the summer to the next February this duty lasted. Then came another trust. At the death of the Pope it was the Camerlengo's office to render the last services, to close the eyes, to prove the death according to the old solemn formula, to preside at the magnificent obsequies. By Cardinal Pecci the much-honored body, benignant and kind, once in life so dear and welcome to all eyes, destined to be, three years later, hooted and hunted through the streets of Rome, was composed to its long rest.

CHAPTER VI.

Elected Pope.

If ever "The Curiosities of History" are gathered into a volume, not the least curious chapter will be that which recounts the periodic announcements made by the newspapers for fifteen years of Pope Pius the Ninth's approaching dissolution. The announcement, to do it justice, generally came at a time of year when things journalistic were slack, and when those of our craft who "lead" on the daily papers were hard pressed to find subjects for their "leaders." For the announcement, made in the news column on the authority of a "secret chamberlain" or some other mysterious-sounding personage, that the Pontiff's life hung by a thread which must snap before many suns had set, was duly accompanied by a column which said — everyone knows the sort of thing. But when the oft-predicted event came at last, at a quarter to six on the evening of the 7th of February, 1878, it came as a surprise. Till twenty hours before His Holiness's death, even his physicians did not express alarm, though the Pope himself had for five days felt that his hour was near at hand. He composed himself in the little room — a much smaller room in that great palace of salas than an ordinary Mayfair bedroom — with two beds in it, on which he was placed in turn, two tables, on which were set his crucifix and other objects of piety, and two pictures — one of them a Madonna — which had been dear to the dying Pontiff from his youth.

In the small adjoining ante-room, with hushed movement, Cardinals and high officers came and went till all was over. Cardinal Bilio was most close in his attendance on the dying man; and the spare form of the Cardinal Camerlengo flitted hither and thither, with the whole burden of temporal care, as well as the weight of personal regret, and perhaps the shadow of a coming event, resting upon him.

We give in the words of an eye witness the memorable scenes which followed upon the death of Pius IX., and which resulted in the election of the Cardinal Camerlengo to the Papal throne. Writing from Rome on the 18th of February, he says:

These three days have been occupied by the solemn Requiems for Pius IX. celebrated by the Cardinals in the Sistine. After assisting at the Mass of the Holy Spirit in the Pauline Chapel, the conclave assembled to-day in the Sistine. The court of St. Damasus was walled in, and the *Ruota* or "turn" established — there being four *Ruote* in the whole enclosure of the Conclave. The Cardinals are much more comfortably quartered than they used to be at the Quirinal Conclaves, but they have a greater distance to traverse in going to and from the Chapel of the election, as well as immense flights of steps to ascend. Each Cardinal has three rooms in which he, and his two "Conclavists" — namely, a chaplain and a valet — eat and sleep, and in which he and his chaplain say Mass But there is no cutting up of viands at the *Ruote* to prevent secret despatches being introduced into the Conclave, two kitchens with gas stoves having been erected within the enclosure. There are also electric bells. Cardinal Manning's "cell" is on the third floor of the Vatican, forming part of the apartments of the Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces, once occupied by Cardinal Antonelli. The serious work of the Conclave was now to be closed to the outer world, and from

the top of the *Scala dei Svizzeri* I witnessed the procession of the Hereditary Marshal of Holy Church and Guardian of the Conclave, Prince Chigi, with the Swiss guards, Noble guards, captains, and servants bearing torches. At the great door he met the Cardinal Camerlengo and the three Heads of Orders, who locked the doors on the inside, while the Marshal locked them on the outside, keeping the keys. Then Mgr. Pecci, Governor of the Conclave, made the tour of the exterior to see that every communication was closed.

The oaths were administered at half-past three in the afternoon, on the 18th of February. There were present a greater number of Cardinals then on any other occasion on record, sixty-three Cardinals and one hundred and twenty-six Conclavists. Only four, Cardinals Amat, Schwartzenberg, Asquini and Carafa, had ever been in a previous Conclave; all the rest were the creations of the late Pope. Cardinal Amat was carried up the stairs to his bed within the Conclave enclosure, and Cardinal Morichini walked in with difficulty, leaning on his attendants.

Writing of the subsequent proceedings the same correspondent says:

The first scrutiny was held in the Sistine Chapel, on the morning of the 19th. Each Cardinal had a canopy over his head, which could be lowered by means of a cord, for until the election of the Pope, they were all jointly Sovereign. Each had before him a small writing table, and in front of the altar was a table for the three Cardinal Scrutators. On the altar was an immense chalice covered with the paten and by its side the Book of the Gospels. The mode of proceeding was as follows: Each Cardinal filled up a voting paper couched in these terms — "I, Cardinal So and So, elect my Lord Cardinal So and So to be Supreme Pontiff." This he folded and sealed above and below, so that only the name of the Cardinal voted for, and not his own remained visible. Then ascending to the altar, holding aloft his voting paper and laying his left hand on the Book of the Gospels, he repeated aloud the oath — "I call to witness Christ the Lord, Who is to judge me, that I elect him whom I judge ought according to God to be elected, and that I will do the same at the accessus." He then placed the writing-paper on the Paten, which he inclined so as to slip it into the chalice. The first ballot was void, because one of the voters, contrary to the regulations, had affixed to his paper his cardinalitial mark of dignity. Towards evening the second ballot was taken; and out of sixty-one votes, Cardinal Pecci received thirty-eight, or seven more than a majority. A two-thirds majority, however, is required to elect. After the second ballot, the number of Cardinals was increased by the arrival of Cardinal Cardoso, Patriarch of Lisbon, who was admitted with due formality.

On the following day, February 20th, the third and decisive ballot was taken, and Cardinal Pecci was elected by forty-four out of the total sixty-two votes. The Dean of the Sacred College at once asked the chosen one if he would accept the Supreme Pontificate, to which Cardinal Pecci replied that he was all unworthy of the honor, but as the Conclave had chosen him, relying on Divine assistance and submitting to God's will, he would do so. To the inquiry how he would be known as Pope, he answered that he would take the name of Leo XIII., in memory of Leo XII., for whom he had always entertained a singular veneration. He was then taken by the two Cardinals to the altar, and after a short prayer was led behind the altar, when having taken off his cardinalitial ring and put on the white stockings, red velvet shoes, white cassock, crimson velvet mozzetta, stole and white skull cap, the new Pontiff came forth, blessed the Cardinals for the first time, and took his seat on the *sedia gestatoria*, which, since the beginning of the Conclave, had been standing ready near the altar. There His Holiness, received the "obedience" of the Cardinals, each kissing his foot, hand and either cheek. The Fisherman's ring was immediately afterwards placed on the Pope's finger and then by him withdrawn and returned that his name might be engraved inside. The officers of the Conclave having been admitted to offer their homage, the first Cardinal Deacon asked permission to proclaim the Pope. This proclamation — "*Papam Habemus*" — took by surprise the crowd assembled at St. Peter's, who, at half-past twelve, almost made up their minds that there would be no decision that day. The Con-

clave remained closed, at the Pope's request, until four o'clock, which gave the Cardinals an interval of repose. His Holiness retired to his cell to dine, and at half-past four he reappeared. Then came the solemn ceremony of the first benediction. The centre loggia of the façade of St. Peter's has two windows, one looking out to the city and the world, whence the blessing was pronounced by the other Popes; the other looking into the vast interior of the church; and here Leo XIII. appeared, with the College of Cardinals about him, to raise his hand in benediction for the first time over the people of Christ. The whole basilica, up to the Confession of the Apostle, was as one mass of heads, the people being packed so closely as to be unable to kneel. The Pope knelt down against the balcony, and hid his face in his hands, and there was a dead silence. When he rose to his feet a cry burst forth which rang through the great space, of "Viva Papa Leone!" The Cardinals having raised their hands to obtain silence, the Holy Father intoned in a voice, powerful and sonorous, though somewhat tremulous with feeling, the "*Sit Nomen Domini benedictum*," and gave the Pontifical blessing, the responses coming from the multitude below and from the Canons at the door of the Chapel of the Choir where Vespers had just been sung. Then amid new acclamations the Pope blessed the people again with the sign of the Cross, and departed. Italian gunners at Sant' Angelo were ready at their guns to fire a salute if the Pope had appeared upon the exterior loggia.

Was the name of Cardinal Pecci as that of the elect of the Sacred College a surprise to Rome? Evidently not. An Italian paper had published his portrait as that of the "Favorite," and when in more reverent language the chances were discussed, his name came first, followed by those of Cardinals Canossa, Monaco, Bilio, Simeoni, Martinelli, Franchi, and Mertel. But the wise ones said that precisely because an election was likely it became unlikely, quoting the proverb of the proverb-loving Romans: "*Chi entra Papa esce Cardinale.*" In the light of subsequent events it is curious to read the note made at the time: "All parties declare their satisfaction. The Italian Government and those of its partisans who call themselves conservatives entertain hopes which they will no doubt find to be delusive, but the fact is that they are pleased for the present, and so, we are told, is Prince Bismarck."

The days following the election were almost absorbed by the ceremonies of homage repeated again and yet again by the Cardinals, amid reiterated vesting and unvesting of the New Pontiff. In these days, too, were given the first audiences to Ambassadors, Prelates, and Princes. A little more began to be known of Leo XIII. And first it became evident that he intended to remain in the seclusion of the Vatican. In his capacity as Camerlengo he had ordered the Papal carriages to be got ready in case the new Pope should choose to go to the Lateran to take possession of his Episcopal See; being himself the new Pope he did not use them. As Camerlengo, too, Cardinal Pecci had taken care that the illness of Pius IX. should not be made the pretext for neglect and peculation in the Vatican; he had forbidden the customary waste of the provisions laid in for the Conclave; and these signs foretold a Pontificate of firm control.

Pius VII. and Leo XIII. are the only Popes who have not been crowned in the loggia of St. Peter's, since 1555. Austria in 1800 held the Holy See under threats, and refused to allow the Coronation at St. Mark's in Venice, where the Conclave had been held, and Pius VII. received the crown in a small church apart. Leo XIII. assumed it in his own Sistine Chapel, secure but isolated in his own estranged city.

The correspondent already quoted writes on Sunday the 3rd of March, the day of the Coronation.

Up to Friday it had been intended that the Coronation should take place in the loggia of St. Peter's, opened to the church. The great centre window was taken out, and preparations were far advanced for the erection of a great throne above the balcony, and preparations were actively going forward for the accommodation of the people and the protection of the basilica. But on Friday evening all the works were stopped, and all signs of a great function in the church disappeared. It is said — and denied — that the Italian Government had just sent word that not having received any notice of the election they did not intend to take any measures to prevent disturbance, and that if the Vatican authorities held the Coronation in St. Peter's they must do so at their own risk. The Holy Father decided that no risk should be run. At the eleventh hour, however, the Italian authorities seem to have been visited with some misgivings, for early on the morning of the Coronation a small detachment of infantry was stationed, with piled arms, under the colonnade of the Piazza, and soldiers were posted by twos and threes within St. Peter's.

Everything was done within the Sistine and the adjacent halls. In the chapel were the diplomatic corps, the Roman nobles, and most of the foreign Catholics of distinction, amounting altogether to perhaps three or four hundred persons. The Sala Ducale was fitted up as a chapel, and represented that of St. Gregory in St. Peter's, where on these occasions Tierce was sung, and the first "obedience" of cardinals and bishops rendered to the Pope. When this was over, the procession began to issue into the Sala Regia on its way to the Pauline Chapel for the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and the *coup d'œil* was very fine as the Pope was borne out into the fuller light of the Sala Regia, clad in full pontifical vestments, and the "precious" mitre; he appeared above the heads of all in the rays of the Roman morning's sun, backed by the *flabelli*, a gorgeous picture, framed by the door of the Sistine. The nave was kept absolutely clear for the wide and long *cortége*, and when the *sedia gestatoria*, under its enormous canopy, had arrived at the point half-way between the door of the chapel and the *cancello*, it stopped, and a clerk of the chapel, bearing a pole surmounted by three iron prongs, lighted at a taper the piece of tow remaining on one of them, and kneeling in front of the Holy Father, as the flame blazed up and as suddenly expired, chanted for the third time in a plaintive minor, "*Paier sancte sic transit gloria mundi.*" The animated face of Leo XIII. assumed a grave expression, he slightly bent his head, and leaned back in his throne with the look of one to whom the solemn truth was by no means strange. The splendid pageant moved on, and reached the foot of the altar, where, seated on the *sedia* placed on the ground and facing the altar, the Pope began the Mass. After the *confiteor*, His Holiness ascended to the altar, and as he knelt on the top step the first cardinal deacon invested him with the pallium. The Pope then ascended to his throne, and the long ceremony of homage began again, while the wonderful music of the Kyrie beat in waves upon the ear, and seemed to die away among the awful forms that crowd the walls and roof of the chapel. The Mass then went on, with some peculiarities, being the special Mass for the Coronation. The collect which the Pope sang was for himself: "*Me famulum tuum quem Ecclesiæ tuæ præesse voluisti* —" and the Gospel was that of the giving of the keys. And after the epistle had been sung in Greek as well as in Latin, the first cardinal deacon stood at the foot of the altar, with the consistorial advocates in lines to his right and left. The cardinal sang — "*Exaudi Christe*," and the response was — "*Domino nostro Leoni, a Deo decreto summo Pontifici et universali Papæ vita.*" This was repeated three times, and certain invocations with a short litany followed with repetitions. After this the Mass proceeded as usual, and the Pope communicated on his throne, as he always does when he celebrates pontifically, the sacred elements being brought to him. After the pontifical benediction, and the last gospel, the Holy Father left his maniple on the altar, but with all the other Papal vestments returned, after resting for a few minutes in the sacristy, to his throne. Then the choir began to sing Palestrina's famous motett "*Corona aurea*;" after which Cardinal di Pietro intoned special versicles and prayers. The cardinal deacon

removed the mitre, and Cardinel Mertel placed the golden tiara, shining with jewels, on the head of the new Pontiff, pronouncing the words of coronation: "*Accipe tiaram tribus coronis ornatam, et scias te esse patrem principum et regum-rectorem orbis, in terra Vicarium Salvatoris Nostri Domini Jesu Christi, cui est honor et gloria in sæcula sæculorum.*" A loud amen from all present rolled through the chapel, the sound of a mortar was heard without, and at this signal the bells of St. Peter's and of all the churches announced to the city that a new Pope was crowned.

Then came the Apostolic benediction, given by the Pope on his throne in the full form of the Easter benediction from the loggia. The voice of Leo XIII. was loud and strong, in spite of the great fatigue he had gone through; and when his tall, slight form arose, and he lifted up his arms to Heaven, his attitude and gesture were most impressive. The Indulgence was then published by a cardinal, and the procession then left the chapel. Mace-bearers, bussolanti, private chamberlains, prelates, penitentiaries, Bishops, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, the Cardinals in their order (the English and American Cardinals walked side by side), the Greek Deacon and sub-Deacon of the Mass, the Deacon and sub-Deacon, the assistants at the throne, more noble guards; and then came the gorgeous chair, backed by the *flabelli*, and bearing aloft a crowned and shining form, looking truly Pontifical and princely, but very tired, giving his blessing as he floated over the throng upon its knees.

So with rights unmaimed, albeit in a kind of captivity, Leo XIII. received the crown of the Popes.

CHAPTER VII.

At the Vatican.

THE first acts of the new Pope were in strict accord with all the facts of his former life. A man whose mental and spiritual history is not like that of so many of his contemporaries, is not one of conversions and surprises; he seems, with the advance of life, to have enlarged merely the scope of his operations, and not to have changed any of the motives or the methods that had grown with his growth. What the boy and the student, the nuncio and the archbishop, had been, that the Pope continued to be. A creature of slow and orderly evolution, not of impulse, he has all his past to support and to strengthen him; and the future can unfold nothing to daunt him, nothing he will hesitate to measure by the eternal principles he learned at his mother's knee, and never swerved from during all his pious youth. If Waterloo was won upon the playground at Eton, so were the diplomatic successes of Monsignor Pecci in Benevento and in Brussels, and the victories of Pope Leo in Berlin, achieved within the library at Carpineto and the halls of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome.

All this was well understood by those who had personal knowledge of the new Pope. It was with confidence and faith therefore, rather than with hope, that his fellow Cardinals elected him their leader and chief; and, away from Italy, this sentiment soon found expression. The Bishop of Orleans, for instance, awaited the news of the Conclave's decision, and one night the fateful telegram came. "Triumphantly, joyously, I ran towards the Bishop," says the Abbe Lagrange, "with the blue paper in my hand. 'Monsignor, grand, good news — the Pope is elected!' 'But who?' 'Cardinal Pecci.' 'Ah!' he exclaimed, with

tears in his eyes, 'let us bless and thank God.'" England was soon made aware of the new Pontiff's dispositions; for one of his first acts was to restore the Hierarchy to Scotland, and then, a little later, to give England another Cardinal in the person of Father Newman. The creation of Scotch Bishops with titles taken from the soil was an official duty inherited from his predecessor, whose devising it was; but the honoring of Cardinal Newman was a personal pleasure as well as an official interest. In a speech made at Birmingham, at the end of the year 1880, his Eminence, after speaking of Pope Leo's predecessor, went on to say: "Yet, I believe, wonderful as was the mode and the effect with which Pius preached our holy religion, we have not lost by his being taken away. It is not decorous to praise the living; it is not modest to panegyrise those whom rather one should obey; but in the successor of Pius, I recognize a depth of thought, a tenderness of heart, a winning simplicity, a power answering to his name, which keeps me from lamenting that Pope Pius is no longer here."

Comparisons between the two Pontiffs were of course the order of the day. Pope Leo himself may, in a sense, be said to have set the fashion. "Venerable brethren," he said, in his first allocution to his Cardinals, "as soon as we were called to assume the government of the Church, we felt ourselves moved by the greatest apprehension on account of our own unworthiness to bear so great a burden, the more so on account of the splendid and illustrious fame of our predecessor, Pius IX. That great pastor of the flock of Christ, always combating energetically for truth and justice, and sustaining the great burden of the administration of the entire Church, not only made this Apostolic Chair more resplendent by his virtues, but won from all his children their love and admiration. And, as he surpassed the whole line of Roman Pontiffs in the length of his reign, so may we say he surpassed all in the public testimonials of sympathy and veneration he received."

But the change of men on a throne so eternal as the Pope's, though so interesting in many ways, and so momentous in some, is not perhaps so significant as might at first sight appear. To the average Protestant, for instance, one Pope is hardly distinguishable from another, whatever his personality may be. "I wonder what Newdegate thinks of the new Pope," said one member of Parliament to another; whereupon the member addressed threw off these light lines:—

"A Pope upon the Tiber's brim,
Pius or Pecci, fat or thin,
'The Scarlet Lady' is to him,
And he is nothing more."

The sentiment has some philosophy in it, too; and it finds Catholic expression in the graver lines Father Bridgett wrote underneath a fatuous extract from the columns of an evening newspaper:—

PIUS IX. AND LEO XIII.

"The palpable fact that Pope Leo is a man of a wholly different stamp from Pope Pius will strain to the utmost the principle of Papal infallibility. If successive infallible Popes can differ as widely as the two Cardinals last elevated to the Papacy, the believing Roman

Catholic is thrown back on an absolute mechanical theory of inspiration; the Pope becomes a merely passive channel for the influence of the Holy Spirit, which breathes through him exactly in the same way, be he called Mastai Ferretti or Pecci, Medici or Borgia."—*Pall Mall Gaze.te*, March 26, 1878.

Were Amos and Isaias both alike?
Yet both the lyre of prophecy could strike.
Were Paul and Peter partners of one net?
Yet in one faith and martyrdom they met.
If men inspired could teach in prose or verse,
In lofty psalmody or proverbs terse,
Could sing of war or pastoral tales indite,
Now codes of law and now epistles write,
Why should our Popes in aught but truth concur—
Be less of men, though guided not to err?

The history of the Pontificate, of the official acts of the head of the Church, as teacher and as peacemaker, we exclude from the scope of this sketch. Illustrious pens have been at work to supplement with the weightier matters of the law this outline of the person of the lawgiver. But of the Man of the Vatican, of his mode of daily life, and of the impression which he makes on those who have access to him, something remains to be said.

Great changes were made by the new Pope as to the domestic arrangements of the Vatican. He brought, indeed, the routine of the Pontifical household into harmony with that personal simplicity which is not more striking in him than it was in his predecessor. Pius the Ninth ate the same Spartan dinner, but he was too gentle and good-natured to abolish the sinecures which had existed so long under him. Pope Leo, free from these personal ties, did not see why a perspective of kitchens and an army of cooks should be daily in labor for the production of that *ridiculus mus*, his dinner.

The daily life of the Pontiff has been described more than once by those who can do so with accuracy. I have before me the following account written in 1882:—

After his Mass, which he says early, Leo XIII. gives audience to Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, whose political learning is rare even in those of his position. His place is then taken by the Cardinal Secretary of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and by the Congregations of Cardinals, each of which has its fixed day. These several councils sometimes occupy the whole morning, until one hour after mid-day. The Pope's dinner! A few minutes suffice for its consumption. While he takes the air in the gardens — generally in his carriage — he usually reads the Bishop's reports, all of which come direct into his own hands, the dispatches from the Nunciatures, and especially any news from Belgium. That little kingdom, which has broken its diplomatic relations with the Holy See, is particularly near his heart. For it is there that he himself was Nuncio from 1843 to 1846, and there that he studied at close quarters a great politician, Leopold I. Towards four o'clock the Pope gives his private and public audiences, and the later hours are devoted to the reception of Bishops. This long day over, Leo XIII. regains the solitude of his own closet. Then at last he is able to begin work.

Tall, thin, spare, with his pale and deeply lined face, the Pope usually has delicate health, of which he takes small care. His austerity is extreme. The spiritual sovereign of two-hundred millions of Catholics does not spend a hundred francs a month for his table. The energy of a strongly developed nervous system alone enables him to resist the fatigue of his labors and of his vast responsibilities. At times those about him

perceive a moment of exhaustion and collapse; but a little happiness, a piece of good news, or a pleasant telegram, restores the life of his worn frame. Suddenly well again, he takes up once more his heavy burden, and betakes himself to that work of reconciliation and peace-making to which he has devoted himself.

He is always grave, or rather, solemn; always the Pope. The Italians call his manners and surroundings very serious. Gravity is inherent in his nature, as those aver who have known him from his earliest youth. He never abandons himself, laughs rarely. He might be thought stern did he not temper his severity by the patient attention with which he listens — without interruption — to all who speak to him. His audiences are far less frequent than were those of Pius IX. but for that very reason they take up more time. He has not the brilliant side so noticeable in his predecessor, the genial ease, the fine good humor which endured notwithstanding the surprising vicissitudes of the last Pontificate; nor the frank, bold and genial speech, full of witty and happy words, thrown off in that sonorous voice which Pius IX. retained to his extreme old age. Leo XIII. is as slow of speech as the Archbishop of Paris. But if neither the Pope nor the Cardinal has received the orator's gift, each has been endowed with the author's. Perhaps this similarity explains the special sympathy and esteem which the Pope entertains towards Mgr. Guibert.

The pastorals in which the Archbishop of Perugia was wont to demonstrate the harmony of faith and reason, of religion and civilization, "growing like the flower and fruit from the root of Christianity," were much noticed by Italian publicists. The Prelate loved to treat of the questions of the day and of modern society. The illustrious Bonghi said of him, that his was "one of the most finely balanced and most vigorous of characters;" that he was "a man who had realized the ideal of a Cardinal such as St. Bernard conceived it." Since the eighteenth century, since the time of Benedict XIV. and Clement XIV., Rome has not seen a Pope of so cultivated a mind, so accomplished in Latin and Tuscan verse, so familiar at once with classic and with contemporary Letters. At the present time, the two qualities which Leo XIII. most prizes, and aims most constantly at securing in his own writings, are simplicity and moderation. His letters, his encyclicals, all are submitted to the Sacred College. Nothing is more admirable than the manner in which he elicits opinions and weighs objections. He has been known to completely re-write, after grave debates, encyclicals which he had already completed. As he suffers from sleeplessness, it is generally in the night hours that he composes his most important works.

It is by this active life, the monotony of which would frighten many a statesman, that the Holy Father is able to manage directly, in all their immensity of detail, the affairs of the Church. Those affairs have multiplied greatly since the first third of the century. More than a hundred bishoprics have been founded in America. Pius IX. wrote little; he inspired the writings of others. Leo XIII. has his own hand in all, sees all with his own eyes, and directs all. Moderation, which, with austerity, is the dominant note in the Sovereign Pontiff's conduct, and which he has made into a law for himself, has borne its fruits.

This was written by a Frenchman. Two years later, in 1884, a correspondent wrote to the *Germania*:—

At six he rises, at seven celebrates Mass, after having spent some time in contemplation. After Mass follows a period of prayer and praise. At eight the decisions of his Congregations and his other correspondence are attended to, and at eleven several audiences are given The Pope receives the Ministers and Ambassadors, the pilgrims of all classes and countries. Then at 12.30 he takes a walk in the gardens of the Vatican, generally accompanied by a prelate and two of the guard. In case of inclement weather or indisposition, Leo XIII. drives through the grounds in a carriage which has been specially built for the purpose. The Pope dines at two o'clock his mid-day meal lasts not longer than half an hour, and is very frugal, consisting of soup, one kind of meat, two dishes of vegetables, some fruit, and by the doctor's orders a glass of claret. After a short rest, the Pope works in his private study till the hour when he receives the prefects and secretaries of the different Congregations, with whom he discusses

the affairs of the Church. The papers from different countries are brought to him at eight o'clock; the French and Italian papers he reads himself; interesting articles from English and German papers are translated for him. At 9.30 he performs his evening devotions, and at ten partakes of his supper, consisting of soup, an egg, and some salad. Then he withdraws into his private room.

The portraits of the Pontiff published in these pages * represent him over a period of some years, as Archbishop of Perugia, and as Archbishop of the world. The profile portrait is perhaps the most characteristic of all; but it must have been the full face, and something in expression, rather than in feature, which has suggested to some observers a resemblance between the Pontiff and Voltaire, between the Pontiff and the Curé D'Ars, between the Pontiff and John Wesley — a likeness which, if it really existed, might indeed puzzle the physiognomist. The expression of the Pope is so vivid and varying as to render him a difficult subject for the few painters to whom he has sat. One of these, Mr. Thaddeus, the first Englishman since Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint a Pontiff, has given me the following notes of his expressions of his sitter:

Pope Leo XIII. is of medium height. His attenuated figure is bent by study and the weight of years; but in every movement he is astonishingly quick and energetic. His head is a most remarkable one, once seen never to be forgotten, with its every feature out of strict proportion, yet with the harmony of the whole. The small, bright, rapid eyes set close together, denote "the man who is ever on the search;" the largely developed aquiline nose, a capacity for domination. The mouth, when under a pleasing influence, forms into an exceedingly wide sweet smile, its benevolent expression brightening the whole face, and supplying the benignity which is less observable in the eyes. The ears, like the hands and feet, are exceptionally large and long The skin is so thin — a rare thing with Italians, and much admired by them as a sign of high breeding — that a perfect network of blue veins (the "blue blood") is visible over all the white ascetic face. His Holiness is gifted with the fire and impulse of youth without its accompanying physical strength, and feels keenly the disabilities of age. When he saw my portrait for the last time he thoughtfully remarked its look of years, and advised me to remember when painting another Pope (?) that "Popes are of no age." I thoroughly appreciated the *finesse* of the phrase, and only regretted that a painter could hardly give it practical effect. During long functions the Holy Father's muscular force almost entirely gives way, but by a nervous effort he will raise himself from time to time straight as an arrow.

Those who have had the privilege of private audiences of late, and those who are still more favored by the friendship of His Holiness have found him in better health under the burdens of his age and office than he ever enjoyed in the past. It is said that since he came to the throne he has not passed two consecutive days in bed. His singular energy of manner is unimpared, and he keeps an old kindly habit of holding the hands of those to whom he speaks. It is with difficulty that they succeed in performing some interrupted homage, so eager is the Pope in his usual mode, to shorten forms. At other times, if he has anything to say which presses for utterance, he speaks while pacing quickly to and fro before his kneeling visitor, but pauses now and then to hold out the friendly and fatherly hands. There is, indeed, frequently with him a sense of motion — movement of body and of thought — by which his dignity and superior peace lose nothing. The following is the simple recital, made by an American girl, of adventure at the Vatican:—

*These portraits are in the edition of this work published by the Catholic P Society Co., New York.

Well aware of the great difficulty of obtaining an audience, and seeing that others had waited for months with no result — being told, moreover, that no opportunity of being specially presented to His Holiness would occur during my visit to Rome — I made no effort in the matter. A week passed — then ten days — then a day or two more. But on a Friday morning I was met by a beaming smile on the face of that very good-looking mail clerk at the banker's, and by the intelligence that something I would like had been left there for me. It was an invitation to be present on the following Sunday morning at the Pope's Mass in the Sala Mathilde (of the Vatican), and accompanying the invitation was my introducer's visiting card, with a line written on it to the effect that probably the Holy Father would converse with those present after the Mass.

At seven o'clock on Sunday morning, dressed *de rigueur* in black, with a lace scarf thrown on my head and tied loosely in front, with no gloves, I took my way in a fiacre to the Vatican. Presently I was rolling over the bridge of Sant' Angelo, past the gray fortress, and up the narrow borgo to the Piazza of St. Peter's, and, skirting the great colonnade to the right, to the bronze doors of the palace. There the Swiss Guard received me, an attendant took my cloak (since it would be a breach of etiquette to go wrapped into the Pope's presence), and I left the magnificent royal stairway on my left to ascend one plainer, mounting, mounting till I reached the court of St. Damasus, then to the loggia enriched by Raphael's genius, and so into the Sala Mathilde, arranged as a private chapel. The loggie are the wide glass-enclosed galleries running around the great court at each story, and it is through them one is introduced into the picture gallery and on the other side to the Pope's apartments.

The room in which I now found myself was not so large as many I saw afterwards, but was handsomely tapestried on three walls, while the end at which the altar was placed was lighted by two tall windows. Benches placed very close together accomodated, as well as I could judge, about two hundred and fifty people. It is customary to kneel when the Pope is present, but at the altar he is the simple priest, and etiquette, as far as the man is concerned, is out of place. One of the Noble Guard was stationed at each end of the altar while the Pope said Mass. When he had done he was relieved of his vestments, which were all white. He then knelt on a priedieu beside the altar, praying fervently, while the chaplain said a Mass of thanksgiving. Afterwards, the Holy Father, with some difficulty, made his way through the crowded room, gently detaching himself from those endeavoring to touch his dress or kiss his hands, and took his seat in a sedan chair out in the loggia, where each one passed before him, kissed his hand, and received his blessing, but in complete silence, as the least infringement of the rule would have opened the way to a long and fatiguing effort on the part of His Holiness.

I asked the Chamberlain who was marshaling the line whether the few words on the card of my friend, the representative of the French minister, entitled me to an audience and speech of the Holy Father. The Chamberlain to whom I spoke begged me to pass on in the line and then to return to him for any information he could give me. Following, therefore, in my turn, I knelt as the others had done, and again received the blessing. After the Holy Father had been carried out of our sight once more, the Chamberlain, who evidently remembered my wish, gave me an opportunity to speak with him, and carefully examined the card I held. He said he did not know if I were entitled to any special privileges, but that Mgr. Macchi would soon be passing out of the guard-room, and if I had no objections to waiting for a few moments, he would tell me quite certainly. It was a very short period of anxiety before his return to tell me Monsignor would be pleased to see me if I would follow him. There was slight time left for the indulgence of diffidence, for in a moment I was ushered into an antechamber where Monsignor stood listening to the requests of two Passionist Monks.

He soon dismissed them and then came to me with an expression of cordial interest. The smile with which he greeted me was so reassuring that I answered all his questions as frankly as he put them. They were about myself. "I was alone in Rome?" "No, not alone, though my father could not accompany me to the Vatican on account of his infirmities." "Was I a Catholic, and my father also?" "Yes. I had been one from my birth. My father, an American officer, was a convert; my mother had always been a Catholic, and the right had never been refused her to bring up her children in her own faith." "Had I been present at the Mass and received the

Holy Father's blessing and kissed his hand?" I said yes, but my great desire was, if it were not presuming too far, to be spoken to by His Holiness, just a few words, and to have a special blessing laid upon some religious articles I carried in my hand.

"You shall see him," said Monsignor. "Yes, though he is fatigued and it is late in the morning. He has been up and busy since dawn, but if any one sees him now, you shall." And so I too followed when Monsignor led the way into the great audience chamber, where I seated myself to wait, thinking, of course, that the Holy Father would come in there soon to the few ladies who waited, apparently for the same purpose as myself. There were about four others.

Monsignor stood at a door at the upper end of the room, and presently I began to realize what was in store for me when I saw a lady go through that door. She reappeared in such a short space of time I thought she could hardly have added much to her experience in the loggia. But I had no time for speculation. With a slight gesture, so peculiar that I could only guess at its meaning, Monsignor signed to me to follow, and preceded me rapidly into another room, where I recovered from the first shock of amazement and awe to hasten after him to the foot of the throne — miles away it seemed to my faltering steps — for there, indeed, at the extreme end of a long, long chamber, were again the white-robed figure, the pale face, the hazel eyes so full of kindly interest in what the reverend secretary was repeating to him in his presentation of me. "And she speaks either French or English," I heard as I reached the dais, and then I knew that I was quite alone with my spiritual sovereign; that I knelt at his feet and held his hand; that everything of curiosity or fear was slipping from me and leaving in its place a tender reverence, an awe, indeed, but the awe inspired by love, devotion, perfect confidence — that of a child at her father's knee. I had troubled myself a little to remember the requirements of etiquette as to titles, conduct, not turning one's back on retiring, even the courtesy I had practised mentally, but the moment I had looked into the clear eyes, so deep so true so sympathetic, I entirely forgot everything. He was *mon père* for the rest of the interview.

He addressed me at once in French, speaking it with a charming purity of accent and phrasing, and asked me many questions about myself, my home and family, my father and mother, not as a perfunctory act of politeness, but with a real interest that looked for and received the utmost candor in the answers.

"What?" he said "all the way from America! But surely not alone?"

"No, but my father is too infirm to kneel, and he would not ask an exemption which would seem to imply a disrespect to your presence."

There was fullest sympathy in the half-breathed "Ah! then you my child will take to him my special blessing, will you not?"

Then there were more questions all the while that he left his hand in mine to be kissed again and again, and when I begged for his blessing to take to my friends, and my family at home, and that he should lay his hand on the crucifix and rosaries I carried, all for those same dear ones from whom I felt so very far away, he consented fully and quickly, saying also he would pray for some others I spoke of who had strayed, and then he laid one hand on my head, praying silently, but long and fervently, over the daughter whose heart he had bound to his in an allegiance inalienable for evermore.

At his gesture of dismissal I rose from my knees and retired full of an emotion that drove to my eyes the happy tears, and precluded for the time being all anxiety as to the propriety of my behavior. I could see Monsignor smiling at me from the doorway when I returned to the knowledge that I was decidedly not following any rule of etiquette in my progress toward him and away from the Holy Father, and I turned to courtesy just as I heard the gentle voice again:

"My child, do not forget to take my blessing very particularly to your father!"

My low bow ended by my dropping on one knee, then a hasty retreat took me speedily to where Monsignor was waiting so patiently.

The gentleman-in-waiting who had brought me in, now preceded me again as I traversed a second time the great rooms of the private apartment, but this time he walked out backward before me. Had I not been in the presence? The guards in the outer room rose and bowed at my entrance, and those on duty at the doors showed their interest plainly. And then the uproar of congratulation at the breakfast table, warmest from the ones who had missed what I had won; my father's quiet pride and happiness in my delight, and the happiness, too, I had in

the message I brought him. But standing out clear and sharply defined from these surroundings, while the touch of a holy hand still lingers on my head, are a slight, frail form, a thin face, pale and full of intellect, a tender smile, a glance of warm interest out of eyes that compel confidence and truth, and that now, I know, are looking out into the world for every means to reconcile his children, to lay upon the heads and hearts of all who will receive, the blessings which brings the peace that passeth understanding.

The pleasant trivialities of a young girl's experiences are perhaps such as best bear description in what is seen of Leo XIII. The labors of a Pope and the burdens of his supreme office on earth are in a sense beyond the reach of record. The points on which his life touches the lives of his people are their own little affairs, their interests, the hopes, prayers, and destinies of units in the millions that obey him. None of these are too personal, or too minutely domestic to win the ear of the Father of his peoples. As for the Pope's own affairs, they are hardly such as the man, woman, or child who kneels at his feet can give the world a glimpse of. The globe, with continents and isles, deserts and plains, the "summer of the world" in the broad tropics, its winter in the narrowing poles, the long rivers that flow from the snows of the north to the gold and sapphire seas of the south, dark continents, barbaric empires — these form the outward scene of the spiritual world which lies under the eyes of the Bishop of Bishops. The whole human tragedy played out in the theatre of the world is before him. And his is not only the distant view which comprehends its vastness, but the near sight which examines its intimate details. The Pope must know special, as well as general things; local matters smaller than those of an empire's colonies — the colonies of *his* spiritual empire being the solitary missions in corners of the earth — and matters far more enormous than the interests of old Rome or of modern England. The flocks of God's people on a thousand hills are "sheep of his hand." His is the only empire in the world upon which the sun not only never sets — that is a small and transitory glory — but on which the sun never will set until it is turned into darkness.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Thou Art Peter.

THE first words of Leo XIII. to the Episcopate of the Universal Church were full of sorrow:

"Raised up, though unworthy, by the inscrutable counsel of God to the height of the Apostolic dignity, we felt ourselves at once constrained by a vehement desire, and as if by necessity, to speak with you by letters, not only to show you our heart-felt affection, but also by the office divinely intrusted to us, to confirm you, who are called to share a part of our solicitude, in sustaining with us our warfare for the Church of God, and for the salvation of souls. From the outset of our Pontificate the mournful spectacle of the evils by which the race of mankind is everywhere oppressed unfolded itself before us; the wide-spread subversion of the truths by which as by its foundations the state of human society is held together: the insolence of minds impatient of all legitimate power: the perpetual stirring up of dissensions, from which come internal conflicts, and fierce and cruel wars: the contempt of laws which reign over morals, and protect justice: the insatiable cupidity for transient things, and oblivion of things eternal, reaching even to the madness and fury in which so many miserable men have no fear of laying violent hands on themselves: the reckless administration and squandering and ruin of the public goods: and the impudence of those, who, in the height of their deceit, so act as to appear to be the defenders of the country, of liberty, and of all rights; lastly, the deadly pestilence which is creeping through the inmost members of the society of man, giving it no rest, and portending for it fresh changes, and a calamitous end." (*Encyclical*, 1878.)

In this we seem to hear again the voice of St. Gregory the Great. Before his eyes the Christian world appeared to be dying. The Eutychian and Nestorian heresies had spread over the East. Constantinople was alive with schism, Spain and Lombardy were Arian, Britain had returned to Paganism, the Lombards were ravaging Italy up to the walls of Rome, and Rome was plague-stricken. Well might he say, "Rome is ravaged; its very structure is dissolved. We die daily, and sorrow and grief are on every side. We are pursuing after this world and the world is departing from us. We cleave to it as it passes away." And yet in sorrow he reigned with Apostolic sway and with Patriarchal love over the Catholic unity, the last and greatest of the Doctors, the Apostle of England.

So again St. Leo the Third. Mahometanism had scourged the East, and Northern Africa and had entered into Spain. The Patriarchs of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, five hundred Episcopal Sees in Africa, the Churches of St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, St. Optatus were under the Crescent. Rome was torn by factions. The Pontiff himself was at their mercy. And yet it was then on a Christmas Day that St. Leo consecrated the foundations of an Empire from which the Christendom of a thousand years was to arise.

No Pontiff ever sorrowed and suffered more than St. Gregory the Seventh. Three great plagues issuing from the world withered and

poisoned the Sanctuary, His life was spent in conflict. He died in exile. He writes to an old and loving friend of his early years:

"If it can be, I desire that you should fully know how great a sorrow presses upon me, and how great a burden, renewed day by day, weighs me down; that your brotherly compassion may incline towards me, and that your heart and your tears may be poured out before God in prayer, that Jesus, Who was made poor for us, through Whom all things were made, and Who rules all things, may stretch forth His hand, and with His wonted kindness deliver me from my misery. For I have often asked Him, as He enables me, either to take me out of this present life, or to make me useful to our common Mother: nevertheless He has not set me free from this great anguish, neither has my life profited the Church, in the bonds of which He has bound me. For an overwhelming grief and an universal sorrow surround me on every side. The Eastern Church, by the instinct of the devil, has revolted from the Catholic Faith, and in its members the old enemy is everywhere putting Christians to death. When I look to the West, or to the South, or North, I can hardly see a Bishop who by his entrance on the Episcopate, or by his life, is such as the Canons demand, ruling the Christian people for the love of Christ, and not for worldly ambition, and among all the secular princes, not one who prefers the honor of God to his own, or justice to gain, do I know. As for the people among whom I live — I mean the Romans Lombards, and Normans — as I am often telling them, they are in a way worse than Jews and Pagans."

When he wrote these words many who were about him, and more in all lands, believed that he was on the losing side and that the world would have its way. But the reformation of St. Gregory the Seventh reigns to this day. He vindicated the independence of the Church, and, like his Divine master, he cleansed the Temple.

One more and the last of these sad memories we may take. No darker time in Rome can be found than from 1523 to 1534. Constantinople was Mahometan, Santa Sophia a Mosque; the Holy Sacrifice was taken away; Germany and England were rushing into Schism: the greatest revolt of the Christian world, the *Discessio* of nations, had already begun; the seven vials of plague poured by the Renaissance over Italy were working in its blood. Rome was taken by storm; for nine months it had been sacked and outraged, so that historians shrink from the record. The germs of all the diseases which are dissolving the society of man, as described by Leo XIII., were already working, to issue as we see in the anti-Christian and anti-social revolution of these days. Such was the Pontificate of Clement VII.; but within ten years the Council of Trent began a Reformation which has renewed the life of the Church and reigns over it to this hour.

So little can we judge of our own times or foresee what shall be.

St. Gregory the Great was wont, as we read, to lament his lot, and the perturbation of his mind, in these words. Speaking of his past tranquillity, he says:—

"But now by reason of the pastoral care (my mind) suffers under the affairs of men of the world: and after this beautiful quiet, it is soiled by the dust of temporal things. And when in condescending to many it has scattered itself in outward affairs, even when it longs for inward things, to these without a doubt it returns less fit. I weigh then what I have to bear, and I weigh what I have lost: and while I look at what I have lost, what I have is harder to bear. (Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, B. ii, C. 1.)

If St. Gregory the Great lamented the day when he was called away from the calm shore of prayer to the great deep of ruling the Universal Church, well might Leo XIII. yearn from the walls of the Vatican for the tranquillity of Perugia, the most beautiful of cities, crowning its many hills with a circle of walls, over which the Umbrian Valleys and the Apennines may be seen. Around it are the Sanctuaries of Rivo Torto, Gli Angeli, Le Carceri, San Damiano and Assisi. The bodies of saints, the martyrs of Foligno, St. Clare of Monte Falco, St. Clare of Assisi, St. Francis, the Seraphic Father of whom Leo XIII. is a loving son, are watchers and guardians of Perugia. A peaceful pastoral life of thirty years, with its freedom and toil, renewed every morning, and soothed by every evening's calm, would rather seem to lead to the eternal rest than to the stormy steerage of St. Peter's bark. Yet so between the rising of one sun and the setting of the next it was ordained to be. Leo XIII. never from that hour has passed the threshold of the Vatican. No more the beauties of Perugia and its mountains were before him, but Rome in its desolation, and over its walls the world with all its evils and all its enmities. Ten years are nearly full, and a record has been written in the annals of the Church which will never pass away. The Sower has sown the seed, truths and laws, germs and rays of natural and supernatural wisdom, the philosophy of the reason of man, the science of the revelation of God. Leo XIII. inherited a world-wide unity of pastors and of people cast off by the world, and thrown with all their love and fidelity upon the Holy See. In the days of St. Gregory VII. and of Clement VII., the world was in its pride, and the Church was sick. Now, the Church is whole and the world is wrecking itself. In the living structure of the Church there is nothing wanting. Leo XIII. has appealed to the intellect and the heart, the motive-powers of all life and action. Every call of his voice has been answered. There are now no national discords as at Basle and Pisa. The unity of the Church, since the Apostles went out from Jeruslem, has never been so absolute, its purity never more visible, its authority never more obeyed. And as the world has cast it off, the Church has withdrawn into its own Sanctuary of liberty and power. It is more powerful over the world now than ever, because it is visibly independent. The world cannot cast the weight of a shadow over its supreme liberty. And this Divine power is in the hands of Leo XIII. The world can take nothing from him, and from the world he asks nothing but the obedience of faith. His power is not of this world, but it is world-wide, and dependent on God alone. No human hand sustains him; and he refuses all human aid. A foot upon the water, in the sacred language of Egypt, means a Divine act, which is to man impossible. But the successor of Peter walks erect upon the water, for his faith never falters, and his Master holds him by the hand.

The world is beginning to see what it can neither deny nor destroy. And Italy is yearning for the glories of its past, as the centre of Catholic unity, the home of the Heavenly City. The hearts of Italians are Catholic still; they desire the end of these desolations. They have already known the heart of Leo XIII. as a pastor; let them return to

him now as the Vicar of Jesus Christ; let them hear his voice as of old, and know that his love for them now is greater than of old, as the love of the Pastor of pastors is greatest of all. When last he spoke of Italy, these were his words, the same in loving sorrow as the first words he uttered over the whole world :—

> Would that the desire of peace which we bear towards all nations should in the way we wish benefit Italy, which God Himself has united so intimately with the Roman Pontificate, and is so dear to us by the ties of nature. As we have often said before, we have for a long time and most earnestly desired that the minds of Italians should be in possession of assured peace, and that the fatal dissension with the Roman Pontificate should at length cease: but without detriment to justice, or to the dignity of the Apostolic See, of which the rights are not so much violated by national hostility as they are by the conspiracy of sects. But to open the way to peace it is necessary that the Roman Pontiff should be placed in such a state as to be subject to no other Power, and be in possession of a true and real freedom as every right demands. If this were done, and a true judgment of things taken, not only would Italy be none the worse for it, but would receive great help to its safety and prosperity. (*Allocution in the Consistory of May 26.*)

May this auspicious Jubilee for fifty years of Priesthood draw the hearts of all nations, and, above all nations, the heart of Italy to Leo XIII., happily reigning with imperishable sway over the universal Church of God.

HENRY EDWARD, *Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.*

CHAPTER IX.

Teacher of the Church: Peacemaker among the Nations.

"That paternal charity with which we embrace all peoples."
Encyclical, 8th Februa y, 1884.

We all remember the pause of expectation when the great Bishop of modern times, that "Bishop of the Catholic Church"* who alone among more than 250 predecessors had held the spiritual sovereignty in St. Peter's city longer than St. Peter himself, laid it down at length in the fulness of years with the halo of persecution around him. The Pontiff who had called a General Council after an interval of three hundred years, who had repaired the ramparts of the Church and extended its episcopate throughout the world, who had fixed in the coronet of our Blessed Lady its most precious leaf, was called away to his reward denuded of all earthly power, in recompense for the faith with which he had wielded and the glory which he had added to the spiritual power.

What Catholic heart did not wait in suspense and anxiety for the issue which the deliberation of the Church's Senate would send forth from the Vatican palace? It met while France and Germany and Russia and England were in such suspense over their own affairs, that they let alone the affairs of the Church for a moment. A month before, Victor Emanuel had descended suddenly into the grave, and the mortar which held together his work had too little cohesion to allow his successor not to guard from outside intrusion that last remaining fortress of the Church in which her Senate deliberated. In shorter time than even when Pius IX. was elected, the decision came forth, and the voice of the first Cardinal Deacon announced the accession of Leo XIII.

At that moment the Revolution thought it had gained a supreme and definite victory over the Christian Pontificate. And the ground of its confidence was that it had deprived the Pontificate of its visible sovereignty dating from more than eleven hundred years, without which it considered that the sovereignty invisible was condemned to death. In truth, Leo XIII. ascended St. Peter's throne as much the symbol and bearer of purely spiritual power, as St. Peter himself. We have now seen ten years pass in which a Pontiff who dare not say Mass on the chief festivals of the Christian people in the Lateran Basilica of Constantine, or in the great church of Our Lady on the Esquiline Hill, lest he should be murderously assaulted as his predecessors St. Leo III. and St. Gregory VII. were: who cannot descend with open doors to the confession of the Prince of the Apostles, issues, as that

* The title with which the Pope confirms a General Council.

Apostle's successor, decrees which are received from one end of the earth to the other with ready obedience, with delight and gratitude. These decrees extend over the whole region of faith and of practical action. They define the position which the spiritual and the civil powers in every nation bear respectively to each other. They exhibit the conditions of that sacrament on which rest the very foundations of natural society, while it rises in its exaltation to the highest mystery of the faith. The war which the Revolution wages, by which it attacks all thrones and governments, from the autocrat of all the Russias who exhibits to the nineteenth century the very constitution of Constantine's empire, to the ultimate form of democracy in the American States — this war directs its attack mainly on five points. It utilizes to the utmost that unhappy division between the two Powers, the Spiritual and the Civil, which has grown up in modern times. It labors in every land to destroy the indissoluble character of the marriage contract, which is the keystone of Christian Civilization, won for it by the Church through ages of conflict. The third great assault which is heaving up society from its very foundations is the denial of the right of property. The weakening of the Christian faith in the multitude, especially that vast majority of our race which lives on manual labor, has made the earth appear to many the only arena for the hopes and enjoyment of men. And those who in the terrible competition for existence which goes on around us in every country, and is severest in the richest countries, feel full well that they have little enjoyment in the present, while they are without supernatural hope in the future, seek to overturn the order which exists, as they suppose its artificial conditions to be the root of their distress. Hence immediately arises fear of a war the most terrible for all the nations, the war of the poor against the rich.

Again, in every land, and under every government, a struggle of the governed against authority has sprung up. It would seem as if the ruler, being in the minds of the men no longer invested with a sacred rank, as the delegate of God, has lost in great measure the willing obedience of those who should be ruled. He is to them a figure which they have set up. Each says in his heart, what a certain Queen, much admired by some, said to one of her bishops, "Proud prelate, I frocked you, and I can unfrock you." So they feel that as they made their mandatary they can unmake him. The foundation itself of government being shifted in their minds, loyalty has been changed into a calculation of expedience.

Lastly, all these errors are strengthened by a false philosophy, which counts the evidence of the senses to bear witness to no reality beyond their phenomena, and impugns the very basis of belief in all things beyond the senses. Such an unbelief destroys at one blow all the superstructure of religion and civilization raised in the ages of the past.

These are the five wounds, the suspicion and enmity, with which in every land the civil authority pursues the spiritual: the effort of man, no longer Christian, to break from the bondage, as he thinks it, of Christian marriage; the insurrection of what deems itself unrequited or ill-requited labor against its own fruits stored up in realized prop-

erty; the disregard of the authority which rules society, under the supposition that it was made by man rather than by God; and the false philosophy, or rather the denial of the basis upon which any true philosophy must rest — or, to use the wonderfully accurate expression of "*il maestro di color che sanno*," all the μετὰ τὰ φυσικά which include those other truths, even "the fountain light of all our day,— the master light of all our seeing:" these are the five wounds which have penetrated deeply the social body; and threaten to dissolve it. They transfix the nations which are suffering for their defection from the Christian faith, and their disloyalty to the See of Peter, its head and centre.

Now on all these Leo XIII., as seated on the great throne of justice, no less than of faith, for all the earth, has throughout his Pontificate spoken strongly and clearly. In a series of Encyclical Letters and Allocutions, the like of which for number and beauty and depth of thought I suppose cannot be shown in any preceding decade, he has exhibited both true doctrine and sane philosophy of human government with the authority of Peter, and that moreover clothed in the language and style of Cicero. Thus he shows forth his double Roman descent; the "*Capitolî immobile saxum*" is planted in St. Peter's confession; the wisdom of true government speaks in the accents of Christ. He whose monarchy is at present only spiritual, through the malignity of his enemies and the defection of Europe, has addressed himself perhaps more exhaustively than those who have spoken before him, to the *minds* of men. He has thus forced the most prejudiced, the most hostile, the most wayward, to listen. He has said to all governors: It is for your own wishes, for that which is most dear to you as men, for the polity which you have raised up at such a cost, at such an outpouring of blood, if that polity is to last and take root, that I speak. I speak not as an enemy but as a friend. Look upon me not as the impairer of your power, but as one who points out its true foundation, its necessary conditions, the indispensable need which it has to be supported, not as a rival but as a yokefellow of the divine ordinance, by that power which I represent.

Thus it is that in all this decade of years a great and continuous mind has been exercising a great and continuous action upon the different nations of the earth.

For that which he has urged in the privacy of the cabinet, and by the living voice of his ambassadors, and by his own autograph letters to sovereigns, he has set forth in a series of Encyclicals. These are not secret; rather they permeate society from the highest ranks to the lowest in all lands. There is nothing in them precipitate, wayward, fluctuating, biassed by momentary incidents or passing passions. This mature wisdom speaks calmly, because clearly seeing the truth and certain of its authority. Nothing can be conceived more unlike the babble of newspapers, the strife of parties, the talk of democrats seeking to make themselves known, or the surging hither and thither of public opinion, than these documents, or than the conduct which accompanies them. I have before me a small volume, purchased for fifteen pence, which contains in 360 pages, each three inches by two, the chief of these documents issued in eight years. In it I find the

letter upon the accession of Leo XIII., that upon Modern Errors, that upon the Scholastic Philosophy, with another commending and setting forth the Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas; that upon the Origin of the Civil Power; that upon Historical Studies and the truthfulness above all things requisite in them; that upon "*Nobilissima Gallorum gens*," that upon Freemasonry, that upon Literature; and, especially, that upon the Christian Constitution of States, the four opening words of which, "*Immortale Dei miserentis opus*," indicate its character, as they also sum up the whole work of the writer. It is not too much to say that if the doctrine contained in this small volume was taken to heart and practised by the rulers and the people still called Christian, those five wounds which I have noted above, as crucifying the whole body of society at the present day, would be staunched.

How has Leo XIII. brought to a happy termination that terrible war by the most potent of governments on the most necessary liberties of the Church which we have seen waged during fifteen years? He has done it by convincing the sternest advocate and most unscrupulous employer of material force that the war so waged was in its principle, conduct, and issue alike suicidal. Six years ago, in June, 1881, when the conflict was at its height, he wrote thus:* "That long-continued and relentless war against the divine authority of the Church, has had the issue to which it ever tended; that is, the common danger of human society, and especially of sovereign authority on which the public safety mainly rests. This fact has become specially manifest in our time. For the desires kindled in the masses refuse more audaciously all government in our day than ever before. License has grown so greatly everywhere, popular uprisings and disturbances are so frequent that supreme rulers not only often find their commands disobeyed, but cannot even secure their own personal safety." And then, alluding to the recently perpetrated murder of the Czar, he says that the remaining princes of Europe are threatened publicly with a like fate. Since which an American President was added in the same year to the President before assassinated on Good Friday in 1865.

It would seem that Prince Bismarck was at length convinced that the depriving in a single diocese a hundred parishes of their pastors, and hampering the Church in all her action as a divine society, was not the way to increase the reverence due to a new-made empire, or to guard its ruler from murderous attack, or the structure of human society from collapse beneath the stroke of discontented labor. But how much has the gentleness, the moderation, the unchanging but persuasive exhibition of truth in the conduct as well as in the writings of the Pope contributed to this result?

It would be a work far beyond the limits here assigned to me to give in detail the course pursued by Leo XIII. in circumstances of great perplexity and the most complex interests warring with each other in various countries. The peculiarity of his position lies in this, that he has to consider in addressing each group of Bishops the whole mass of interests, not only spiritual but secular, in which they are involved.

* Encyclical *Diuturnum*

But secular and spiritual interests, though in their abstract nature they lie in fields apart, in the concrete belong to the same men, and the Supreme Pastor has to consider the position of these men in regard to them both, while advising, admonishing, strengthening them in words weighted with the utmost authority. In the actual German Empire these considerations are specially applicable. The Pope's treatment of them therefore in the greatest conflict in which he has been engaged is a proof test of his wisdom and peace-loving action everywhere. But who can describe so well as Leo XIII. himself what the severity of the conflict was, as well as the termination to which he has led it? In his Allocution to the Cardinals of May 23, 1887, the Pope says:

"We have completed, by the blessing of God, a work of long standing and of great difficulty to which we gave our whole mind, and disregarding every minor consideration, the salvation of souls was, as it ought to be, our supreme law. You know in what condition things were during many years. You joined us in deeply grieving over dioceses without bishops; over parishes without priests; over freedom of public worship infringed; over seminaries of the clergy interdicted; over the number of the clergy so reduced, that very many Catholics could neither attend at divine worship nor receive the sacraments. And we felt the more the greatness of these evils because alone we could not heal them, nor lighten them, and that insomuch as our power was in many respects interfered with. We therefore resolved to seek for remedies where they could be found, and that with more confidence because besides the Bishops we were assured of loyal and powerful support from Catholic legislators, men of unbending energy in the best cause, from whose zeal and union the Church has received no small fruit, and expects no less in the future. Our intention and our hope were greatly increased because we had certain knowledge that the August Emperor of Germany and his ministers had equitable and peaceful views. In consequence, a removal of the greatest evils was carefully sought after. Point after point was agreed upon. By the law just passed as you are aware, former laws were in part abrogated, in part greatly mitigated; and at last an end has been made of that terrible conflict, which, while it ground down the Church, did no good to the State. So much we rejoice to have seen done, with great exertion on our part, with much aid from your counsels. And therefore, we feel and we express a great gratitude to God, the consoler and the guardian of His Church. If there remain some things which Catholics have reason to desire, it must be remembered that the successes attained are far more numerous and far more important. The chief of these is that the Roman Pontiff's authority in the government of the Catholic Church has ceased to be considered in Prussia a foreign authority, and provision is made for its free exercise in the future. Then, venerable brethren, their liberty is restored to the bishops in governing their dioceses. The seminaries of the clergy are given back. Most of the religious orders are recalled. For the rest we shall continue our efforts, and considering the Emperor's will and the intention of his ministers, we have reason to hope that the Catholics of that nation may take courage, for we do not distrust that a better time is coming. Nothing do we so much desire of the divine bounty as that life long enough and ability be given us to behold the Catholic religion enjoying a settled and secure state under the protection of the laws in all Germany, and advancing without offence by salutary increase."

Those who would wish to realize with the least effort the bond which unites the Apostolic See with the Episcopate and the people of the various countries, and moreover at the same time to comprehend how futile any unity of the Church and of Christian doctrine would be without this bond, have but to read one after another the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. to the Bishops of these countries. I take, merely for instances,

some of the last. Such is that to the Bishops of Portugal, dated Sept. 14, 1886, on the termination of that most difficult controversy arising out of the privileges bestowed upon their kings in regard to the Indian Hierarchy in the times of St. Francis Xavier. Again, that to the Bishops of Hungary, dated August 22, 1886, where dangers and difficulties of quite another sort are dealt with. Again, that to the Bishops of France, dated February 8, 1884, wherein a third array of circumstances has to be met. Can there be greater tenderness than when, writing to the last, the Pope dwells upon the ancient glory of their nation as first born daughter of the Church, and on the happiness which accrued to it for ages because of the "*gesta Dei per Francos*," and on the distinguished devotion and zeal of individual Frenchmen, as in all times so now, when he has to deal with an actual government which tears down the crucifix from the schools of its people in Paris, while it claims exclusive protection of Catholics from all nations in Pekin.

It is to these Bishops that he writes: "That paternal charity with which we embrace all nations, as on other occasions according to the needs of the times it moved us to encourage especially to their duty the people of Ireland, of Spain, of Italy, by addressing their Bishops, now advises us to direct our attention to France." And here he notes that "there are in the world two societies, one civil and the other religious, and corresponding to them two Powers, both owing obedience to the eternal and natural law, and each providing and disposing for itself in its own domain. But whenever order has to be taken concerning anything upon which both the Powers, though for different reasons and in a different manner, have a voice, the public good demands agreement in both. If this does not exist, there will ensue a constantly changing unstable equilibrium, which will allow of tranquillity in neither Church nor State."

Yet important as bonds of unity and means of supervision as are these Encyclical Letters to the several Bishops another action in a still higher order, as touching the essential framework of the Church, described by St. Paul (Ephesians, Ch. iv., 11-16), is continually exerted by him who sits in the Apostolic See. The confirmation of his brethren is one thing, the *sending* them is another. The Pope from age to age continues that action by which the College of the Apostles, when St. Peter was personally at their head, divided the earth between them. The Pope now divides the earth as he has always done. And here the very first, as well as almost the last public act of Leo XIII. shows how his authority touches the great British Empire. Scarcely had he succeeded Pius IX., when he signed the Letters Apostolic prepared beforehand but not executed by Pius IX. through his last illness, which restored the ancient Hierarchy of Scotland in the persons of two Archbishops, of St. Andrews and of Glasgow, and of four Suffragans. Again, by Letters Apostolic of Sept., 1886, he created a Hierarchy for the whole of India, raising the Archbishop of Goa to the rank of Patriarch, in honor of that church which keeps for perpetual veneration the body of St. Francis Xavier, and appointing seven Archbishoprics, of Agra, Bombay, Verapolis, Calcutta, Madras, Pondicherry and Columbo, with their several Suffragans. These acts of the

Supreme Apostolate, full of consequences for future times, have taken place without a murmur from the Spirit of Knox in Scotland, with the consent of the people of St. Francis Xavier in India. That new Hierarchy supplies the needs of 1,600,000 Catholics at present, besides being pregnant of results for the millions now outside the pale of the church, who are waiting for more of the race of the great missionary. "Henceforth," says the Pope in creating it, "it will be in the power of all the Bishops of India gradually to devise those measures which will bring about a common order of law, as the times allow, and which, according to the general discipline of the Church, are entrusted to the authority of the Bishops. But it will be for us and for this Apostolic See to assist the Bishops in the performance of their office by our act, authority, and counsel, and in every way to help on measures which appear useful and opportune for the salvation of souls."

Now, taking together the acts which I have above selected as specimens of our vast number, is it possible to exhibit with greater dignity, charity, and simplicity, the constitution of the Church as set forth in the decree of the Vatican Council? Do not these ten years of Leo XIII. offer a living image of the decree carried out through all the world? With its very words, therefore, than which in all history there are none more grave and potent, I close these few remarks upon an endless subject:

"We further teach and declare that the Roman Church, by the enactment of the Lord, holds the Principate of ordinary power over all other churches: and that this jurisdictional power of the Roman Pontiff, being truly episcopal, is immediate. And to this the Pastors of whatsoever rite and dignity, and the Faithful, as well each by himself as all together, are bound by the duty of hierarchical subordination and true obedience, not only in things which concern faith and morals, but in those which concern the discipline and government of the Church throughout the earth, so that by maintaining unity of communion as well as of profession of the same Faith with the Roman Pontiff, there is one flock of the Church of Christ under one Supreme Pastor. This is the teaching of the Catholic truth from which no one may deviate, if he would preserve faith and salvation. But it is so far from the fact that this power of the Supreme Pontiff is injurious to the ordinary and immediate power of episcopal jurisdiction by which Bishops, ordained by the Holy Ghost to succeed to the place of Apostles, feed and govern as true pastors the flocks assigned to them, each his own, that this very power is asserted, strengthened and maintained by the Supreme and Universal Pastor, as in the words of St. Gregory the Great: "My honor is the honor of the Universal Church; my honor is the maintenance of my brethren in one solid mass—*Meus honor est fratrum meorum solidus vigor;* then am I truly honored when the honor due to everyone in particular is not refused." [Vatican Council, Sessio IV. e 3.]

If the Revolution thought in 1878 that it had done forever with the Papacy, it has come to a different conclusion in 1887. It is true that hatred of the Papacy is the most profound, the most universal of all its hatreds. But it is aware that for men of good will throughout the world the Papacy is shining with a lustre never surpassed: is shining as the Star of the Sea over the troubled waters of earthly tempests.

Neither St. Leo the Great when, between the incursion of the desolating Mongol, and the plundering of the pirate Vandal, he confirmed the Council of Chalcedon; nor St. Gregory the Great, when, between the Arian Lombard hammer on the one side, and the decrepit Eastern

despot on the other, he ruled from a sick-bed with uncontested right the universal Church; nor St. Leo III., when, imposing law and order on the whole confused mass of Teuton tribes, he placed the crown of Christian sovereignty upon the head of their chief hero, and saluted Charles, the King of the Franks, as "great and pacific emperor of the Romans;" nor St. Gregory VII., when he raised the suffering Bride of Christ from her servitude under feudal corruption and tyranny, and exclaiming, "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile," heard in answer, "Vicar of Christ, in exile thou canst not die, for God has given thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession;" nor Innocent III., when in peaceable enthronement over all that the Leos and Gregories before him had gained by doing and suffering, he was acknowledged by Christendom as its universal legislator; no one of these occupies a higher place in past history than Leo XIII. in present time.

He is helpless as to outward means, as were Leo I. and Gregory I. The enemy is in possession of his seat as they had taken that of Gregory VII. The violence of apostates is round him, as it was round Leo III., so that if he walked in procession in Rome, his life might be attempted as was that of Leo III. Before Innocent III. the temporal power bowed, when he swayed the spiritual, while Leo XIII. has not a foot of earth, is beleauguered in the Vatican Palace, and on sufferance in the very Church of St. Peter. But "the eternal God is his refuge, and underneath him are the everlasting arms." In the might of the *Word* alone he rules. A new Frederic Barbarossa, coming forth from the mountain in which he has been buried for seven hundred years, after a brief worship of the antipope of heresy and schism, acknowledges that in this *Word* alone resides a power fit to help him in his encounter with the new false gods of the day, the new false gods who teach the strugglers and sufferers of civilization, that, since man has no future life, to redress and reward the inequalities of the present, all goods of the world belong in common to the toilers. Before these Barbarossa feels his throne tremble, though it rest upon a milllion of soldiers. But the Throne of Peter, which rests upon no soldiers, and has no earthly foundations, trembles not. Like the earth itself it rests upon the divine decree, the secret of whose force, lying beyond our senses, no human analysis has as yet succeeded in revealing. And Leo XIII. in the ten years which crown the forty preceding of his sacerdotal jubilee, has shown alike by word and act how he rests upon that divine foundation. And this he has led the mightiest of sovereigns to acknowledge, inasmuch as without it human government fails to give security, and is penetrated with fear in the present because men have lost their hope in the future world. The master of more legions than Augustus had, recognizes the authority of a landless Pope without a soldier in the midst of a generation to which might is right. And the same master of legions, before his contest with the Pope was terminated, trusted the Head of the Catholic Faith to mediate in a temporal matter between himself, sovereign of an empire not Catholic, and the government of the Most Catholic King." What was this but to recognize in the most

emphatic action that he who sat in the chair of Peter was "the Teacher of Justice?"

Is there any victory won by the predecessors of Leo XIII. greater than this? A sovereign who is not Constantine sees the Labarum, which Constantine in the hour of his trial discerned in the sky, to rest upon the head of a Pope whom an unbelieving world has stripped to very nakedness. And governments throughout the world, which cannot rule their own citizens, are fain to look for aid to one whom they have repudiated for ages. As the foes are new, the victory is new; but perhaps since they are neither less numerous nor less destructive than the hordes of Attila, the divine Providence has in reserve for them a vision such as checked the Scythian's advance: and we behold in the ten years of Leo XIII. a repetition of the first Leo in another form, and an augury of the salvation preparing for the future.

THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES.

CHAPTER X.

The Pope's Muse.

WHENCE comes to us the peculiar and subtle charm of Poetry? As the great bard himself asks, regarding fancy, "Tell me where 'tis bred?" In heart, ear, imagination? Surely, in all the faculties of the soul combined, and in the most delicate and noblest of the bodily senses, ear and eye. Poetry might almost be defined as the imaginative intellect acting under recognized law, but a law suited to its own being, not such trammels as are appropriate to severer and more consecutive thought. Pegasus mounts with native force to his connatural sphere; yet his wings manifest their power, all the while, by the rhythmical movement which guides while it impels, and to some extent restrains, the wildness of his flight. That restraint adds to the charm, and even in part constitutes it, by eliciting a feeling of admiration for difficulties overcome without seeming effort. A critic has said that the pleasure of rhyme is made up of hope and memory. Thus, the end of the first line of a couplet rouses the anticipation pleasingly to forestall the second, while the completion of the second casts back the mind with a lingering look upon the first. The same pleasure of admiration attaches to the skilful use of metre; and, where the metre is complex and involved, in yet greater degree. There is a twofold impression, at once of difficulty and of ease; as the sword-play of a powerful gladiator interests the more, and claims the higher applause, in proportion to the weight of the weapon he flourishes with such dextrous facility. What must it have been to the cultivated Grecian ear to follow the solemn chant of those choruses of Æschylus, so profound in thought, so swift in transition, yet severely regulated by laws of metre so exacting, that a feebler maestro would have succumbed, or given his thoughts with less fullness and precision?

It seems presumptuous to have delayed with such individual thinkings, when we have before us the poetic effusions of the highest personage on earth. They are not, certainly, to be approached in a spirit of criticism, *nam prima Sedes a nomine judicatur.* Yet the interest attaching to the verses of Leo XIII. may be stated as manifold. Among other considerations, they bridge over a very great interval of time. We should be hard set to find a parallel, unless we mount up to St. Damasus in the fifth century. That pontiff was a great versifier, and has come down to posterity, under that aspect, as glorifying, with Prudentius, the martyrs of the catacombs. Those Christian subterraneans, still in use at that day for the interment of the faithful, who desired that their bodies might rest near the martyrs' relics, had an absorbing interest for pious imagination and thankful memory. No wonder that St. Damasus dedicated his poetic talent chiefly to that theme. The pen of our present Holy Father has been employed on

topics more personal and familiar, as a relaxation from the graver cares that occupied him at Perugia and elsewhere. A nature so highly strung and "thorough" as his, must needs find some lighter employment, in however scant a measure, as safety-valve to the mind that would otherwise be overtaxed by its own intensity. Every child of the Faith will therefore receive this volume of verses with something of the reverential feeling that must have inspired that disciple, contemporary with St. John, who found the holy Apostle and Evangelist diverting himself for some moments with a tame partridge. The bow that is always bent — so did St. John explain it — must be weakened at last, if it does not break.

Of the stanzas now to be laid before the reader, under form of a translation very unworthy to represent the grace and concinnity of the original, the earliest were written in 1822, when Joachim Vincent Pecci was twelve years old. They are addressed to Vincent Pavani, of the Society of Jesus, a valued friend of the future Pope: and they testify his affectionate appreciation.

I.

Dear namesake, Vincent! from my nonage, too,
E'en as Pavani, Pecci bears that name:
Ah, that Pavani's wealth of merit true,
Following that Vincent's light, may Pecci claim!

As we advance, however, some eight years later, we become aware that the blessing of robust health was not to be granted to the poet; and that, like St. Gregory the Great,* Leo XIII. was to excite surprise and admiration by the amount of daily work accomplished for his Master, and "the solicitude of all the Churches," with a frame as delicate as the mind was vigorous and the heart awake.

II.

ON HIS ILL HEALTH.

1830.

Scarce twenty years thou numberest, Joachim,
And fell diseases thy young life invade!
Yet pains, when charm'd by verse, seem half allayed —
Recount thy sorrows, then, in mournful hymn.

Wakeful till latest night, thy limbs in vain
Court needful rest; nor sleep nor food restore
The strength outworn — thine eyes, all darkened o'er,
Dejected sink, while racked the head with pain.

Fever consumes thee; chill, as ice congeals,
Or parch'd with burning thirst. Pallid as death
Each several feature; toils the weary breath—
Through all thy fainting form the languor steals.

Why dream of future years, with promise bland,
While fate swift urges? Then I said: "No fear
My spirit shall quell! Draws Death indeed so near?
Cheerful I wait, to grasp his bony hand.

* "Marvellous are the things he uttered, effected, committed to writing, especially with a health always ailing and infirm."—*Roman Breviary*, March 12, Feast of St. Gregory the Great.

"No fading joys allurement offer now;
All undelayed, I pant for bliss superne!
Glad, as when wanderer's footsteps home return,
Or seaman, when to harbor veers his prow."

Little could the poet forecast, when thus singing what almost seemed his death-song, that half a century of stirring remarkable life, with a lustrum and more besides, lay still before him, even up to this present time of rehearsing his words. Who will not breathe a fervent aspiration, before turning the page, that a life which may prove so precious to the very peace of Europe, no less than to the progress of the Faith, may resist, for years to come, the final assault of the power whose dart he welcomed before attaining his majority.

Coming to the poems of maturer life, we find two tributes in verse to the merits and sufferings of SS. Constantius and Herculanus, both of them Bishops of Perugia, and martyrs. These poems, therefore, probably belong to the period of Monsignor Pecci's episcopate in that city. St. Constantius underwent prolonged torments for the Faith, and was finally martyred at Foligno, when Marcus Aurelius Verus was emperor, and St. Soter sat in the chair of Peter. St. Herculanus suffered at the hands, not of pagans, but of Arians, when Totila besieged Perugia. The stanzas are Sapphic and octosyllabic, in the order we have named; they are at once spirited and elegant, but too long for insertion. It would be an injustice to mutilate or abridge them.

Of more general interest is the following animated prediction of better things to come than we are yet permitted to see. The one departure from fidelity to the original occurs in the second line, where the well-known title of Leo XIII. in the alleged prophecy of St. Malachy is introduced. The poem dates from two years ago: and every thoughtful observer of public events, be he of the Catholic unity or no, must feel how incessantly and with what marked result the Holy Father has labored to bring about the happy condition of things which he here foretells.

III.

HAPPY AUGURY OF THE CHURCH'S TRIUMPH, AND THE RESTORATION OF PEACE AND THE COMMON WEAL.

1885.

With prophet eye the tremulous dawn I mark;
Lumen in Cœlo! breaks the radiant day:—
And terror-struck, all demon-forms and dark
Plunge to their Stygian lake, there sink away.

God's human foes perforce His might have own'd,
Tearful their sacrilegious crimes confess'd —
Hush'd is the long fierce hate, and love enthron'd
Within those hearts, in sweet alliance blest.

The virtues chaste, our fathers once bequeath'd,
Faith, manly trust, their ancient home regain;
And Peace, her glorious brow with olive wreath'd,
Bids the Arts flourish, and fair Plenty reign.

Wisdom's pure torch on every watch-tower burns
Through this dear land, to scare dark Error's crew —
Such be the triumph, when Italia learns
What heaven-fed springs her vigor may renew!

With all this happy augury, the Pope does not lose out of sight the powers of evil, that are not supposed to abandon their stronghold without a struggle: nor does it form any part of his prophecy that the Church's triumph is to come without a previous contest, perhaps one of great severity. He reminds himself that such determined opposition may assail his own person. With an evident allusion to the last words of his predecessor, St. Gregory VII., "I have loved righteousness, and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile," Leo XIII. inscribes these lines on his own portrait:

IV.

The righteous path I chose: long toil, and strife,
Insult and snares and hardship, did I brave
In truth's defence, unswerving; yea, my life
For Christ's dear flock, the which He died to save,
'Twere sweet to yield beneath a murderer's knife,
Or in some dungeon deep to find a grave.

In the midst of his constant occupations at Perugia, and as a safety-valve (to repeat a metaphor of this iron age), Monsignor Pecci found time to address some brief paternal stanzas to several of his devoted and exemplary priests, and to two among the religious women who were superiors in the convents of his diocese. We give one of the latter by way of specimen. It must have been highly valued, indeed, by the superior and her community. The lines were addressed to Hermalind Montesperelli, for twenty-five years abbess of the Cistercian convent of St. Juliana, who "was distinguished for her charity and prudence." She died in 1872.

V.

High born, yet with true virtue more refin'd,
God's consecrated Hermalind,
Watching thy cloistered charge with mother's heart,
In counsel wise, thy chosen better part
Strenuous to keep, yet ever kind.

Did it not seem a degree of *Lèse-majesté*, or at least petty treason, to add to the words of the Supreme Pontiff, one would be tempted to give, as a supplementary line:

Strong woman, meek, with strength ne'er Solomon could find.

and thus bring in the *Mulierem fortem quis inveniet*? of the wise son of David side by side with the *Tenax prospositi* of old Flaccus.

The following is undated; but evidently belongs to the period of our photographic developement, when the earlier and ghastly daguerreotype, the marvel of its day, has yielded to a more genial employment of the sun's rays.

VI.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

By pencil of the solar light
Fair image traced, how deftly thou
Canst give the transient smile and bright,
Clear, speaking eye, and comely brow!

Man doth new power to suns impart;
Nature and science here combine:
Strive he with all but matchless art,
Apelles' touch must yield to thine.

The brief series shall close with a deeper note; one to recall to us that the gifted mind, some of whose slight effusions we have so poorly aimed at representing, is after all the Lord's prophet to a sinful generation, and messenger of the eternal truths.

VII.

AGONIZED CRY OF THE LOST.

"*O si daretur hora!*"

Through hell's dread vault resounds the tortured groan:—
"Oh, might one hour for those lost hours atone!"
What, were it given? for penance would they live,
And one brief hour their life's transgression shrive.

On rising from a task which has had every satisfaction but success, one is struck, certainly not for the first time, with a sense of diversity in the genius of the several languages. The reader must perforce accept the rough Teutonic syllables, with their wealth of consonants and paucity of liquid sounds; never more apparent than in verse, nor ever more in verse, than when rendered from the music of the classic tongues. Standing half way, in this respect, between the French and German, an English translator may congratulate himself and his countrymen on the possession of a speech, deriving somewhat of beauty and much of force from its several concurrent elements, even when its poverty in rhyme places him at disadvantage before the classic model he endeavors to reproduce. Yet if ever a son of the Church might feel discontent with his native tongue as well as with his want of native power, it would be when the function is committed to him, of striving to interpret the utterance of *the* one whose words, even the slightest, should never fall to the ground, nor be shorn of their due effect.

W. H ANDERDON S.J.

CHAPTER XI.

*The Pope's City.**

When the young Italian student went up from Carpineto to Rome it must have been with more than the "eager heartedness" of every boy living within the influence of a great centre,

"When first he leaves his father's fields."

There was no mere hope and ambition for the possibilities of this life, and no "dreary dawn" of gaslight refracted in the fog, such as stimulate the young provincial on his way to London. The Italian boy from his village in the remoteness of the States of the Church had been born and had lived in touch of a "spiritual city"—the unique city in which was enthroned the successor of the Fisherman, the Father of Christians. He came across the bright solitudes of the Campagna strewn with the fragments of the enormous Pagan world. There stood the dome that shadows the sanctuary of the West, and around it the throng of the cupolas of Rome. The city had been mistress of the boy's childhood, and he was destined to be her Lord.

Pontifical Rome—the centre of the Church's polity—has proved as eternal as Ecclesiastical Rome, the head and heart of Christianity. Civil Rome has not crowded it out; that new city has rather grown up in it, around it, through it, like the "mildewed ear" with the wheat, but not "blasting its wholesome brother." Doubtless the fact that Pontifical Rome is so living and so obvious is one reason why the small importance of civil modern Rome has never been made thoroughly apparent. It has never been left naked; it has never been exposed alone. The provincial town without local character, at odds with its own antiquities, and given over to the vanity of ignoring its Middle Ages, has never been clearly seen to be the trivial thing it is; for the Rome of the Popes, mingled with it, stands august and tall and takes the eye of the world. The most important diplomacy, the most momentous policy has its activity about the Vatican, where, since the seclusion of the Popes, the governance and magistracy of the Church is more than ever concentrated.

But even outside that stately and silent Court, Rome remains Pontifical.

Where else, for instance, has a dispossessed government left so

"* No more true and interesting record of the city as it was in the middle of the century is known to us than M. Wey's great work, *Rome and her Monuments*, of which a shorter English version has lately been published by Messrs. Virtue & Co., and to which we are indebted for our illustrations of Rome. Without the conventional picturesque which forms the 'legend' of most famous places, and which while striving for more than veracious interests ends in dulness, the book presents all that was at once pictorial and real in the city and the citizens. Henri Regnault's pencil did some of its earlier work in the illustrations."—*Merry England.*

noble a sign and seal of the times of its rule as in the hospital system which the Popes have given as a model to the world? In Papal Rome was first organized the special hospital — the hospital for women, for the aged, for fever patients, for children; the industrial hospital for the education of little criminals. The first maternity charity was Pontifical; and the first Foundling Hospital was due to the chance that a Pope — Innocent III. — was struck with sorrow at seeing three little bodies of drowned children caught up by a fisherman's net from the Tiber. When a river is under Theocratic government, such incidents are "stuff o' the conscience." Thus, in 1198, three nameless little martyrs became the seed of the great charities of Europe to its forlorn infancy. Those are surely hardly candid comments on the old and new orders in Rome which would represent the difference as one referring entirely to matters connected with the modern Divinity of Drainage. That the Popes administered to their city the very most modern developments, that the Tiber was as complete a sewer as the Thames — we will not assert. But it is a very ingenuity of disparagement that will cast this old and in truth very disputed reproach at Pontifical rule, and will ignore the enormous institutions of the Papal Charities, the public decorum of the streets, and the assured fact that the Italian "deliverance" found a Rome in which there was absolutely no starving man, woman, or child, and hardly a touch of such poverty as implies grave privations. It found also an activity in public works all tending to the completion of old designs and especially to the abolition of temporary shams in the construction or ornament of the churches; where some imitation had been allowed to keep the place of precious material, Pius IX. was busily setting up the real thing. And it is remarkable that now, when the civil rule has committed many a folly with the antiquities, the crippled Papal power is pushing on, where it can, the intelligent historical labors of ecclesiology.

In this respect the most memorable Pontifical work lately carried through has been the reconstruction in parts of the interior of the Lateran. "*Sacrosancta Lateranensis ecclesia, omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput,*" is also the Episcopal church of the Bishops of Rome, St. Sylvester having given her this dignity. It was within her walls that the Popes, until the last accession, took possession of their seats, and the Lateran clergy have precedence of those of St. Peter's when the chapters of both churches meet on Corpus Christi day. As to the Papal residence at San Giovanni, as the Romans always call this sanctuary, there is very fair evidence that it was originally due to Constantine himself; and the name of the Lateran is more ancient still if we accept the tradition recorded in the Acts of St. Sylvester (written in the fifth century) and adopted by a Council held under Pope St. Gelasius, by Baronius, and by the Roman Breviary. In the year 67 A. D. the Consul Plautus Lateranus took part in a widespread plot against Nero; his action, says Tacitus, had for its motive the love of his country; but he expiated it by his death, and his goods were confiscated. His palace, therefore, while keeping his name, became part of the Imperial domain, and as such was given afterwards by Maximian, the colleague of Diocletian, to his daughter Fausta, wife

of Constantine the Great. Constantine in the hour of victory made one of his offerings of thanksgiving in the form of the palace which his wife had brought him. It was to be the home and hermitage of the Popes. Later on, the Imperial zeal cooled down, and amid growing menaces of a coming persecution, Pope St. Sylvester fled from the Lateran and took refuge in the solitudes of Mount Soracte. Then followed the Emperor's sickness, his vision of the Apostles, his baptism at the Lateran, his plan of the great basilica for which he "turned the first sod," and which St. Sylvester consecrated on November 9th, 324, enshrining within it the wooden altar on which St. Peter had offered the Sacrifice of the Mass in Rome, thenceforth to be sacred to the Mass of Popes alone. This account, though supported by other strong authorities, is questioned by M. de. Broglie (*L'Eglise et l'Empire*) on the strength of the testimony of Eusebius and St. Jerome that Constantine received baptism, at the close of his life, from Eusebius of Nicomedia. At any rate the Lateran of to-day is a church of most noble proportions, but with every detail of its architecture corrupted and interrupted in the most defiant style of the Renascence. The greatest artistic treasure of the basilica is not the brilliant Corsini chapel with its statues of Pontiffs and Princes attended by Abundance, Munificence, Fortitude, Temperance, and other allegories; not the Pietà in the crypt below; not the twelve imposing Apostles standing on either side of the nave; not all the magnificence of the material with which its chapels are loaded; but the grave mosaic of the apse, the work of Fra Giacomo Camerino and Giacomo da Torrita at the end of the thirteenth century, completed by Gaddo Gaddi in the beginning of the fourteenth. This noble piece of mediævalism is in most strange contrast with everything that surrounds it. Here too is allegory, deliberate, ingenious, simple — four rivers of the gospels, a mountain with a celestial Jerusalem on its sides; here also are Apostles most majestic, with a very small monk — Fra Giacomo himself — kneeling with his tools and compasses about him and recommending himself to the prayers of St. John; but how different from the flourishing decorations before mentioned. That a great part of Leo XIII.'s works in this church were devoted to the better placing and security of these great Christian designs is a pleasant fact to those who prize the few relics even Pontifical Rome possesses of those Middle Ages which the Cinquecento and its succeeding age effaced with such extraordinary, universal, and equal activity. It is amusing, by the way, to our present mind in the matter of historical art to read the good John Evelyn's note on the Lateran of those days. "This is a Church of extraordinary devotion, though for outward forme not comparable to St. Peter's being of gotiq ordonance."

Before 1870 Pontifical Rome was bounded only by the limits of the shrunken Christian city. It extended from garden to ruin, from solitude to solitude, and pervaded the little core of ill-paved but decorous streets that formed the town of those times. On certain days of the year some church in the Corso, or on the deserted Aventine, or beyond those walls which were all too ample, became the place of the Pope's throne. The pomp of the palace went out in procession to many a sanctuary. And

the fringes of the Papal court spread through the society and activity of the city. The people were directly indebted to their Pontifical Sovereign for the amusements they most enjoyed. He gave them their carnival, their riderless races, let off for them the most beautiful fireworks in the world, making them welcome without price to seats whence they might enjoy the show, and lit for them a dome of soft stars in the sky when St. Peter's was illuminated. That was distinctively a Pontifical city where all the sentries mounted guard with reversed arms on Good Friday.

To-day the Rome of the Pontiffs remains a subtle city of memories and suggestions. It owns the basilicas and the statelier shrines; it is remembered in the old streets; and in the new ones it protests. The stupidly treated ruins and the ransacked Coliseum recall the old order by the very difference of the times; the Quirinal, "where grass grew and the spider wove" in its days of dignity, is smart enough in its day of royalty; and yet it remains, in spite of all a Pontifical palace — turned to other uses. But across the Tiber, by the bridge of statues and under the huge tower of the Archangel, it is Pontifical Rome without change. For whom but the Popes of the Renascence would a palace have been built with eleven thousand rooms in it? Whether that number has ever been verified, or whether it is part of the Vatican legend, we know not; but the two hundred and eight staircases are a fact. The Vatican museums, the Library, the galleries, the Pontifical residence are all more than imperial in scale. The whole Vatican region is a region given up to art to do what it will with. Bernini and his collaborateurs had something like the space and possibilities of a little town to play with unhampered. They produced the singularly complete and symmetrical but utterly-unpicturesque approach to St. Peter's. Assuredly our admiration of what is admirable in this grandiose colonnade stops short at one point — no painter amongst us has ever wished to put it, or a corner of it, into a picture.

As to the glorious St. Peter's itself, its magnificence of size, proportion, and material has become a very commonplace of description. That it does not give the impression of its immensity has been explained in many ways. It is amiable though not judicious to seek the cause in the beauty of proportion which used to make the heroes of novels look less than their unusual height; but doubtless the true reason is to be found in the abandonment of the first intention. The plan of a Greek cross would not have given the long perspective of the nave which positively cheats the eye into ignoring the great distance; the wonderful dome would have soared over the centre; no lines would have been so prolonged as to cause great loss by perspective; the size of all the parts would have been evident at first sight. And it is curious to note how much the question was vexed. Bramante first suggested the Greek cross. After his death Giuliano Sangallo, the Dominican Giocondo da Verona, and Raphael Sanzio pronounced for the Latin. Balthasar Peruzzi, their successor, was for the Greek. Antonia Sangallo had the cross Latin again. Then came Michelangiolo Buonarroti, taking on himself "for the love of God, of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Prince of the Apostles," and for no reward, the construction of St. Peter's. In

fifteen days the old man of seventy-two had his plans ready; and St. Peter's was to be in the form of a Greek cross again. The three architects who succeeded him were directed to respect his intention, but Carlo Maderna, Paul V.'s architect, finally decided for the Latin cross, by which he wronged Buonarroti's plan fatally. And what is mere defect in the interior is disfigurement for the outer view; for the effect of the extinguishing of the cupola is of course principally due to its place at so great a distance from the huge and heavy façade. That façade too was Maderna's.

If any Goth is tempted to wish it were possible to recall the original St. Peter's, he should take what comfort he can from the fact that it was destroyed by time and not by the Renascence. Founded by Constantine in 324 A.D., on the site of the oratory which Anacletus had built in the year 90, over the burial place of St. Peter, the old St. Peter's had stood for eleven centuries and a half when it menanced ruin, and Nicholas V. meditated the new. For how many centuries will this St. Peter's stand in its majesty? There was laid the body of the Fisherman under a little shrine; over the same place burn ninety-three perpetual golden lights; and, above, the cupola globes itself, vast and enormous, inscribed with the tremendous words: *Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam Meam.*

The interior of St Peter's is everything except pictorial. It is out of scale with humanity, so that with a race of giants only would the detail of the architecture compose in a way fit for a picture. And, in effect, wherever the figure is introduced in St. Peter's, it is on a colossal scale necessarily. But this is the one spot in the world where such a fault is almost a glory. Here and here alone, perhaps, size that passes beyond a certain relation to the human body is an accessory to greatness, and the most fastidious as well as the simplest eyes must take impressions of grandeur from the mere enormous spaces, the heights and breadths, of the brilliant temple. Here too is a triumphant and not a touching beauty. In all other architecture, as in every landscape, there is the inexplicable touch of pathos. It is evident in the austere dignity of the Romanesque, in the delicate vitality of the Gothic, even in the serenity of the antique — in all constructions or organisms of stone, except only those of the Renascence. In these there is no appeal to our secret sympathetic sadness; and we have to overcome a certain disappointment at the lack of that appeal before we can appreciate the majesty of a Renascence design. Perhaps the quality in St. Peter's that most of all strikes the new pilgrim is the purity and radiance, the clean daylight beauty of the interior — a pleasant impression which he will enjoy if he is left alone, with no one at his elbow to stimulate him to wonder at the size of the cherubs who caper with the holy water stoops, and generally to make his pilgrimage melancholy with accurate information. In effect the purity of St. Peter's is quite peculiar, besides being very conspicuous in Italy — a quality of cleanliness and clearness which gives a lucid look to the stone and marble and gilding, a look not of newness but of perpetual freshness. We had almost written perpetual youth, but there is nothing young about the Renascence. It has no hope, no development, none of the vitality of immaturity. A future

indeed it has, like all other things in this world of mutability, but it is a future of improved sophistication. It is part of the artist's noble humility that he leaves some form for another who shall come after to make more perfect, that he "rejoiceth with joy for the voice" of a later comer. But look at St. Peter's and declare what part the cinquecentisti could have had in this tender and selfless ambition; what, for instance, had Bernini to bequeath? One cannot help the spiteful suspicion that he knew, and was glad to know, that there was nothing to be developed from him, nothing to follow upon the attitude of the late Renascence — the curling and interruption and corruption of all that is simple and straight — the breaking of pediments, and the flutter of chasubles, and posturing of anchorites.

A manifest injustice; Bernini could not avoid his date. Indeed, that he expressed the phases of his time is perhaps proof of his vitality. Is not decay itself a "quickening into lower forms?" That we, in our turn, are not "quick" at all is perhaps the reason that we can choose — select what things of the past we will to reproduce, and reject such things as do not please us. However this may be, there is one way to make the rococo itself beautiful and dear — and that is, to mix it up with nature. Its fountains covered with mosses, encumbered with grass softer than sleep, its statues with a leg or an arm too few, hampered in the long garland of the vine, its fragments when the suns and winds of Italy have had their way with them, are lovely and fit for pictures. And so St. Peter's is at its best when it can be isolated somewhat from the town — seen through the noble and solitary pine groves of the Pamphili-Doria gardens. Taken thus from the rear, we lose the approaches of our too much reviled architect; but the trees (are they standing yet? One easily gets out of date in writing about Rome) are better than his colonnades. And the great broad dome, which Sir Christopher Wren bettered as Michelangiolo despaired of bettering Brunelleschi's, takes a dignity from this height and distance, as it does in the view from the Pincio. Only this is better than the Pincio in as much as the Campagna is at hand at the Pamphili, and there is a privacy and an openness altogether Italian; a great human monument and the sky; a cathedral and the wilderness. Nay, the circle of the dome where the "Tu es Petrus" is written is the centre of the swarming world; but the silence of ruin and solitude is close to it; the spans of the broken aqueducts stand out in fragments over the plain; and against the sky, lightening towards the horizon, is a form hardly more serene and noble than the dome — Horace's Soracte white with snow.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Ireland's Vow.

Come! Liberty, come! we are ripe for thy coming;
Come freshen the hearts where thy rival has trod;
Come, richest and rarest! — come, purest and fairest!
Come, daughter of Science! Come, gift of the God!

Long, long have we sighed for thee, coyest of maidens;
Long, long have we worshipped thee, queen of the brave!
Steadily sought for thee, readily fought for thee,
Purpled the scaffold and glutted the grave!

On went the fight through the cycle of ages,
Never our battle-cry ceasing the while;
Forward, ye valiant ones! onward, battalioned ones!
Strike for your Erin, your own darling isle!

Still in the ranks are we, struggling with eagerness,
Still in the battle for Freedom are we!
Words may avail in it — swords if they fail in it,
What matters the weapon, if only we're free?

Oh! we are pledged in the face of the universe,
Never to falter and never to swerve;
Toil for it! bleed for it! if there be need for it,
Stretch every sinew and strain every nerve!

Traitors and cowards our names shall be ever,
If for a moment we turn from the chase;
For ages exhibited, scoffed at, and gibbeted,
As emblems of all that was servile and base!

Irishmen! Irishmen! think what is Liberty,
Fountain of all that is valued and dear,
Peace and security, knowledge and purity,
Hope for hereafter and happiness here.

Nourish it, treasure it deep in your inner heart;
Think of it ever by night and by day;
Pray for it! sigh for it! work for it! die for it!
What is this life and dear freedom away?

List! scarce a sound can be heard in our thoroughfares —
Look! scarce a ship can be seen on our streams;
Heart-crushed and desolate, spell-bound, irresolute,
Ireland but lives in the bygone of dreams!

Irishmen! if we be true to our promises,
Nerving our souls for more fortunate hours,
Life's choicest blessings, love's fond caressings,
Peace, home, and happiness, all shall be ours!

Denis Florence Mac Carthy.

The New Know-Nothingism of Mr. McGlynn

It is a singular fact that, while Protestant converts to the Catholic Church have nothing but words of sympathy and compassion for the companions they have left, nearly every man whose acts have placed him beyond the pale of the faith turns with fury upon the mother he has repudiated. Such drifting souls, tossed on the billows of doubt, feel that they have relinquished all right to a steady anchorage, and they look back with envy to that secure haven where for years they had lived in peace. Some such unexpressed, unconscious train of ideas, must have been passing through the mind of the unfortunate man, when Mr. McGlynn sat down to write his article on "The New Know-Nothingism and the Old," in the *North American Review* for August. He tells the American people, in effect, that their rights and liberties are menaced by "the growth of an ecclesiastical power, secret and despotic in its methods, and owing blind obedience to a foreign potentate." Mr. McGlynn is fond of harping on this chord, with variations to suit each phase of the several weighty problems, each of which he dismisses with a flippant and shallow *ipse dixit,* and with a disregard for exactness that is very astonishing in one who sets up to be the astute leader of a political party whose aim, disguise it how they may, is to accomplish the mighty task of disrupting the Catholic Church in the United States. As a specimen of his slippery "methods" of argumentation, we shall take one passage, both because it is so glaringly calculated to mislead those who know no better, and because it bears intimately on the very heart of the whole question between the Catholic Church and the modern state. Mr. McGlynn says:

"Thirty-five years ago it was extremely rare to hear from bishops and priests the denunciations, now so common, of the public schools, which, in spite of the hackneyed character of the phrase, have well been called, and may, for all time to come, well be called, the palladium of our liberties, and the safeguard of American Institutions. . . . This is shown by the language of the earlier councils of Baltimore, in which, speaking of the public schools, they have nothing to say of the 'godlessness,' the 'wantonness,' and the 'immoralities,' of these schools, of which things we have in late years heard so much from bishops and priests and their organs. There is now an avowed determination, as shown in the last Council of Baltimore, to establish all over the country a great system of parochial schools in opposition to the public schools; and it is made the most urgent duty of priests everywhere, under threat of expulsion, to found such schools."

Observe the blundering skill of this passage: "The earlier councils of Baltimore" had nothing to say about the "godlessness," "wantonness," and "immoralities" of public schools, although there is now an "avowed determination, as shown in the last Council of Baltimore, to establish all over the country a great system of parochial schools," while "bishops, priests, and their organs" denounce the public schools as very nests of evil. Although the assertion is not made in explicit terms, Mr. McGlynn wants his readers to understand that there is a vital change in the attitude of the Catholic Church towards that fine "palladium of our liberties," and a notable tightening of the reins of "ecclesiastical despotism." But such is not the case. Mr. McGlynn must either be very ignorant himself of the laws of the Church to which he used to belong, or must count upon the ignorance of his readers, when

he makes that fatal reference to the "earlier councils of Baltimore," whose acts and decrees are in cold type and easily accessible to any one acquainted with Latin. There has not, in truth, been the slightest change in the tone of councilliar decrees on the subject of education, except in so far as the evils and the extravagance of our system of public schools have become more marked day by day; a fact conceded now by many thoughtful Protestants of the purest native stock — some of those genuine "native Americans" whom Mr. McGlynn is so fond of praising. The very first Provincial Council of Baltimore, which was held in October, 1829, under the presidency of Archbishop Whitfield, acting as Apostolic Delegate to that "foreign potentate," the Pope — a council which was really national, since it included the whole republic — made no fewer than three decrees upon this very subject. Three years ago the present writer met this charge before Mr. McGlynn had formulated it, in the following words:

"It has been charged that the Church's policy has greatly changed on the subject of the danger to Catholic youth from education in mixed schools. Certainly the evil is aggravated now by the vast expansion of the system; but, as far back as 1829, we see no difference in the tone of the prelates — that is, measured by the lesser danger at that day. The thirty-third, thirty-fourth, and thirty-fifth decrees deal with the matter in no honeyed tones. Wherever parochial schools are possible, they are ordered to be opened, and Sunday schools are insisted upon as an absolute necessity; when a school is found in which Catholic doctrines or moral principles are attacked, it is the duty of the pastor in its neighborhood to prohibit attendance at it by the children of his flock."*

Six provincial councils repeated this decree, and the first Plenary Council, held in May, 1852, under the presidency of Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, devoted the thirteenth decree, which was a long and carefully worded one, to the school question. In it the bishops in their respective dioceses, and the pastors in their respective parishes, are urged to take into grave consideration the great and increasing evil of youth growing up ignorant of God and the teachings of His Church; and, if it was possible, to establish a school by the side of every church. The second Plenary Council, held in the autumn of 1866, under the presidency of Archbishop Martin John Spalding, commanded the erection of parochial and industrial schools, where possible.†

Now by contrasting these decrees of the "earlier councils of Baltimore" with the long, carefully constructed decree under "Titulus VI. De Catholica Juventutis Institutione" ‡ which covers fifteen large pages, any one can see at a glance that the assembled bishops merely decreed what their predecessors had commanded — the establishment of parochial schools, where possible. Mr. McGlynn's flippant assertion, a little further on, that it is a "growing tendency to forbid" Catholics "to use" the public schools, "under penalty of privation of the sacraments," is directly in the teeth of facts, for in this very decree the council expressly prohibited priests from refusing the sacraments to Catholics who sent their children to the public schools.

*"The Councils of Baltimore." By Hugh P. McElrone. *Memorial Volume of the Third Plenary Council* 1884. P. 33.

† *Concilii Plenarii Baltimorensis II. Acta et Decreta.*

‡ *Acta et Decreta Concilii Plenarii Baltimorensis Tertii.* Pp. 100–114.

This is the only grave charge that Mr. McGlynn brings against the Catholic Church — that she wants to see Catholic children obtain a moral and religious education. He sprinkles his adjectives of denunciation pretty thick against this "enemy of American institutions," but he finds this enmity exhibited only in the parochial schools, which, he holds, were established simply to antagonize the public schools. If facts fail to support his theory, that makes no difference. Let the facts stand aside; the argument must be made. Speaking of the heavy weight borne by Catholics in having to pay their taxes to support the public schools, and then to support their own, Mr. McGlynn puts the responsibility on the shoulders of the chief victims. He says: "The ecclesiastical authorities of Italy, while willing enough to impose on our Catholic people of America so heavy a burden, do not dare to try to impose a similar burden upon their people nearer home." Why, in the Pope's own city, in Rome itself, since the seizure of the public schools by the usurping government of Savoy, the Catholics have established at immense cost, a complete and perfect system of schools, which are crowded with children, while the empty benches of the government schools tell an eloquent tale concerning the amount of confidence placed in them by parents. Infidels in the Italian parliament, who make it their business to war upon the Church, not sneakingly, however, but in an open manner, have avowed that they sent their daughters to convent schools and their sons to the colleges of religious orders, because they wanted them raised to be pure men and women, with a sound, thorough, and healthy education. This does not sound much like "churchmen" allowing "Catholic children to grow up in brutish ignorance."

The position of the Church in regard to education is one that is held by nearly every thoughtful man who has given much candid consideration to the subject: it is that the education of children should be controlled by their parents, not by the state. The training up of youthful intellects is too delicate a matter to be placed in the hands of politicians, and to be made the sport of partisan demagogues. Do we not see one glaring evil in the mere wastefulness and extravagance which mark the whole public school system to-day, especially in the great cities? Teachers hold their places by the favor of local "bosses;" school houses are erected to be monumental piles for the ornament of the city streets and the depletion of the public treasury by contractors; school supplies are furnished by houses, which, through the influence of men who disgrace city councils, are enabled to charge double the retail prices of the articles supplied; and the whole atmosphere of the system is now thoroughly impregnated with fraud and sham. Several thousand children, generally a mixture of boys and girls, are crowded together in these huge caravansaries of corruption, and are ground through their lessons with the rigid regularity of a machine. As a consequence, the children grow up without any real training of the intellect, without religion, without morals, dull, flabby creatures, with the knowledge of worldly men in all evil from the time before they reached their teens, and utterly worthless, most of them for the practical business of life. Catholics do not like to submit their children to this process. Neither do Protestants, nor persons of any other or no creed, when they once

open their eyes to the many and varied evils of the public school. And it is Catholic laymen who feel most deeply upon this subject. The bishops and priests know these facts and enforce their obvious lesson; but it is the children of laymen, their own flesh and blood, that the state desires to submit to its process of uneducation, and the idea touches them to the quick. When bishops and priests are charged with the wish of acquiring autocratic power, by founding parochial schools, they can answer that the demand came from intelligent Catholic laymen, who had looked for themselves, and who asked the Church to give them schools where they could safely send their children.

Under the name of "fair play," Mr. McGlynn desires to perpetuate this system. Is it fair play? If the state considers it necessary to pay for the education of its future citizens out of the revenues it raises, is it fair to deprive a large portion of its citizens of the benefits accruing from these taxes, a part of which they pay? Suppose the state should take it into its head to-morrow to supply every citizen with a Bible, and were to pitch upon the Douay version as the best. Say it ordered sixty million large quarto copies, and told the Protestants who applied that they could not obtain the King James version they asked for, but must take the Douay or do without, what a howl would be raised. How the land would ring with cries against the shameless tyranny of our rulers. And yet that is how Catholics are treated in this matter of education. The state says to its citizens: "Bring your children to me; I will educate them." When the confiding Catholic applies for this famous education he is handed out an article that he does not want. He must take his dose mixed with King James's perversion of holy writ and Protestant hymns, or else without any religion at all, which amounts to atheism. He says that is not what he wants. He wants a good Catholic brand of religious education, or will take none at all. The state then tells him to do without. And because Catholics, who pay their taxes like other citizens, demur gently at this, and ask at least a part of their rights, Mr. McGlynn sets them down as enemies of the American Republic and foes of his "palladium of our liberties." For all Catholics care, he and his friends can keep their "palladium of our liberties" and "anti-poverty societies" running right along, if they will only forbear to force out of Catholics taxes from which they do not and cannot receive the remotest benefits.

There are now about five hundred thousand children in Catholic parochial schools. A low average rate of the cost of the education of each child in the public schools throughout the United States would be $18 a year. Thus, it appears that the Catholics of this country are now paying to the State $9,000,000 every year to support schools whose effects are often to alienate such Catholic children as go to them from the faith of their fathers. Is this "fair play?" And are Catholics, who ask that their share of the public money be devoted to the kind of education they want, to be set down as enemies of American institutions?

The school question is the only real charge in Mr. McGlynn's indictment of the Catholic Church. We have fully answered what he had to say about that. His fire-breathing adjectives and platform platitudes may be carted aside as so much rubbish; they are not worthy

of being noticed. In fact, if Mr. McGlynn had not been the author of the article, but some other member of the "anti-poverty society" had written it, it would not deserve notice at all. But, having occupied the station that he did, his plausible and shifty style of argumentation might mislead some, when he seeks to fasten upon the Catholic Church the stigma of hostility to American institutions. The Catholic Church sat by the cradle of the republic; Catholic arms, Catholic blood, Catholic money, were freely given to achieve our independence; and Catholics have as much right to enjoy their share of the benefits flowing from the liberty they helped to gain as have their Protestant fellow-citizens.

HUGH P. MCELRONE.

A New Irish Periodical Review.

IN this age, characterized as it is by a great intellectual activity, use is every day being made of periodical magazines for a very obvious end — the interchange of opinion. Ideas can elaborately be expressed and calmly criticised in the pages of a periodical, often, perhaps with more tangible advantage than before a public assembly. That idea has been caught up and acted on to such an extent in days just past that in the future "History of our Times" a chapter will be devoted to the rise and growth of the periodical literature of the past half century.

However, in this department of literature, there are considerable drawbacks. We have few, if any, magazines in which the specialists of the several departments of literature in our educational establishments could call their own, and in which they might freely set forth their views in the discussion of interesting scientific and literary questions. This want, which has been felt in the past, is soon to be remedied. It is proposed to start a Monthly Educational and Literary Magazine and Review, to be called *The Lyceum*, on September 1st, and, judging from the prospectus of the forth-coming journal, it promises to be a decided success.

Its editor will probably be the well-known distinguished Jesuit philosopher and scholar, the Rev. T. Finlay, S. J., examiner in Philosophy of the Royal University of Ireland. The aim of this new publication will be to discuss such questions of scientific and literary interest as may be found worthy of the attention of men of education. In the treatment of questions of this kind, the prospectus says: "The writers, while availing themselves of the assured results of scientific research and literary criticism, will be careful to keep in view the teaching of the Catholic Church and be guided by it. No subject which can be treated from the point of view of literature or erudition, will be deemed alien to this periodical. One very important feature in this new publication will be that it will be of special utility to students. The contributors will include representatives of the various branches of science, and experts in special departments of literature. Many of these writers, the prospectus says, are engaged in the work of teaching. Seeing that the

subscription is fixed at a very moderate figure, we may prophesy that *The Lyceum* will have a very wide circulation. The eminent firm of Browne & Nolan, Nassau Street, Dublin, will be the publishers.

DOWER, LADYSBRIDGE, COUNTY CORK. VIATOR.

Rosary Sunday: October 7.

EVERY festival of the Holy Catholic Church is fraught with a two-fold meaning, one linking it to the mysteries of heaven, the other binding it to the memories of earth. This is particularly remarkable in to-day's commemoration, known to the faithful under its double title of "Our Lady of Victories" and "Feast of the Holy Rosary," the former referring to the heroism of arms and the glories of the battlefield, and the latter, to the omnipotence of prayer and the invincibility of faith.

On October 7, 1572, was fought the memorable battle of Lepanto, in which the Christian hosts drove back the Turkish hordes from the gates of Western Europe, and saved Christianity and civilization from the Crescent and the Sword. Pope Pius V., then reigning Pontiff, was the guiding spirit of this enterprise, for his voice had summoned the nations to defend Europe from the Mahometans, and his zeal and energy spurred them on and sustained them in their perilous undertaking. The Dominican Order, to which Pius V. belonged, was most unwearied in their prayers and devotions for the success of the Christian hosts, and besieged heaven with their petitions for a glorious victory over the Turkish infidels.

It is also recorded that the flag ship of Don John of Austria, commander of the whole Christian fleet, bore a consecrated banner, blessed by Pius V. himself, to which was attached a blessed Rosary — and thus while Pope, and priests and pious Christians implored God's help through the Blessed Virgin's intercession, the prince, the sailors, and the soldiers also invoked her aid as they sailed into the Bay of Lepanto and defied the Ottoman fleet.

The day was won by lowly prayer and heroic bravery, and the battle of Lepanto must always rank among the noblest victories of the Christian arms, and the most memorable in its results upon European civilization. The Christian fleet broke the naval power of the Turks, and gave the first decisive check to Ottoman aggression. Don John's own hand pulled down the Crescent from the Pasha's ship, while the death of the Turkish leader brought consternation to the galleys and a close to the engagement.

"There was a man sent from God whose name was John!" exclaimed the saintly Pius V. when he heard the realization of his hopes and the success of the Christian arms. And then, in gratitude to God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, he ordered the 7th of October to be kept in perpetual remembrance of the day, under the name of the festival of "Our Lady of Victories;" but Gregory XIII., admiring the modesty of his predecessor who had not chosen to mention the Rosary

"for fear he should be thought rather to have sought the honor of his Order than that of truth," ordered that the festival of "Our Lady of Victories" should be kept on the first Sunday in October, in all the Dominican Churches, under the new title of "The Festival of the Holy Rosary."

Finally Clement XII. extended this celebration to the whole Christian world, and hence the festival links together the mysteries of heaven with the memories of earth, and unfolds to thoughtful and intelligent minds its beautiful two-fold significance.

Such are the festivals of the Holy Catholic Church, grand in their commemoration, sublime in their signification, and consoling in their instructiveness.

The heroes and victors of Lepanto were no weak-minded men; but they knew God's will is above all wills, and that He controls the destinies of nations: hence they asked His benediction through His Virgin Mother's intercession, and their prayers were granted.

It was then that the invocation, "Help of Christians," was first introduced by Pius V. into the Litany of Loretto, thus proving that Pontiff and people humbly acknowledged Mary's assistance in this glorious victory — one of the noblest ever won under the guidance of the cross and in the name of the Blessed Mother of God.

Most beautiful are these festivals, and most beautiful, too, is the memory of that Church which perpetuates them in the minds of her children from year to year, and from centuries to centuries, thus revealing the hand of God in all the events of life, and raising the hearts of men from things temporal to things eternal.

The Catholic who takes the trouble to learn the two-fold meaning of our Holy Festivals will find his mind enlarged and his soul edified by the lessons of history and the examples of God's mercy which are therein entwined.

N. O. Morning Star.

The Irish People.

A Change of Sentiment in America Regarding Them — Why This is So.

THERE has been a marked change in sentiment in regard to the Irish question in this country within the past two or three years. The American people are beginning to understand what this question means, and they are learning more about the Irish and their rights and wrongs than they ever knew before. The English idea of an Irishman has been heretofore accepted as the correct one. He has been looked upon as ignorant and quarrelsome, and of a race with whom it was impossible to live in friendly neighborliness. We now understand that centuries of grinding poverty and wrong have put their impress upon the Irishman's face and character, and have instilled into his nature that stubborn combativeness which alone has prevented his being stamped out by the long oppression that he has endured.

Without Irish pluck and combativeness where would the world be to-day? The Irish people have helped both bravely and loyally to win great victories for England and France and America. They helped man Britain's ships in the defeat of the Great Armada and at the battle of Trafalgar. They helped win England's victories at Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Salamanca, Viterbo and Waterloo. The Irish legion in the French army helped to beat the English at Fontenoy. Irishmen were in the front rank at Buena Vista and Chapultepec, at Chicamauga and Gettysburg. They are a virile, aggressive, tenacious, irrepressible race in war and in peace.

But the Irish make good citizens here. Under the beneficent influences of this free and prosperous country Irishmen and their children here are found among our most energetic, prosperous and respected citizens.

The notion that the Irish people are lawless and disorderly is in a large degree erroneous. A comparison of the criminal records of the English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish is not unfavorable to the latter. The Statesman's Year Book for 1887, an English publication, furnishes the following criminal statistics:

	Committed for trial.	Convicted.
England and Wales	13,586	10,500
Scotland	2,537	1,956
Ireland	2,850	1,573

The population of the kingdoms that year was estimated to be: England and Wales, 27,499,041; Scotland, 3,907,736; Ireland, 4,918,338. From these figures, it will be seen that the Irish criminal record is better than that of either England or Scotland. The Irish have also a greater respect for the marriage relation than have either the English or the Scotch. In Scotland, in 1885, the average proportion of illegitimate births was 8.5 per cent. of the whole; in England it was 4.7, but in Ireland it was but 2.8, the rate varying from 0.9 in Catholic Connaught to 4.3 in Protestant Ulster.

The Irish are much better than they have been painted. They have been maligned to the world. The fictions in regard to them are being dispelled by investigation. It only remains for them to disprove one other illusion — that they are incapable of governing themselves. At the present rate of progress they will soon have an opportunity to prove that this, too, is an error.

Providence Telegram.

No, my dear daughter, it is not necessary to the practice of virtues to be continually mindful of all of them; that would only embarrass your thoughts and your affections. Humility and charity are the mother cords to which all the others are attached; one is the highest, the other the lowest. The safety of a whole edifice depends upon the foundation and the roof. These are the mother virtues, which the others follow as little chickens do the mother hen.—*St. Francis De Sales.*

A Gift to Our Pope.

THERE is a custom in convents of observing or celebrating the name-feast of a Superior by presenting to her a bouquet, not of flowers growing in any garden or hot-house, nor in the open field in summer-time, but a spiritual bouquet: the flowers, the buds, the leaves, even the stems of which are prayers. Each Sister of the community promises to hear so many Masses, offer so many Communions, beads, stations or good works of any sort, in behalf of her Superior; and thus our happy mother in the midst of her daughters, does not indeed see herself loaded down with visible gifts, but her soul is encouraged and consoled by knowing that all these spiritual engines will be set in motion to obtain for her a better understanding of her duties, and more ability to perform them.

This beautiful and most significant custom, known in convents all over the world, has been extended to us people living in the world, by the daughters of St. Teresa Discalced Carmelite, of 134 Barracks Street, New Orleans, in behalf of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, it being this present year, 1887, fifty years since he was ordained a priest of the Church, of which he is now the visible head.

In addition to this meritorious motive to offer prayers in behalf of the Holy Father, these Carmelites, with that richness of invention by which the merits of simple good works are doubled and even tripled by an additional, propose that all these good works be offered as acts of reparation to the Holy Face of our Lord, for all the blasphemies uttered throughout the world, and through all time; and, with this incredible increase of value, to be offered in behalf of our Holy Father, Leo XIII.

In order to put these gifts in command of the faithful children of the Church, the Carmelite Sisters have issued a form — a picture of the Holy Face at one corner, with a sufficient explanation, also, of the intention, and having blanks to be filled according to the will or ability of all who wish to give consolation and encouragement to the heart of our Holy Pontiff, sorely tried as he is by so many defections and shortcomings, even among Catholics. These leaflets have been sent far and wide, and when we consider how many would be glad to do something for the Holy Father, yet have but small means, we can think of nothing more likely to unite the hearts of Catholics to their Head than coöperation in this work of prayer. When distributed at the hands of those who have received them in large packages from the Sisters, it is only necessary to have the blank spaces filled out with the name of the person, the number of prayers promised by each, and then returned to the distributer, who will forward these leaflets to the Sisters in New Orleans; who, in turn, will send them to the Director of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Face, thence to have their contents duly communicated to the Holy Father himself.

We have taken pains to give explanation in detail of this significant and beautiful form of expressing our regard for, and our fealty to, the Sovereign Pontiff, because many receive the leaflets without seeming to understand that they are to be returned, keeping them instead, snugly in their own prayer books.

Nor must we forget the devotion of reparation by which the Carmelites have contrived to enrich our gifts with "inestimable pearls." This reparation to the Holy Face covers not only these terrible words, blaspheming the name and the person of our Lord, but also those blasphemous denials of His Divinity, of His Omniscience, of His Omnipotence, so rife in the world at this very time. What Catholic, even if not very pious, has not shuddered, not only at words uttered, but at whole blasphemous sentences printed, put before the young of all classes, defying, as it were, the Omnipotence that can punish, as well as spurning the mercy that redeems, and yet unable, it would seem, to offer any fitting reparation? To such, how grateful will be the opportunity to repair, in some small measure, for the irreverences committed against our Lord. Nor is this reparation to be confined to those who have made their first Communion. The smallest child that can say an "Our Father," or a "Hail Mary," can offer this as a reparation to the Holy Face in behalf of our beloved Pope, Leo XIII., and thus win for itself a grace, blossoming now, to bear fruit in years to come. We can never calculate the force of impressions made upon the mind of the young, and what father, what mother, would not secure this impression for good on the susceptible minds of their offspring.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

God Must Have His Place.

IT is not only religion — not only true wisdom — but it is men's and nations' interest to give God His place in human affairs and to recognize and adore His presence and His power in the workings of this world. The civilization that is false to Him cannot be beneficial to man. The developments of individuals and peoples which ignore Him must lead straight to destruction. The progress which goes not towards Him, is not progress. Human fabrics, without the Divine cement, must totter. Sink their foundations ever so deep, let them tower ever so high — they must fall. There can be no salvation for the individual without him; there can be no social amelioration without him. Necessary for man isolated, He is necessary for men in their collective capacity.

Mark our words. They sound harsh — but they express the truth. Yes, woe to the nations that forget and ignore God. Are they strong? He can shatter their strength. Are they proud? He can bend their brows to the very dust. Are they prosperous? With a wave of His hand He can blast their prosperity. Boast they of their grandeur? He can dig it a grave. Do they lift up their heads vainly exalted? In the clouds lurk the lightning to strike and scathe the lofty oak. Do they brag of their security? He can change the calm into the tempest. The powers of life and death in His hands, He wields them in justice and in judgment over the nations and the centuries, in accordance with their relations to Him and His laws and truths.

How stands our age towards God? How, our people? Are we

for Him or against Him, that we may know whether He is for us, or against us? What is the measure of our faith in Him — our fear of Him — our love for Him? Is the face of our century turned towards Him to adore, or to deride? Are we giving Him room and place or are we crowding Him out? In the progress we are making, are we moving towards Him or from Him? What are the signs of His presence among us?

New Orleans Morning Star.

A Prolific Race.

ALTHOUGH a great deal has been written about the French-Canadians within the last five or six years, it is not generally thought that they are the most prolific race that men have, so far, had an opportunity of writing about from reliable statistics.

There was no real census of Canada taken in 1760, when it came under English domination; but there was a very close estimate made of the then existing population, and it was made both by French and English authorities. The estimate ranged from 60,000 to 70,000 for the whole of the enormous region to which France surrendered claim after the battle of the Plains of Abraham. It is safe to say that about 65,000 was about the number of the French speaking persons who came under English rule on this continent in 1760. The last census of Canada was in 1880, and it showed within a fraction of 1,400,000 French-Canadians in the Dominion; the number is now estimated at 1,600,000, and the number of people of French-Canadian birth and extraction residing in the United States is estimated at fully 500,000. This will give the astonishing results of 65,000 people having increased to 2,100,000 in 127 years! No increase recorded by any authentic statistics now known to exist, gives any approach to this in rapidity. The increase in the population of Ireland between the years 1700 and 1800 was at one time considered the most extraordinary in history; in 1700 the population of Ireland was estimated at about 1,000,000, but it reached over 4,000,000 in the year 1800. This increase, enormous as it was, was only 400 per cent. in a century; whereas the increase in the French-Canadian population has been 2,800 per cent. in 127 years! Admitting that there were 70,000 people in Canada in 1760, and that 2,100,000 have sprung from them, it will be found that the latter figures are twenty-eight times the amount of the former; and therefore the increase of the French Canadians, would appear to be fully five times greater than the increase of the Irish during the time in which their increase was most rapid. To put the extraordinary increase in the French-Canadian population in a still more striking light, it will be found that supposing the population of the United States to have been 3,500,000 in 1776 — that was the estimate — and 50,000,000 in 1880, the increase of the French-Canadians has been nearly 20 per cent. greater; and that if this country had increased its population in the same ratio, it would have contained about 70,000,000 instead of 50,-

000,000 in 1880. But it should be remembered that the United States has had half the world pouring its surplus population into them for more than a century, while the French-Canadians hardly received a man from the mother-country during the same time. The emigration from France to Canada has been absolutely *nil* since 1760.

The extraordinary increase of the Canadian-French is one of the most interesting and suggestive social phenomena that can well be conceived, and would seem to indicate that there is some radical physical difference between the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland and those of France. The Canadian-French population is about the oldest white race on this continent, and yet they show no tokens of physical decay. It is popularly believed, and seems to be satisfactorily proved, that Americans of the oldest American stock are not generally as robust as those whose fathers or grandfathers came from Europe; but this rule does not hold good with the Canadian-French, for they are probably the hardiest race in the world. They do not average quite so tall as the Americans, but they are much more generally broad-shouldered, wiry and healthy. The wonder is how it came to pass that a mere handful of people have, in spite of one of the most rigorous climates in the world, grown into a veritable nation in a little over a century.

The *Citizen* does not profess to be able to solve the French-Canadian problem; but it can at least show some of the causes which induced such extraordinary prolificness amongst the inhabitants of the banks of the St. Lawrence. To begin, the climate, if severe, is one of the healthiest in the world. The heats of summer are often intense, but rarely last more than a few days. Fever and ague are unknown, and the people live simply. But a fact that has tended more than anything else to the extraordinary increase of population, they are eminently virtuous. They marry early and have generally enormous families. Twenty children are by no means an uncommon family in Lower Canada. There is not the feverish haste to get rich which ages so many Americans before their time. And then the *Habitants* — that is one of the names by which they are known — are sincerely religious. In no part of the world, perhaps, are family and social intercourse more Christian, more gentle or more beautiful than amongst the "Habitants." Crime may be said to be almost unknown. It could easily be proved that there have been more murders and homicides in one generation in Kentucky than ever took place amongst the Canadian-French from the beginning of their history. Virtue is ever the strongest thing in the world. The handful of peasants who were so despised by the English that they were regarded as inferior to the Indians, and whose total disappearance or absorption was so often prophesied, have in the long run conquered their conquerors. They form already nearly fifty per cent. of the inhabitants of the Dominion, and at their present rate of increase they will be its masters again before a century.

It is to be ardently hoped that the French of Canada will stick to their language in the future as well as they have in the past. It would be nothing short of a national catastrophe for them were they to give it up now, when power is almost within their grasp. Their language and their nationality are bound up together; if one goes both go.

The Citizen, Chicago, Ill.

A Convert to Home Rule.

THE intelligent Irish commissioner of the *Boston Daily Globe* tells how he captured an anti-home-ruler :—

The religious feeling in Ireland has no more bearing upon the cause of Home Rule than the man in the moon. I have found Catholics who are Home Rulers and Catholics who are royalists in every county in Ireland, and I have found Protestants who worshipped in the same church equally divided between their admiration for Gladstone and Salisbury. One of the most flourishing leagues I visited was in Protestant Belfast, and the hottest den of royalty I got into was an aristocratic clubroom in Catholic Cork. As there are Catholics and Protestants who vote the Democratic and Republican tickets in America, in the same way are the church members divided in Ireland, with this exception, that while the parties are pretty evenly divided in the United States, the Home Rule party in Ireland is overwhelmingly in the majority, so that even in Dublin, the hotbed of royal favor and patronage, the Home Rulers are about three to one.

Without making any more general observations, I will proceed to special cases, and give the talk of a few men whom I met in their own words.

One of the most pronounced Tories I ever talked with, an Irishman by birth and education, and at present a wealthy merchant of London, where he has become thoroughly Anglicized, was Mr. Thomas Harkins. I first met him at a London theatre, where he was holding forth to a select crowd of admirers on the utter incapability of the Irish race for self-government, or even for self-support. As I had but lately arrived I paid no heed to his tirade, but when he began to attack America and called us a coarse race of money-grabbers I could stand it no longer, "and went for him then and there." We parted in anger, and though I do not think he had the best of the argument, I am free to confess that the sympathies of the crowd were largely in his favor. When I came down to my hotel breakfast the next morning the waiter gave me a seat opposite my antagonist. A mutton chop and some rather muddy coffee restored our temper, and when the meal was over he went out to act as my guide through the city. There may be other men who know as much about London as he, but if so I have never met them. The next day I left for Dublin and did not see him again for two weeks. One evening early in July I was sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons listening to Mr. Gladstone's famous speech against the coercion bill when a hand was laid on my shoulder and turning around I recognized my old opponent. I went home with him to his bachelor chambers that night. In a few minutes he was questioning me closely about what I had seen in Ireland. I told him about the condition of affairs at Luggercurran and Bodyke, giving my impressions of the people and the system by which they were ruled. He listened patiently. When I was done he turned to me and said :

"I don't believe a word of it. You have been deceived by the priests and the agents of the league. Whiskey and Romanism are the curses of Ireland. Take them away and let the people go to work and Ireland will be as prosperous as any other country."

Of course we had another pitched battle, which ended in my making him an offer to the effect that he should accompany me to Ireland, go out to some of the places I had visited and see things for himself, and if he did not find affairs as I had stated I was to pay his expenses, while, if I were correct, he was to pay my bills. He accepted the wager at once, and we left for Dublin, Sunday night, arriving in Bodyke, Monday noon. We passed the afternoon and early evening in visiting the evicted tenants on the O'Callahan estates, allowing the people to tell their own story and show their simple homes. My friend asked many pertinent questions, and was frequently very sharp in dealing with the poor people. For the first two hours his desire to learn the inside facts made him almost rude. Then he lighted his pipe and began to talk more easily. About this time, too, I noticed that he began to give away half-pence to the children and pat them on their heads. In half an hour more he was distributing pennies, which grew to sixpences, to shillings and to half-crowns as time went on, and when at sundown we called at the humble cot of a poor widow, I noticed that he slipped a ten-shilling piece into her hand as we left.

"It beats hell," said he, as we mounted a car to ride back and catch our train. That was the only sentence he uttered until we reached our hotel in Dublin. After dinner we strolled down Grafton Street. When we reached Trinity College he slipped a five-pound note into my hand, saying:

"You have won the bets. I did not believe you when you told me the story, but you did not tell me half of it; no man living can tell it. I could never have believed that so much misery existed, and would not believe it now if I had not been compelled to do so. I shall go back home a Home Ruler, and hope to see the day when Ireland is free."

I saw him again later, and learned that he had given £20 to the league. He told me that all decent Englishmen would be Home Rulers if they would take pains to investigate for themselves, as he had done. I am inclined to think so, and believe that the opposition to Ireland that exists among the gentry of England is due to ignorance of the facts, more than to any antipathy to the race.

TORIES MAY WELL BE ALARMED.—In the *Nineteenth Century* appears an article by Mr. Gladstone entitled "Electoral Facts of 1887," in which he says that the general election of 1886 indicated not the conviction but the perplexity of the country. He contends that the results of the recent elections are equivalent to an improved Liberal strength of twenty-two per cent., and that, giving the Conservatives the benefit of all doubts, a new election would leave the latter in a minority of one hundred and three. This basis, he continues, is too narrow to allow of a demonstration or the expression of undue confidence on the part of the Liberals; but, viewing the figures in cold blood, a rational Tory or dissident will probably regard them as of marked significance, and may even begin to inquire in a reflective temper, "Where is all this to end?"

The Sorrowful Singer.

I KNOW of a sorrowful singer
  Who sings the whole day long,
And oft' as she sings she will always
  Sing a sorrowful song.
The little birds oft' at her window
  Their warbling visits pay,
'Till hearing her sad notes of sorrow
  They turn and flit away.

But I love the voice of the singer
  That brings again to me
The twilight, the glen, and the river,
  And wailing, weird banshee:
I deem that I stand on the mountain,
  Where I stood long ago,
And I feel the spell of the music
  That fills the vale below.

And this singer once had a lover,
  And he a singer too,
And the notes of one and the other
  Were gladsome notes and true;
But the lyre they tuned was their country's,
  They beat the chords too strong,
And one is an exiled outlaw,
  And one has changed her song.

And he does and sings for fatherland
  As faithful and as bold;
But she can no longer sing the strain
  She sang in days of old.
The heart she gave she never took back,
  Though others his did claim;
She always sings her sorrowing dirge,
  And never breathes his name.

BOSTON. DENIS B. COLLINS.

What is Meant by a Catholic Training.

IN disputes more than often the soul of the question is completely overlooked, and the technical element of the issue becomes the pivotal point of contention. We have sometimes noticed even among Catholics this mental obliquity in the matter of public schools *versus* a religious training. This arises from a fundamental misconception of the true function of religion in the sphere of education. It is supposed that a catechetical instruction in the school-room, either before or after or during school hours, is a satisfactory solution of the claims of religion;

but this is so far from being an adequate supply to the demand, that it is practically a nullification of the effects of the religious training required.

It is a Catholic atmosphere that is needed in the school-room. The concrete representatives of man's moral and spiritual life should ever be present to the pupil's eye, and the voice of religion in his ear. It must enter into the very fibre of his moral system, until he becomes thoroughly saturated with its invigorating life. The growing child must be developed, fashioned, formed under its inspiration. It must be the sunshine that supplies warmth and vigor to the budding intellect and the expanding will. When the child learns he must learn religiously, that is, he must imbibe knowledge along with the milk of religious morality. His studies should have the aroma of purity and truth and sanctity about them, that he may take up into his intellectual life, as a flavor of its food, a healthy and elevated morality. In short, his religious training must be part and parcel of his mental education, not a thing distinct and apart for this or that half hour of the day, when his books are laid aside to make way for a lesson in Catechism. He must practically be taught his Catechism all day long, for it should be an odor, like the sweet essence of the rose in a garden, which permeates all else, even when the flower itself is not to be seen.

This is what is properly meant by a religious education. It is not the fact that a Catholic teacher instructs the pupil, or that there is the short half-hour devoted to a lesson in Catechism, which is, of course, an excellent thing, but it is the constant *Catholic training* and the *Catholic atmosphere* of the school-room that makes the bone and sinew of sound morality.— *St. Louis Catholic World.*

Here is the true idea, *clearly expressed!* Condé Pallen, Esq., has become editor of the St. Louis *Catholic World,* from which we quote it. The man that wrote the three paragraphs above quoted, is one whose eyes are open. We cordially welcome him to his place in Catholic journalism, observes a contemporary.

Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

THE seventeenth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held in Philadelphia on the 3d and 4th of August. Over four hundred delegates were present, making it the most numerously attended, as it was also the most successful convention of representative workers in the cause of total abstinence thus far held. On the evening of the 2d the societies of the Archdiocesan Union of Philadelphia, represented by upwards of ten thousand men n line, made an imposing display in a grand torchlight procession, which was reviewed by Archbishop Ryan and the visiting delegates, and witnessed by thousands of spectators. On the morning of the 3d the convention opened with Solemn Pontifical Mass, celebrated by

the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan. In the absence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, the Rev. James M. Cleary, President of the Union, preached the sermon. Reports made at the business meetings show that during the year passed there had been a gain of 105 societies and 7,000 members, testifying to the rapidly extending influence for good exercised by those actively interesting themselves in this noble work. Among the other features of the convention were the spirited and encouraging addresses of Archbishop Ryan and Bishop Keane, of Richmond, the sending of a filial message to the Sovereign Pontiff asking the Papal blessing, and the enacting of a series of resolutions clearly setting forth the principles actuating the work of the Union, and presenting methods of reform to be adopted. The labors of the convention concluded with the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows: President, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass.; Vice-President, Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame; Treasurer, Rev. Philip J. Garrigan, Fitchburg, Mass.; Secretary, Philip A. Nolan, Philadelphia. Provincial Vice-Presidents, Cincinnati, William A. Manning; Baltimore, Frank McNorham; Boston, Rev. J. McCoy; Chicago, Hugh J. McGuire; Milwaukee, Rev. M. E. Murphy; New Orleans, D. H. Buckley; New York, W. H. Downs; Philadelphia, J. A. Collier. The next convention will be held in Boston on the second Wednesday in August, 1888.

The Shooting of Stonewall Jackson.

After night fell, Stonewall Jackson rode out with his staff to reconnoitre in front of the line he had gained. It was his idea to stretch completely around in the rear of Hooker and cut him off from the river.

The night was dark and Jackson soon came upon the Union lines. Their infantry drove him back, and as he returned in the darkness, his own soldiers began firing at their commander — of course, mistaking his party for the enemy. Jackson was shot in the hand and wrist and in the upper arm at the same time. His horse turned, and the general lost his hold of the bridle-rein; his cap was brushed from his head by the branches; he reeled, and was caught in the arms of an officer. After a moment he was assisted to dismount, his wound was examined, and a litter was brought. Just then the Union artillery opened again, and a murderous fire came down upon the party through the woods and the darkness. One of the litter-bearers stumbled and fell and the others were frightened; they laid the litter on the ground, the furious storm of shot and shell sweeping over them like hail. Jackson attemped to rise, but his aid-de-camp held him down till the tempest of fire was lulled. Then the wounded general was helped to rise, and walked a few steps in the forest; but he became faint, and was laid again in his litter. Once he rolled to the ground, when an assistant

was shot, and the litter fell. Just then General Pender, one of his subordinates, passed. He stopped and said:

"I hope you are not seriously hurt, general. I fear I shall have to retire my troops, they are so much broken."

But Jackson looked up at once and exclaimed: "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir!"

This was the last order he ever gave. He was borne some distance to the nearest house and examined by the surgeon; and after midnight his left arm was amputated at the shoulder.

When Lee was told that his most trusted lieutenant had been wounded he was greatly distressed, for the relations between them were almost tender.

"Jackson has lost his left arm," said Lee, "but I have lost my right arm."

GENERAL BADEAU in *St. Nicholas.*

Our German Fellow Catholics.

REV. WM. TAPPERT, of Covington, Ky., chairman of the committee on arrangements for the first American-German Catholic Convention, which met in Chicago, Sept. 4, referring to dispatches in the Associated Press report of Aug. 3, purporting to give the real objects of the convention, says: "I was astonished to see the dispatch. What the 'prominent Catholic priest' of the city of New York says in the *Herald* is absolutely absurd. He misconstrues altogether the aims and objects of this convention. Such meetings, while rare in the United States, are common in Germany, France, Belgium and Italy, and have been for many years. Their benefits have long been known and felt, not alone by the Church in general, but by the Catholics of those countries. The originators, to call them so, have been for some time desirous of introducing them in America. I use the word originators, although the idea has for a long time been entertained, and recently culminated in the invitation, which has been made public in all German, and many English Catholic papers of the country. To give greater publicity to the objects of the meeting, and to correct what is a ruinous idea of it, I will state them again. But let me say that it is not in the least designed to further the advancement of the German priesthood or to retard the advancement of the Irish priesthood to the episcopacy, and what the rector of the German Catholic church in New York says in the *Herald* on this point is emphatically absurd. The convention will not and cannot have any voice whatever in the selection of bishops for the Church in America, nor in the government of the affairs of the dioceses, and does not desire to gain, what the gentleman says is emphatically denied as untrue, absurd and impossible. This is self-evident to any Catholic, since the convention can only exist with the coöperation of the episcopate, and could not exist a moment without its positive approbation. It will meet in Chicago, the venerable Archbishop of which See very cordially gave to me the permission to hold the convention in his city.

"The prime object which will be sought in the meeting will be a declaration to the world of the humble, steadfast faith of the German-American Catholics and their devotion to the Holy See and the episcopate of the Church in America.

"Very many of the bishops have been invited; so have all the abbots of religious orders in America. Some have already accepted the invitation, which I extended two days ago, being chairman of the committee on arrangements, and each and all of them will be cordially welcomed.

"There will be present from all parts of the United States clergymen and laymen, and discussion will be had on all prominent questions of the day, following in this the programme of similar meetings in Europe. For example, the labor question, parochial schools, the German-Catholic press, societies, benevolent and otherwise, etc. During the session a eulogy on Pope Leo will be promulgated.

"Further misrepresentation of the objects of the meeting will not be noticed. Instead of attempting to foster ill-feeling between the Germans and our Irish-Catholic fellow-citizens, the contrary will be the result. It will be the aim of the convention to plant deeper the tenets of our holy faith in America, and from an observance of the same, manly love and good-will can come to all men. We will not forget we are Catholics. Neither will we, while acknowledging our German descent forget another thing — that we are American citizens."

American Help to Ireland.

THE current issue of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* contains a very interesting article, written by Thomas Power O'Connor, M.P., on "The Immediate Prospects of Ireland," at the conclusion of which he thus depicts the dependence which the Irish people must, of necessity, place on their friends in America for financial help to carry on their present conflict with Coercion:—

"After all, the question in Ireland is not a question of the number of men who are ready and willing to go to prison. Ireland has always been able to supply a sufficient number of this masculine mould and character. What men fear in Ireland is not imprisonment, but the ruin of their families. If the National League is able to assure the people that while they are in jail their wives and children will not be allowed to starve, and that their business will not be allowed to go to ruin, there will be plenty of men in all parts of the country who will regard the day that sends them to be confined within its prison walls as the happiest and most glorious days of their lives. In other words, it is a question of money, and of money only. The same observation applies to the resistance which will be given by the tenants. What the National League ought to be able to do is to tell every tenant who makes a manful defence of his home against unjust eviction, that he will not be allowed to suffer; that if his house be

levelled with the ground, the League will supply him with a temporary dwelling place instead; that if his crops, his cattle and his means of livelihood be taken away from him, he and his children will receive such an allowance as will keep them above starvation until the battle is over. All these things mean war and expenditure up to the scale of war. Once more it is the Irish race in America that have largely the decision of this question in their hands. Coercion cannot reach, Coercion cannot intimidate them. Living under a flag of a free country in those prominent and lucrative positions to which the talent of their race entitles them at home and abroad, it is they who are most feared by the enemies of their country and of their race. Three-fourths of the calumnies heaped upon the heads of the Irish nation and of the Irish leaders, are the shrieks of impotent rage against the Irish in America. It is felt that there can be no longer, even with Coercion in its worst forms, even if the present Irish party should pass away — it is felt that there can be no longer that dreary interval in Irish history in which the voice of righteous and indignant commands will give place to the silence of the cowed slave or the whimper of the wretched beggar. The fall of O'Connell, the famine, the *regime* of corrupt representation in the imperial Parliament, gave Ireland an interval of nearly a quarter of a century, the darkest in her history. But those were days before Ireland in America stood behind Ireland at home. To the Irish in America, therefore, does the Irish nation look with eager and confident hopes in the present hour of her struggle; and in the very generous and noble response of America in the past lies a sufficient guarantee of generous support and noble action in the present hour."

Grand Ovation to General Collins.

It was Ireland's night at the Boston Theatre on the evening of the 28th of August. Gen. Patrick A. Collins, recently returned from Europe with the freedom of Dublin and Cork in his pocket, with a new bronze on his countenance, and new ardor for Ireland in his heart, was given a reception in Boston's largest theatre. It was full from orchestra to gallery. Mayor O'Brien presided, and around him were gathered the members of the National League in Boston, the clergy, and a large number of merchants and political magnates.

A brief musical programme, made up from Moore's "Melodies," kept the spectators interested, while Boston's pet Congressman shook hands with some five hundred friends in an ante-room, and when that at ast was over the guests filed in upon the platform and the audience cheered warmly.

The Mayor knew that the people came to see and hear General Collins, so he presented him as speedily as possible. Then came a scene of uproarious welcome.

When at last the storm subsided the General raised his eyes and

said: "I come here to ask you, good people of Boston, to give renewed sympathy for the poor people of Ireland. Never did they need it more than to-day. The battle rages hot and fierce, and victory is close at hand: With God's help and the aid of America Ireland has at last the boon of Home Rule within her grasp. The Tory government of 1887 is the weakest England ever had. Eight years ago Mr. Parnell came here a beggar. England, Scotland, Wales and over half of Ireland were against him. How is it now? He has eighty-six members of parliament from Ireland, all of Scotland and Wales, and over half of England on his side. To-day the cause of Ireland is respectable and respected. To-morrow it will be grand. The next Parliament will give Ireland all the Home Rule she wants. Royalty in Great Britain is like an Indian in front of a tobacco shop — no longer ornamental and hardly useful. Monarchy is a sign that there is nothing for sale inside the shop. The House of Commons rules the kingdom, and that is elected by the people, and the people all over the world are for Ireland. I see an early dissolution of Parliament, a Liberal administration and Home Rule for Ireland ahead, and all within the next two years. The Tory party will be powerless in two years and dead as Julius Cæsar in five years."

The General also spoke of the great advances made by Ireland in the past seven years, referring particularly to her manufacturing industries, and asked Americans to encourage the good work. In conclusion, he predicted a time when Ireland should be "as free as Canada, as free as the United States, as free as a bird."

The Hon. John E. Fitzgerald followed. He paid this well-deserved tribute to Mr. Collins: — "General Collins is an example of the patriotic American, who is also a devoted friend of Ireland. His career should be an object-lesson to the young Irish-Americans who are entering public life. It teaches them that honor, conscience and high-mindedness are appreciated in public station." Mr. Fitzgerald closed with a strong appeal to all sympathizers with Ireland to contribute liberally to the fund for the support of the Parliamentary party, and to do everything in their power to bring the cause of Home Rule to a successful issue. Eliot Lord, of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, which paper has been surpassed by none in the vigor, warmth, and sincerity of its advocacy of Irish National Independence, presented

The Resolutions.

WHEREAS, the Tory Government, in the words of William Ewart Gladstone, "has sacrificed the session of Parliament, abridged the liberties of the House of Commons, closed the mouths of members, forbidden every independent proposal, and abandoned good faith to friends, the sanctity of contracts, and the observance of what is called public faith"; and, whereas, it has summed up its misdeeds by proscribing free speech in Ireland in its late proclamation of the National League as a "dangerous association," therefore

Resolved, That this meeting under the call of the Irish National League of Boston and vicinity, justly resents the stigma which the spite of a falling Administration seeks to fasten upon the best hearts and heads in Ireland to palliate its denial of justice, and holds it to be self-evident that the only association dangerous to Ireland is the arrogant and pitiless organization that assumes to govern it in the name of the law.

Resolved, That the continuation in power of a government for Ireland that is neither of the people, for the people,

nor by the people, is a standing menace to the rights and liberties of free men, whose safety and welfare are dependent upon the ending of the reign of despotic misrule, which has been maintained for 800 years, under the white cloak of civilization and law.

Resolved, That we pledge our hearty sympathy and hearty support to the movement for the redemption of Ireland, directed by the proscribed League, and defy any form of coercion to put out the flame now lighted in Irish hearts.

Resolved, Lastly, that we declare our firm faith in the coming overthrow of the shiftless, shuffling, shaky Tory Administration, whose idea of fair play for Ireland is a mixture of tragedy and farce, and whose only success thus far is in paralyzing Parliament and stopping useful legislation; and we welcome its successor, to whom will be the glory of granting justice to Ireland and long-sought relief to a long-suffering people.

They were seconded in an able speech by the ex-mayor, Hon. Frederick O. Prince, who dwelt with especial satisfaction on the magnificent growth of America's sentiment, as evidenced in her newspapers and the attitude of her best men in favor of Irish independence. The last speaker was the Hon. Leopold Morse, M. C., who had come all the way from his summer home in Newport to do honor to his friend, Mr. Collins, and to show his sympathy with the Irish cause. A letter of regret was received from the Rev. T. J. Conaty, of Worcester, who was detained at home by urgent business.

Mayor O'Brien put the resolutions, which were carried amid thunders of applause.

The Proclamation of the League.

THE following is the full text of the proclamation issued against the Irish National League under the Coercion Act:

Special Proclamation.

"Whereas, we are satisfied that there exists in Ireland an association known by the name of the Irish National League, and that the said association in parts of Ireland promotes and excites to acts of violence and intimidation and interferes with the administration of the law, now we, the lord lieutenant, general governor of Ireland, by and with the advice of the privy council, by virtue of section six of the Criminal Law and Procedure, Ireland act, 1887, and of every power and authority in this behalf do, by this, our special proclamation, declare from the date hereof the said association known as the Irish National League to be dangerous.

"This proclamation shall be promulgated by the same being published in the Dublin *Gazette* and by a printed copy thereof being posted at every police station or barracks and every place in which divisional police courts or petty sessions are held respectively in Ireland. Given at the council chamber, Dublin Castle, this 19th day of August, 1887. God save the queen!" and

LONDONDERRY.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

MAX AND HIS DOG BUFF.

WHEN Max was a wee baby he was very delicate, and Uncle Tom declared he ought to have a big dog to play with, as it would make him stronger. His mother was afraid a dog would bite him, but Uncle Tom said his Buff was used to little folks, and he would send him to us.

Buff came — a great big yellow dog — looking so grave and sedate. It was not long before he took Max under his protection, and seemed to love him dearly. He would open his paws and let the baby creep between them, and then hold him fast.

When Max grew bigger he followed him everywhere. One day the mischievous little fellow went to the brook and tried to step in. Buff

caught his dress in his teeth and held him. Max's little fists flew about the dog's head, but still Buff held on, whereupon Max cried out so loud, that we ran to see what was the matter, and thus Buff saved our baby brother.

We grew very fond of the dog after that; but he never would allow us to play with him as Max could, and for hours he would let him talk to and even torment him. Max was very fond of playing at soldiers, and in this game he always insisted that Buff should join, and then this was the kind of conversation we used to hear.

"Buff, you can never be a soldier if you don't stand up straight,

and who ever saw a soldier run after cats? You are a dear old dog, but you don't always behave as I want you to.

"You must sit very still, and I will tell you what we will do. You see, I am going to be a brave general, and you shall be my army. I have put on grandpa's sword and hat, and I will look very fierce, and you must keep close behind me, and when I say 'Halt!' you must stand ever so still, and when I say 'Fire!' you must bark. Do you understand? Oh, you sleepy dog! you are shutting your eyes, even while I'm talking to you. Soldiers do not do so. Here! open your mouth, and I'll put my whip in it. I shall not hurt you; I won't strike you with it; how could I, when you are such a good old fellow? You must play it is your gun, and when I say 'Forward!' you must run as fast as you can, and not drop the whip; and we will play that the chickens are our enemies — but mind, you must not touch one of them, only make believe. Oh, Buff! you look as if you thought I was scolding you, and I am not. But you know when grandpa marches with his men he speaks out loud and strong, and yet he is not a bit cross. Mamma says that when one has anything to do, they should do it with all their might, and do it well, and then they need not do it over again; and she says, too, that if I serve God with all my heart, and try to do everything I can to please Him, He will take me to Heaven, where my papa is, who, she says, was almost a saint when he died; and Buff, you and I will play soldiers, and when we get big we will protect darling mamma, and be brave like grandpa, and I'll try to be a saint like papa; and you, dear doggie, shall be — let me see what — oh, I know! a St. Bernard dog, going to rescue frozen travellers. Do you like that? You are not listening one bit, I do believe! What *are* you looking at? That is our old puss; she is not our enemy. No, you can't go after her; stay here, and let her alone. Make believe she is one of the guards on duty.

"Don't forget, Buff, all I have told you; I must go to my dinner now, and I'll save you a splendid bone, for you are such a darling old fellow, and I would rather have you than a pony, any day."

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER BROOM.

"Old woman, old woman, whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky."

And so it happened that once upon a time, an old woman took her broom, and rode away on her broomstick, up, up, up, until she came to some dark-grey clouds. "Ah, ah!" she cried, "here is work to do; no wonder the fields look dark to-day, with these great clouds hiding the sun." With these words she took her broom and began to sweep right and left.

The wind, who was watching her, thought he would have some fun, and as fast as the old woman swept away a cloud he sent it back.

The old woman soon grew tired of such work, and concluded she would take a rest. She looked about and found a soft, fleecy cloud,

that was very inviting, and she sat down upon it with great satisfaction; but she did not rest very long, for she discovered her couch was rather damp, being made of rain drops, and her beautiful pink petticoat became dripping wet.

"I will go and visit the sun," she said; "he will no doubt let me dry my clothes at his fire; he is a kind old fellow, and is always smiling."

She mounted her broomstick, and off she flew to the sun. He gave her a very warm reception, and she concluded to stay with him a week; but she noticed that whenever anything crossed his path, he grew quite hot at the idea of being eclipsed, and, disturbed by his hasty temper, she made her visit very short.

"I will visit the moon, she seems to have a cooler temper," muttered the old woman. As she drew near to the moon she was surprised to find that fickle lady was making faces at her. "Oh, oh!" said she, "is that the way you do? I've heard poets praise you as being beautiful and fair to look upon; I think you have been spoiled by your many admirers."

Just then she looked about to see if there were any cobwebs to be swept away, and what do you think she saw? Numbers of bright and merry stars, and they were winking and blinking at her.

Shaking her funny old head, she cried out, "You saucy misses, you are very bright, to be sure, but you need not make fun of me, for I have a pretty good broom, and I might sweep you all out of sight."

Just then the old lady heard a great rumbling and clatter. "Hark! what is that?" she asked; "it sounds like thunder. Ah! I see; two immense black clouds were hurrying along, and were not polite enough to turn out of one another's way, and consequently bumped together so hard that a streak of fire flew off, and that was the lightning."

How the old woman laughed; but one big cloud actually wept, and the old woman's mantle was drenched with the drops of water; she hunted about to see where she could hang her mantle to dry, and she discovered the equinoctial line, and, taking a fork of a road for a clothes-peg, she soon had her garments flying in the air.

By this time her broom was nearly worn out, and the sky being so wet she thought she would use a mop; while mopping to and fro, she heard a great buzz, and turning her eyes towards the earth, she saw crowds of men with queer-looking instruments looking up at her mop. She heard them say, "Oh, there is the comet! How swiftly it travels through the sky! How many miles do you suppose it journeys in a minute?"

The old woman laughed to herself, and said: "I am afraid I shall have to use my old broom down there, for there are more cobwebs in their heads than I'll find in the sky."

Overcome with laughing, the old lady sat down on (was it the constellation?). "I am dry," she exclaimed; "I believe I'll go to the milky way and see what I can find there to drink." (Foolish old woman, to suppose that a collection of stars by that name was a milk dairy. It seems she, too, had a few cobwebs.)

Tired of sweeping and mopping, she thought she would go home;

how to get there was the question. Her broom was worn out, and her mop she most obligingly left for men to wonder about. At that moment she saw an eagle soaring upward. "Stop, fine bird, and let me ride on your back."

The eagle, remembering what the poet once sung, "On eagles' wings I take my flight," was willing to oblige the old woman, and drooped his wings, and soon the old lady was mounted. Round and round, higher and higher he soared, till his rider was dizzy; when she murmured at his flight, he suddenly swooped down and landed his burden upon a lone rock. Now she was in trouble; for she could not get down the mountain; a storm was raging overhead, and she waited until it was over, when, seeing a beautiful rainbow at her feet, she seated herself upon it, and gently slid down until she found herself landed in the top of a tree.

This made trouble, for a robin had her nest there, and her birdies were nearly frightened to death by the strange visitor. Mr. Robin flew to the top of the tree, and sang as loud as he could, and this was the meaning of his song. "Friend Wind, come to our aid; a funny, big bird is near our nest; come and blow about the tree to scare our visitor away."

The mischievous wind, ever ready for fun, came and shook the tree, and, while he rocked the baby robins to sleep, he succeeded in shaking the old woman to the ground.

And this is enough of the little old woman and her broom for this time.

THE PET LAMB.

One bleak, boisterous afternoon in March a little boy, called Alfred Herbert, was seated by his papa in the gig, driving homewards. Mr. Herbert was a country surgeon, and had been making a long round among his patients. There was nothing that Alfred liked better than to go out in this way with his papa; but this time he had been obliged to go farther than he expected, and it was getting dark and very cold, and they had still a long way to go. Alfred was only five years old. The wind blew in his face, and his cape would open and fly back. Then his toes began to ache and smart, his fingers were quite stiff, and as to his nose, it was as red as a poppy and as cold as ice.

"How long shall we be now, papa?" he had asked about ten times. At last it began to snow, and when he felt the cold flakes come patting against his cheeks and resting on his poor frozen nose, he could bear it no longer, and began to cry.

Just then they were passing a hedge, and a cow put its head over and gave a loud moo, moo. It was so near that it made Bobby the pony start, and made Alfred stop crying. "Why, the cow seems to have something to say to us," said his papa. "What does it say?" asked Alfred in a lamentable voice. "Don't you think it sounded like 'Moo, moo, how do you do?'" said his papa. At this Alfred laughed so

heartily that he quite forgot the cold, and went on merrily for a quarter of an hour.

But next he began to feel hungry, and to think of the warm room at home, and the bright fire, and Lucy and his mamma; and then he remembered his aching toes again, and very nearly began to cry a second time; but his papa said, "Make haste, Bobby! Trot along and take us home quickly." So Alfred commanded himself, and did not cry.

At this minute a little boy stopped them at the corner of a lane, and said he had been waiting to speak to Mr. Herbert. He said his poor father was very ill; his head was bad, and he had had no rest for two nights. "Poor man!" cried Alfred; "let us go and make him well, papa."

Mr. Herbert turned off the road, and went to the poor man's house. Before he went in, he told Alfred to run up and down the lane twenty times, and then get into the gig again. So Alfred ran up and down twenty times with all his might, and just as he was climbing up the step again, his papa came out. "Will the poor man soon be better?" he asked.

"Yes, I think he will," said Mr. Herbert. So Alfred was very glad; and then his papa wrapped him up so warm and snug in a cloak that he called it his nest, and felt quite comfortable, and did not care for the cold at all.

On they went again, and now they came to the common that was just outside the town where they lived. The wind blew across the wide common, and whistled among the thick furze bushes; the clouds scudded away over the sky, and the moon went sailing along, sometimes hiding her face behind them, and then shining out round and clear. Alfred kept watching the bright moon. "Here comes a great black cloud to hide it," he cried.

"See how the black cloud's edges turn all bright and silvery, as they come over the moon," said his papa.

"Now the moon has gone to bed behind a cloud," cried Alfred; "ah, there it comes again!"

"And look," said his papa, "how the white snow sparkles all over when it comes again."

"I can see the lights from the windows in the town now," said Mr. Herbert; "we shall be home in a quarter of an hour." So Alfred began to clap his hands and say, "Ah, mamma, you don't know how near we are to you!"

Just as he spoke, they heard a low baa, baa, quite close to them — so close that it made Mr. Herbert stop the gig. They listened, and it came again, baa, baa, in a soft, pitiful tone. "It must be a lamb," said Mr. Herbert; "but I can see no sheep or any creature near us."

"Perhaps it is a poor little lamb that has lost its mother," said Alfred.

Mr. Herbert got out and was going to look by the road side, but Bobby, who was impatient to get to his stable, would not stand still, so that he was afraid to leave him. "Let *me* go, papa," cried Alfred, jumping up out of his snug nest and bustling down the step; "*I'll* go and look for the little lamb."

"Climb up the bank by the road side," said his papa, "and look in the ditch."

Alfred was soon at the top of the bank, but he could see nothing. Still the sound went on, fainter and more pitiful than ever. "Shall I get down into the ditch, papa?" said he.

"Yes, if you think you can manage it," answered his papa. So Alfred began to get down, slipping and sliding and jumping, and was soon out of sight.

"I've found the poor little lamb, papa," he soon called out from the bottom of the ditch. Mr. Herbert had now led Bobby to the edge of the bank, and asked Alfred whether he could lift up the lamb. "I'll try," answered he.

Some time passed, in which the lamb bleated more than ever, and the frosty sticks and snowy dry leaves in the ditch crackled and rustled, but nothing was heard of Alfred. "What are you doing, Alfred?" Mr. Herbert called.

"*I'm* coming," he was answered out of the ditch in a panting voice as if quite out of breath; "It's very difficult to get up the side." Mr. Herbert took the reins over his arm, and leaned as far as possible over the bank; and then, with great effort Alfred contrived to raise the lamb up within his reach, and to give it to him. Then he clambered up himself.

"Will the poor little lamb live?" said he, looking at it as it lay quite quiet over his papa's arm.

"It is stiff with the cold, and most likely nearly starved," said Mr. Herbert; "it is very young — not more than a week old, I should think."

"Let us make haste home," cried Alfred; "mamma will make it get well."

Mr. Herbert lifted Alfred in, put the lamb on his knees, covered them both with the cloak, jumped in himself, and off went Bobby as fast as he could trot. They were at their own door in no time. Out ran little Lucy, before they had even rung the bell; out came James, the groom, to take the pony to the stable; then out came mamma to the door to welcome them, and it all looked bright and warm inside. Mr. Herbert lifted Alfred out, and he went tottering along with his poor little lamb in his arms, too full of anxiety about it to speak a word.

"Where did you get this poor little lamb?" asked Lucy; "and what is the matter with it?"

".We found it in a ditch," answered he, "and it is cold and hungry. Come, mamma, and tell us what to do to make the lamb well."

Their papa and mamma soon came in, and found the two children sitting by the lamb, stroking and petting it. Their mamma sent directly for a blanket to lay it on, and moved it further from the fire. Then she brought a saucer of warm milk and held it close to its mouth, but it could not drink; so she dipped her fingers in, and put them into its mouth, and it began to suck them. Then in a minute, to the great joy of the two children, it began to lap up the milk, and did not stop till it had finished it all. "Now do not fear." she said; "it will get well, I think."

Lucy patted and kissed it, and then Alfred pulled off his worsted

glove and stroked it; but when his cold little hand lay on the white, soft wool, they all laughed, for it was as red as the worsted comforter, which he still had on.

"My dear little fellow," said his mamma, "now we must take care of you; why, how cold you are!" So first she made the tea, and ran for the toast and fresh eggs, and then put put on the bread and milk to boil; and then she took Alfred on her lap, and took off his cap and cape and comforter, and kissed his bright, rosy cheeks; and then she pulled off his boots and socks, all wet with clambering in the ditch; and then Lucy went for dry ones for him, and she put them on. Then they all sat down to tea, and told their adventures, and laughed and talked away. Every now and then Lucy and Alfred stole on tiptoe to look at the lamb, which had fallen fast asleep. Before they went to bed it had another saucer of milk, and then they got a basket with some hay in the bottom, and placed the little creature in it, blanket and all, and left it there for the night.

The very first thing in the morning the two children went, hand in hand, to look at the lamb. It started up and stood on its feet when they went near it, then bleated and seemed frightened; but when it felt their soft hands patting and stroking its head, it seemed to get quiet; and when they brought some milk, it drank out of their hands, and finished all up. After breakfast, as it was a sunny morning, Mr. Herbert said it might go out into the garden; so Lucy tied a pretty blue ribbon round its throat for a collar, and it was tethered to a stake on the lawn. It jumped about and frisked now and then; sometimes it bleated and pulled at its cord, but then the children went and stroked it, and said, "Be happy, little lamb!" and gave it more milk.

Mr. Herbert found out the farmer to whom it belonged; but he said he should like the little boy to keep it, as he had saved its life. Alfred said it should be Lucy's lamb too; and it grew prettier and stronger and more playful, and they called it Daisy. It soon became so tame that it would come into the room, and follow them in their walks, and they were very fond of it, and always took care of it.

POLITENESS.— Boys and girls must be polite. When you come down stairs in the morning, say, "Good-morning," to all in the room. When you go up stairs to bed be careful to say, "Good-night," in the same way. If you see older persons looking for chairs, try to help them if you can. Little boys should lift their hats politely when they are spoken to in the street, and they should always take off their hats when they go into a house. These may seem like small things, but a true gentleman or lady will never forget them. Be polite in small things. Be as polite at home as when away from home. Always be ready to do a kindness to any one who may need it. You know that you like to have people kind to you. Do to others as you would have them do to you.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Jubilee Life of Leo the Thirteenth.

WE give in this issue of our MAGAZINE the life of the great Pope Leo. We are indebted to *Merry England*, a Catholic magazine issued in London, for this extremely interesting life of His Holiness.

LOOK at the cover of your MAGAZINE (immediately after your name), and you will see to what time you have paid. If you owe for the present year, please send a money order or postal note for the amount. Don't forget.

REV. DR. F. X. WENINGER, S. J., in consequence of a serious affection of his chest, which interferes with his itinerary movements, has retired from the field of active missionary labors, says the *Catholic Review*. Entering already his eighty-third year of life, he prefers to employ the short balance of his time to finish some literary works, both in English and German, written with particular regard to the exigencies of our times, which he has already begun in the interest of the missions and for the instruction of the people.

THE Faculty of Boston College, for the scholastic year beginning September 5, is as follows: The Rev. Thos. S. Stack,* S. J., president; the Rev. Michael Hughes, S. J., vice-president; the Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., chaplain; the Rev. Nicholas Russo, S. J., Christian doctrine and philosophy; Mr. P. F. Mulrey, S. J., physics and chemistry, junior class of Christian doctrine; the Rev. Patrick O'Reilly, S. J., rhetoric; Mr. Timothy B. Barrett, S. J., humanities, algebra; Mr. Wm. Stanton, S. J., first grammar, French; Mr. J. B. Schmidt, S. J., second grammar, algebra, German; Mr. John F. Condon, S. J., third grammar, algebra, French; the Rev. J. Dolan, S. J., rudiments, algebra, Christian doctrine; Mr. William Judge, S. J., rudiments, mathematics; Mr. Francis Harkins, A. M., English department, arithmetic, French.

* Deceased since his appointment.

The Question of the Day.

Church Progress: The question of determining the school to which to send the children must now engage every parent's mind. If we wish our children to inherit the faith and live Catholics, there is no doubt they must receive religious instruction. If we value not their religious life, and disregard the commands of our Church authority, we can send them to the free schools. Religion will not trouble them there.

The Church News.

WE welcome to our sanctum this paper. It is published at Washington, D. C., and is ably edited by Milton E. Smith, Esq. Many attempts have been made to establish a Catholic organ at the seat of government, but have failed. We trust this will not be the case with the *Church News*, but that the Catholics of the district will rally round the editor and show that his efforts are appreciated. The price of the paper is only $2 a year. Address Catholic Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.—A convention of the Sisters of Notre Dame, which lasted ten days, was closed on Aug. 22, at St. Rose Convent, Chelsea, Mass. At the convention were teachers from all the convents of the archdiocese. The object of the convention was to compare methods of teaching, adopt a uniform system, and to seek for the best and most progressive method of instructing

the young. Lectures were delivered on science, art, literature, and on the best method of imparting secular and religious knowledge. Fr. Coghlan delivered a lecture on English Literature and catechistical instruction.

THE Rt. Rev. William Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, Eng., has resigned his See on account of his advanced age and increasing infirmities. He is in the 82d year of his age, and the 42d of his episcopate, and is the oldest member of the English hierarchy.

THE Rev. John J. Gray, rector of St. James' Church, Salem, Mass., was, on the evening of August 17, presented with a purse of rising $2,000 by his parishioners, the occasion being his return from Rome. Father G. accompanied his Grace, Archbishop Williams, on his visit to Rome.

Savings Banks in New York.

THE reports made by the Savings Banks of New York City to the Superintendent at Albany, ought to carry terror into the ranks of the Anti-Poverty League, says the *Irish-American*. The total twenty-three banks show, in the last six months, an addition of 18,109 to the depositors, and an increase of $7,171,623 in the deposits. In these reports none makes a better showing than that sound financial institution which is such a credit to Irish-American financial stability, the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank. Its figures are as follows: Resources, $39,323,935; due depositors, $33,120,876; surplus, $6,205,059; number of depositors 61,335.

THE Rev. Thomas Scully, rector of the Church of the Annunciation, Cambridgeport, Mass. (recently returned from abroad), celebrated Solemn High Mass Sunday, Aug. 21, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Dwyer and Riley, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Both these young priests were recently ordained in Rome, and were the first graduates of Father Scully's schools to enter the priesthood.

English Opinion.

LORD ROSEBERRY, speaking at Manchester, said that the result of the recent by-elections showed that the hour of triumph was fast approaching. The Liberals had but one leader and one principle. The concessions made by Mr. Gladstone were sufficient to warrant the Liberal-Unionists in re-entering the Liberal party, the doors of which were wide open.

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to Mr. Brunner, the successful candidate for Parliament in the Northwich election, in which the ex-premier says: "Few will seek to disguise the unquestionable addition thus made to the evidence, now rapidly approaching a demonstrative character, that the people of England intend to do full justice to the people of Ireland by confiding to them, in a spirit alike generous and wise, the conduct of Irish affairs. It is to be lamented that years of the precious legislative life of the country should have been spent in a controversy which can only end in one way. But while it is important that the nation's judgment be speedy, it is more important that when it does come it shall be unequivocal and decisive."

THE Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania indorsed the Hon. James G. Blaine as Republican presidential candidate for 1888. It also passed resolutions expressing strong sympathy with Gladstone, Parnell and Home Rule.

Powderly.

REGARDING the published statement that he was a member of the new American party, Mr. Powderly said: "I have not joined the new party and have not given permission to anybody to class me among its members. While I am an American, I am not interested in reviving purely American ideas. I have no desire to re-kindle the camp-fires of the purely American, nor do I wish to see the re-establishment of the ducking-pond or the burning of witches or convents."

Another Victory for Gladstone.

THE election in the Northwich division of Cheshire to fill the vacancy caused by the death of R. Verdin, Liberal-Unionist resulted in another victory for the Gladstonites. The vote stood: J. T. Brunner, Gladstonian, 5,112; Lord Henry Grosvenor, Liberal Unionist, 3,983. The full significance of this Gladstonian victory cannot be realized by a mere inspection of the figures. It has a much

greater moral force than is apparent from the gain of 1,357 votes as compared with the last previous election in that district, and the changing of Mr. Brunner's minority of 661 then to a majority of 1,129 now. A Dublin dispatch says: "The Nationalists here are jubilant over the Gladstonian victory in Cheshire. They declare that the government cannot proclaim the National League in the face of a defeat, which completely changes the political situation." J. T. Brunner, the newly elected member, made an address to-day to the electors of his district. In the course of his remarks he said: "You have won a victory for Mr. Gladstone and Ireland. The issue between the classes and the masses has been made absolutely clear for the first time. The significance of this message of peace to Ireland it is impossible to overrate."

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America presented Mr. T. V. Powderly with a gold medal set with precious stones, in testimony of the Union's recognition of the valuable services he has rendered to the cause of temperance in the United States.

REV. FATHER ROCHE has published a neat little Catholic almanac for 1887. It is full of interesting matter. Persons wanting it can send two two-cent stamps and they will receive a copy. Address, Father Roche's Working Boys' Home, Boston, Mass.

The Heat and Military Parades.

WHENEVER the weather gets a bit hot there are great outcries against the cruelty of parading men during the heat of the day. We should be very sorry if valuable lives were unnecessarily sacrificed; but this excessive tenderness for the soldier's health and comfort is very easily overdone. Soldiers in war have to put up with great hardships and sufferings, and it is only by practice in peace that they can be hardened to them. If every parade or drill is to be put off because of a shower of rain or a little extra sun, we might as well keep our men in cotton wool at once. Baron Von der Goltz says that the standard of what is required of the soldier is being lowered year by year in obedience to the sentimental voices of the crowd. He says:— "People do not reflect how necessary it is to give experience to the soldier. If everything were to be discontinued in peace by which an accident might possibly occur, the mass of soldiers would be very hardly treated, for they would be rendered helpless and weak for war when losses would be double."

MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore, have been authorized by the Holy Father to assume the title of "Printers to the Holy See."

Tribute to Leo XIII.

A MAGNIFICENT religious ceremonia took place lately in honor of the Pope's jubilee in the city of the violated treaty. Deputations were present from all parts of Ireland, several bishops, hundreds of priests, and 20,000 men walked in procession carrying 500 religious banners. Five miles of streets through which the procession passed were spanned with triumphal arches from which depended mottoes such as "God bless Leo XIII.," etc. Houses were hung with evergreens and religious banners, and the Papal colors met the eye everywhere. The processionists sung hymns, including, "God bless the Pope." Arrived at the cathedral the Bishop of Limerick addressed the multitude in the open air. He dwelt on the power of the Papacy, and said that the Catholic world would not resist until Leo obtained the position of sovereign of Rome. Forty thousand persons witnessed the procession. The treaty-stone was beautifully decorated. The city was illuminated that night with fires of turf in the streets twelve feet high. As a purely religious demonstration it excelled anything ever seen in this country.

SPEAKING of the recent gyrations of the erratic genius, Dr. Fulton, who has been treating the West and Boston to a a taste of his quality, the *Baptist Weekly* says that "Fulton's slang, vulgarity and profanity in the house of God must not be considered by Christians as having the least approval of the Baptist brethren." Even his own household despise the glib ranter.

Sir John Pope Hennessy,

Who has been perfectly successful in upsetting the little game of Mr. Clifford-Lloyd, has taken an action against the

London *Times*, claiming £20,000 damages. The lying journal did its very best to damage the governor of the Mauritius, by distorted and malevolent statements, sneers, and other familiar tricks. Sir John's great crime with this vile print was that in his various Governorships he has endeavored to shield the native populations against the cruelties and oppressions of the English colonists. He has proved his case against Mr. Clifford-Lloyd, who sought to meddle viciously with his system of rule in the Mauritius, up to the hilt; and he goes back to his post with full restoration of his powers. It is gratifying to see that he has taken the cowardly bully of Printing-House Square by the throat, and will drag him to the bar of justice.

THE Inman Line steamer, *City of Montreal*, from New York for Liverpool, with a cargo of cotton, seventy passengers and a crew of eighty, was burned at sea. The passengers were all saved. The burning of the steamship *City of Montreal* is not the only occasion when Captain Francis S. Land has shown great courage and presence of mind. It may be remembered that when he was in command of the *City of Berlin* his vessel collided with an iceberg. It was remarked at the time by some of the passengers that of the iceberg or their captain, "the latter was the cooler of the two." On his face Captain Land shows courage, determination, and manly traits.

A Silly Libel.

Irish-American: An irresponsible crank, named Thomas J. Mooney, is now in the hands of the police for an alleged attempt to set fire to the steamer *Queen*, at her dock, in the North River, last Wednesday. The idea that such an insane and criminal act could have the remotest connection with any patriotic Irish National impulse could only emanate from the brain of an idiot, or in the lying columns of the English Tory press. The Irish National cause is in the hands of Mr. Parnell and his associates, and, under the undeniably expressed authority of the Irish race, they are carrying it to ultimate triumph, on the lines of conservative constitutional agitation. All true lovers of Irish National independence will, therefore, join in the wish that this M. oney, if insane, will be put where he can do no further harm, either to himself or to the community at large. If in his right senses, we hope he will get the full penalty of the law. Such an act is not only a violation of the law of the land, but treason of the most damaging character to the cause of Ireland, and the man who, at this crisis of the national movement, would deliberately commit it, deserves to be ranked in the estimation of his countrymen as worse than a McDermott or a Carey.

"PUT your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."—Oliver Cromwell when he was slaughtering the Irish.

A Long Canoe Journey.

MGR. LORRAIN, Bishop of Cythere and Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac, has returned to Montreal, accompanied by his secretary, Rev. Abbe J. R. Proulx, the Revs. Guegen and Dozols and Bro. Tremblay. Monseigneur had been on a pastoral visit to the Indian mission on the Upper Ottawa, Rupert's Land and the Upper St. Maurice. His route was from Ottawa, via Pembroke to Lakes Temiscamingue, Obaching, Kepewa, etc., thence to the source of the River du Molhe; from here through a chain of lakes to the "Lac Barriere" mission now on Lake Wapous; thence to Lake Wassepatebi, lying between the Province of Quebec and Rupert's Land; through Cypress Lake, River Pekeskak, by a chain of live lakes, the Laloche river to Lake Waswanipi. The return trip was made by the route as far as Lake Waswanipi, to the Makiskan River and the upper waters of the St. Maurice; thence through various lakes, Lake Long, Lake Coucoucache and others to the Grand Piles. This involved a trip of 1,700 miles mostly by water, in bark canoes, occupying two months and six days, and 1,172 miles being travelled by canoe. The portages were from an arpent to four miles long, and there were 157 of them. The party slept for fifty nights in tents or in Indian huts. Thirty-five infant baptisms, five adult baptisms, sixteen marriages, 572 communions and 458 confirmations were solemnized.

IT is ten years since James Lick, the millionnaire of San Francisco, died, leaving the bulk of his large fortune for charitable and scientific purposes, yet the most practical of his bequests—the training school in the trades for young

lads — has never been begun. In their first ten years of management the Lick trustees spent $150,000 for legal fees. It looks as if the trustees and lawyers would lick up all the bequest. The true way to do with your money, if you have any to spare from your family, is to distribute it while living, and not to leave it for lawyers and trustees to gobble it up after your decease.

What Bishop Ireland Says.

IN answer to the statement made that the Germans were endeavoring to Germanize the Catholic Church in the Northwest, Bishop Ireland says: "The Catholics of German birth or descent in America are making no attempt to Germanize either church or country. Assertions to the contrary are founded, so far as they have any foundation, upon the sayings of individual Germans who are in no way representative men, and who have no noticeable following. The Church in America, in all her human appointments, is not German, nor Irish, nor French, nor Polish, nor Italian. It is American. Her own principles permit her to be nothing else. In my opinion, this general meeting of German laymen and priests at Chicago will be a sort of good-natured hand shaking. If anything else, the originators of it and participators in it will have made, in the eyes of the Church and country, a great and unfortunate mistake."

THE Government of Ecuador has determined to give £500 to the Pope, on the occasion of his jubilee, as an offering from Ecuador.

"Educate That You may be Free."

THE *Baltimore Sun* has a commissioner in Ireland. His observations on the system of public school education are noteworthy. He relates that the government expends about $4,260,000 upon them annually, to which sum about $1,000,000 more is added from private subscriptions. Tuition and books are practically free, and the number of children on the roll, out of a population of 5,000,000, is about 1,000,000, with an average daily attendance as high as from sixty-five to seventy-five per cent. There are numerous institutions of higher grade besides training schools, and in all the teaching and system of management is well designed and efficient. "The curriculum in all grades," the correspondent observes, "is fully up to, if not in advance of, the standard in the United States." There is not now a child in Ireland, it is held, who cannot read, or is not being taught, which is more, unhappily, than can be said for this country.

O'GORMAN MAHON has been elected as the Nationalist candidate for Carlow County, to fill the vacancy created by the death of Mr. Blake. The candidate's career has been a remarkable one. He it was who introduced O'Connell to Irish politics at the close of the election of 1828. He is 90 years old, quite active, and stands as straight as in his youngest days. His intellect is as keen as ever, and his determination in the national conflict as marked as that of the most youthful follower of Mr. Parnell.

How He Does It.

DID you ever watch a dog yawn? For thoroughness and entire absence of affectation and mock shamefacedness there is nothing like it. When a dog yawns he doesn't screw his face into all sorts of unnatural shapes in an endeavor to keep his mouth shut with his jaws wide open. Neither does he put his paws up to his face in an apologetic way, while gaping in anguish as it were. No; when he gapes he is perfectly willing all the world shall come to the show. He braces himself firmly on his four feet, stretches out his neck, depresses his head, and his jaws open with a graceful moderation. At first sight it is but an exaggerated grin; but when the gape is apparently accomplished the dog turns out his elbows, opens his jaws another forty five degrees, swallows an imaginary bone by a sudden and convulsive movement, curls up his tongue like the petals of a tiger-lily, and shuts his jaws together with a snap. Then he assumes a grave and contented visage, as is eminently becoming to one who has performed a duty successfully and conscientiously.

Good Advice for Landlords.

United Ireland urges landlords to embrace their last chance and confess that Home Rule is inevitable. It advises them to appoint a committee to meet Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell and Lord Salisbury in a round-table conference, and

submit to them suggestions regarding their wishes, and to make the best of the situation. The result will be, it says, the election, in a few weeks, of a Home Rule House of Commons and the opening of an Irish parliament in 1888. If the landlords fraternized with the National League instead of screaming "suppress it," they might still influence the structure of the Home Rule party parliament which will follow, whether the landlords like or dislike it.

Christianizing the Black Man.

THE Rev. John R. Slattery, of Richmond, Va., has gone to England, to consult Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, about the details of a new college which is about to be instituted in Baltimore. Father Slattery says that the establishment of a seminary for the special instruction of priests for the colored missions in the South was arranged during Cardinal Gibbons's visit to Cardinal Manning last winter. These missions of the Catholic Church were started in this country by Bishop Vaughan in 1871 in Baltimore, and others have been opened since in Charleston, Louisville, Washington and Richmond. The missions also maintain schools, which are under the care of various sisterhoods. The missions have been so successful that it became desirable to have priests specially prepared for the extension of the work, and it is for the purpose of educating young men for the missions that the new seminary will be opened. The seminary will have its own buildings and Board of Government, but it will not need a faculty. The students will be taught by the Sulpician Fathers of St. Mary's Seminary. The Rev. John R. Slattery is rector of the new institution, and Bishop Vaughan is the Superior of the priests of the colored missions of this country.

The Pope's Jubilee.

THE preparations for the celebration of the Pope's jubilee will begin at Rome in September on an extensive scale. Among the features of the celebration will be an exhibition which will be formally opened in the presence of the Pope, Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, and the envoys of all the sovereigns of Europe. An ode to the Pope will be written by M. Gounod and presented to His Holiness on the anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, December 23, which day will be the principal one of the celebration. It is the intention of those into whose hands the arrangements for the celebration have been intrusted, to surround the occasion with a display of magnificence surpassing any event that has occurred in Europe within the century, and no expense will be spared to achieve the results aimed at.

"WHAT book has helped you most in life?" I asked my friend, as home we took our way one day, and he replied, "My pocketbook."

The Murderer of Archbishop Seghers.

FATHER TOSI, whose account of the murder of Archbishop Seghers by Mr. Fuller appeared in the *Oregonian* of the 19th, is well known all around here by the many who have met him at the De Smet mission. He was replaced there last year by Father Jacquet, and started on the 7th of July for Alaska from Spokane Falls in company with Father Robaut, S. J., and Mr. Fuller. The latter was in no way connected with the religious order, but was simply engaged as a help on the journey. From a letter dated last November from Stewart River, the Father spoke of their hardships and privations, and often mentioned that this Fuller was frequently exhausted. What may have induced him to commit such a crime must have been the hope, that, in killing the Archbishop, he would put an end to his privations that proved to be too great for him, and must have looked at this murder as the only means of saving his own life.

Grattan and Parnell.

IT is remarkable how exactly the date of events in the life and political career of these two Irish statesmen of two different centuries agree. Henry Grattan was born in 1746 and C. S. Parnell in 1846. The former entered the Irish Parliament in 1775, and the latter took his seat in the English House of Commons for the first time in 1875. In 1779 was established that body which was led by Henry Grattan, and which enabled him to achieve legislative independence; while in 1879 was founded that organization of which C. S. Parnell is the leader, and which, let us hope, will enable him, too, to regain that legislative independence once more. In 1780 Henry Grattan's declaration of Irish Rights was

fiercely attacked by the Government, and so also was C. S. Parnell's programme in 1880 by means of a State prosecution in Dublin. Both were intended for the Bar in youth, and neither had a taste for the profession.

Is Divorce ever Lawful?

A WOMAN in France, juridically separated from her husband, having no means of support for herself and for her children, applies for a position under Government. It is intimated to her that her application cannot be listened to unless she first petitions for a divorce. The woman, in this dilemma, asks if it be possible for her with a safe conscience to go through the form of divorce: she is fully conscious of the indissoluble tie which binds her to her husband, and has no intention whatever of attempting a second marriage. The case is laid before the *Sacra Pœitentiaria*, and the following is the reply: That no other advice is to be given to the woman in question except that she refrain from asking for the divorce under pain of mortal sin. "*Mulieri, in casu, nihil aliud esse consulendum nisi ut a petendo divortio sub gravi se abstineat.*"

Sac. Pœnit., Jan. 5, 1887.

A Simple Cure for Rheumatism.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *English Mechanic* vouches for the efficacy of the following simple remedy: One quart of milk, quite hot, into which stir one ounce of alum: this makes curds and whey. Bathe the part affected with the whey, until too cold. In the meantime keep the curds hot and after bathing, put them on as a poultice, wrap in flannel and go to sleep (you can). Three applications should be a perfect cure, even in aggravated cases.

Irish Colonies in Mexico.

THE special correspondent of the Boston *Herald* in Mexico writes as follows: "A proposition was recently made here for the introduction of Irish immigrants into the State of Oaxaca, where large tracts of land could be secured for them at very low rates, and coffee and tobacco culture introduced on a large scale. I have no doubt that a large Irish colony started in Oaxaca under intelligent supervision, and with due provision for getting their crops to market, could be built up into a prosperous community. The Irish people being mostly Catholics would not provoke religious hostility among the natives, and their sympathetic and gay temperament would commend them to the nation at large. There is land enough, and to spare, in this favored country for all Ireland, and here the sons of Irishmen would become men of property and influence. There are many Irish names in Mexican history, as there are also in Chilian annals. A 'O'Donoju' [O'Donoghue] was famous here in old days, and along the west coast, or South America, the 'Lynches' and 'Cochranes' are noted names. The 'Morans' are a noted family here. Other names common here suggest Irish ancestry. This matter might well be studied by persons interested in settling Irish immigrants on land of their own, and so giving to their children an honorable career beyond the reach of grasping landlords. Several colonies in this country are prospering, especially that founded at Ensenada, Lower California, under the auspices of the International Company, a Connecticut Corporation. The railway system of the country, as it increases, will make markets for regions now isolated, and thus render agriculture more and more remunerative."

THE Wise Man says: "Be not in the feasts of great drinkers."—Prov. xxiii. 20.

Wendell Phillips at St. Peter's.

DURING a visit to the Eternal City, the late Wendell Phillips entered St. Peter's. In the vast church a surprise awaited him which he thus relates: "I listened to the music as it died away. Standing as I was behind a massive pillar, which obscured my view, I caught the words of a sermon, pronounced in faultless English, and, moving forward to catch a view of the speaker, to my astonishment I beheld there, in the pulpit of St. Peter's, a full-blooded negro preaching the Gospel of Christ, and I said: 'Nowhere else could I have beheld such a scene save in the Catholic Church. All honor to the College of Propaganda, for its grand work in behalf of Christian Civilization.'"

THE new St. Mary's Church, Foxboro, Mass., of which the Rev. P. H. Callanan has pastoral charge, was opened for public services on Monday, August 15, Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The new church which is very beautiful

and tasteful, will seat 500 people. It cost $12,000, all but $1,500 of which is paid. Father Callanan had to face a gloomy outlook when he came to Foxboro in 1885. The two churches which preceded this had been destroyed by fire and the people were disheartened. He and they deserve great credit for their brave work.

THE venerable archbishop of St. Louis is in his eighty-second year and enjoys good health.

Avarice.

CHRIST gave four commands to His disciples when He sent them to preach His gospel. First, He takes away every excuse for avarice. "Gratis you have received, gratis give." (Math. x. 8.) Second, He orders them to avoid superfluities. "Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses." Third, in ceremonies, He wishes them to use only such as are indispensable. Carry neither purses nor scrip, nor shoes." Fourth, even in ordinary He expresses his wish that they should confide in God alone, and feed on what is placed before them without seeking what is extraordinary and particular, "eating and drinking such things as they have." (Luke x.)

GEN. COLLINS, who has recently arrived from Ireland, says: "From what I have seen and heard, I should say that within a year the present government will fall, and with it the Coercion Act, of course."

Halford Table Sauce.

THIS celebrated sauce, which has been advertised in our MAGAZINE for some time, is manufactured by Mr. William Halford, who was born in Leicester, the borough town of Leicestershire, England. In 1857 he came to Nova Scotia as Comptroller of the household of His Excellency the Earl of Mulgrave, now Marquis of Normanby, who was commissioned by the Queen Lieutenant-Governor of that Province. The Earl had a recipe for a table-relish. The recipe was that of the far-famed "Raby Hunt Sauce," which the duke of Cleveland (a distant relative of our president), at Raby Castle, the duke's county seat, on occasion of the "meets" or assemblages of huntsmen and hounds (frequent during the season), caused to be used as a delicacy. To the earl of Mulgrave, now, by his father's death, Marquis of Normanby, the duke of Cleveland gave the recipe, and he, previous to leaving Nova Scotia for England to take his father's seat in the House of Lords, gave it to Mr. Halford. These explanations relative to the origin of the Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce are given to distinguish it from the many worthless articles vended, purporting to be relishes or sauces once owned or patronized by English noblemen. Mr. H. has always maintained that what is sauce for the goose is good for the gander.

THE Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts assembles in Worcester on the 20th of September.

THE union of Catholic business men, for the object of mutual improvement and the promotion of Catholic interests in business circles, should exist in all our large cities and towns.

Omaha Dame:—"Don't you think it is about time the title 'lady' was bestowed only where it belongs?" *Omaha Philosopher:* "I certainly do, madam. No word in the language is so misused." "I am glad we agree so well. Now, if you would only give a clear and comprehensive definition of the term I will do my share toward making it public."—"A lady, madam, is a human being of the feminine gender, who is not afraid to be called a woman."

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS returned to Boston after a visit to Rome and other places, on the 16th of August, much improved in health.

THE United Irish-American Societies of Chicago held a grand demonstration in Ogden's Grove on the 15th of August. The proceeds amounted to $6,000, which will go to the parliamentary fund.

AND now they say that if Queen Kapiolani had only been at home to smooth things over Hawaii never would have revolted. It seems that when Kap's away the mice will play. *Globe.*—We suggest that Councilman Wall go down there and straighten things out.

Pure Wines.

AN establishment for the sale of guaranteed pure California wines has been recently opened in this city by Mr. H. H. Robinson in the Commonwealth Hotel building, 1689 Washington Street. Mr. Robinson represents the Cordelia Vineyards and cellars of Solano county in the great state of the golden gate. We print a private letter from the president of the wine company which has been incidentally shown to us, but which in the interest of the public we deem of sufficient value and importance to place before our readers and have been permitted to take a copy of for that purpose.

CORDELIA, July 29, 1887.

To H. H. ROBINSON ESQ., Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR: You will notice that on all packages of wine shipped you, you will find the pure wine label as required by the pure wine bill of this state. As producers we are strongly in favor of this bill; but dealers generally are opposed to it, and are engaged at present in contesting its legality in the courts here. If consumers would insist on having the *pure wine stamp* on all packages they buy, it would assist the producers greatly in their endeavors to have a pure article placed on the market. Would it not be a good plan to call your customers' attention to this matter and endeavor to enlist their sympathy on our side, as their aid would be of invaluable assistance to us in this fight for pure wines. If consumers would insist on having a guarantee of a pure article it would soon do away with this stretching and adulteration which do us so much injury. We trust you will give us all the assistance in your power, and oblige, Yours respectfully,

A. I. SWEETSER, *President.*
CORDELIA WINE COMPANY.

THE new church of the Bohemians in East Sixty-First Street, New York, was lately blessed by Archbishop Corrigan, assisted by a number of prominent clergymen. The church is dedicated to Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

School for Deaf Mutes in Cincinnati.

FROM the *Catholic Telegraph* we learn that His Grace Archbishop Elder has long had in view the establishment of a school for deaf mutes, and has matured arrangements by which the deserving project will be realized this fall, in connection with the opening of the new school for girls. Under the direction of the new pastor, Father Mackey, the necessary preparations are being actively pushed forward, and the deaf mute-school is announced to open on the second Monday in September (the 12th), under charge of a graduate from the deaf and dumb school at Washington, D. C., who has been secured for the good work.

KIND WISHES.

AH, Poet, four-times blest, how rare
A one to find,—
Compose, correct, set types, then sell,
The gods with thee are kind.
Now, Muse, should lend a helping hand,
A mate for thee to find,
A poetess she need not be,
There are others *twice* as kind.

Employ the gifts bestowed on thee,
The poet hath the art,
Love's language, told in verse and song
Doth ofttimes win a heart.
But if there's one not far from thee,
With genius such as thine,
I trust that there will Cupid stay
Till wedding bells will chime.

And may the merry elf at once
Commence his rogueries,
Nor never cease, nor be at peace,
Till two as one feel at their ease.
Then may ambition bear them on,
Entwining hearts with love and song,
May every joy that life can give,
Along their path be strewn,
And love as sweet and pure as morn
Keep bright, as sun at noon.

Remember, then, in that blest hour,
With true friends standing by
When Hymen's knot hath bound the two,
To pass the wine, not *pi*.
The bride and groom will take the cake,
And later on, with friends partake,
Those, who for years, know bride and man
Around the Hub and Mattapan,
With blessings rare both night and day,
Is wish sincere of M. E. K.

NOT more than one-fourth of the Catholics of America are of foreign birth.

SIR PATRICK JENNINGS, K. C. M. G., has been interviewed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the Australian view of the Home Rule question. As one of the most prominent statesmen in the Southern hemisphere and as ex-premier of New South Wales, his opinion and judgment from a political standard would be valuable even were he not also a Catholic and an Irishman. It is, therefore, more than satisfactory to learn from him that in New South Wales opinion is unanimous in favor of the present movement and Gladstone's policy. He says that in the bulk the Australian Colonies naturally sympathize with a people who are strug-

gling to obtain that which they only won with great effort themselves. "Irish feeling in Australia," he added, "is deeply moved by what occurs in Ireland. The recent evictions greatly excited it, and the state of things which involves the presence of large bodies of police and military to enforce evictions is regarded in Australia as a scandal to Europe and the world." Sir Patrick was born in Newry in 1831, and he emigrated to Australia in 1852.

RT. REV. BISHOP NOTHROP of Charleston, S. C., has published a statement of the amount received by him to repair the damages done by the earthquake. It appears that he got $103,207.35 and disbursed $103,159.07. Philadelphia gave the largest amount, $13,730.40. The Bishop gives his sincere thanks to the generous donors.

The Mass.

AND no one can tell — no angel's pen could write all that the Mass has been during Christian centuries to the successive generations of Christian people. To the priest the Mass has been the daily bread of grace, of strength, and of consolation. To the people, it has been religion, worship, devotion, the lifting up of the heart, the elevation of the mind to higher things in the midst of worldly work and solicitude. To Christian flocks, the Sunday Mass has been union, light and consolation. To the Christian nation, the solemn Mass has been triumph, thanksgiving, sorrow, union of mind. In the presence of our Saviour Jesus Christ, kings have first put on their crowns at Mass, Parliaments have begun their sessions with it; justice has opened her courts by assisting at it, universities have begun their labors by solemnly attending it. The Mass has been the grand feature of a Christian marriage; and the Solemn Mass of Requiem has sanctified mourning and taught the bereaved how to be resigned, while it has brought the best of all comfort to the departed souls.

An Apology.

THE *Catholic Review:* — The Rev. Dr. Curran has expressed to the Most Rev. Archbishop his sorrow that his presence at a recent picnic, in company with Dr. McGlynn, has been interpreted as favoring contumacy and disrespect to the Holy See: and he has promised to abstain in future from anything that might give rise to such interpretation.

A Free Catholic College.

CREIGHTON COLLEGE, near Omaha, Neb., is one of the most remarkable educational institutions in the United States. It is a *free* college. It is under the direction of the Jesuits. Any visitor at Omaha on his way to the bishop's residence must pass the college-building. The *Catholic Standard* makes an interesting announcement concerning the possible founding of a similar institution. It says: "Rev. J. M. J. Ryan of Columbus, the second oldest Catholic priest in Nebraska, has been in town on a visit to Bishop O'Connor on important business. He states that it is his intention to donate 110 acres of land, lying outside Columbus, to a religious Order, for the purpose of establishing a Catholic college. The land is worth about $100 an acre, and Father Ryan is now engaged in trying to find a religious Order which will accept the proposition. He has outlined the idea to Father Dowling, President of Creighton College, in this city, through whom it will be brought to the attention of the Provincial of the Jesuit Order in St. Louis." Creighton College gives an education to every young man of good character who can support himself. The methods of instruction and the character of the instructors are just as high as in any of the most famous Jesuit Colleges in the world.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. NOYES, *149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union is the largest organization in America.

JAMES DUMPHRY died in the town of Preston, Conn., on August 17th, at the advanced age of 106 years. He was born in Ireland, and was one of the first settlers in Preston, having lived there more than sixty years. He leaves one son, the Rev. Father Dumphry, a well-known Catholic priest.

Federal Constitution Centennial.

THE centennial anniversary of the adoption of the Federal Constitution of the United States will be celebrated at Philadelphia, September 15-17, by an elaborate trades procession, military and naval review, and other appropriate ceremonies and festivities, which will be participated in by the President of the United States and his cabinet. All of the "Original Thirteen," and a majority of the other states and territories, will be represented by detachments of their national guard and by civic societies. This will, undoubtedly, be the most notable demonstration that has taken place since the centennial celebration of our national independence. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has been invited to offer the closing prayer and invoke a benediction on the 17th of September. Cardinal Gibbons very gracefully acknowledges the receipt of the letter, and says: "I shall gratefully accept the invitation, and shall cheerfully comply with the request of the committee by performing the sacred duties assigned to me. In common with my fellow-citizens, I heartily rejoice in the forth-coming commemorative celebration. The Constitution of the United States is worthy of being written in letters of gold. It is a charter by which the liberties of sixty millions of people are secured, and by which, under Providence, the temporal happiness of countless millions yet unborn will be perpetuated."

THE great Baptist female seminary at Monticillo, Ill., has been sold, and bought by the Sisters of Providence, who have opened a young ladies' academy there.

PATRICK NUGENT, one of the best-known men in Newburgh, N. Y., many years ago before starting on the road to prosperity, ran a boat, called *Kathleen Mavourneen*, on the Erie Canal. He was not married then, and, consequently, when his trousers needed mending he plied the needle himself. While so engaged one day his needle mysteriously disappeared. On Aug. 13th, Dr. Ely was called in to quiet a pain in Nugent's shoulder. The sufferer imagined it was rheumatism, but when the shoulder was cut open out came the long-lost needle. It will be preserved as a memento of Nugent's canal days.

FULLER, the murderer of Archbishop Seghers, has been taken to Sitka for trial. He is pronounced crazy by all who have seen him since the murder.

PROTESTANTISM does not seem to flourish in Rome, and no person of sound sense could expect it to flourish there. Money for Protestant missions in Rome is constantly being contributed and collected. Protestant Bibles, tracts, and other publications are scattered about broadcast. But Rome still stands, and Protestantism fails to make any visible impress on it. Many Romans may be bad Catholics; but it is not in them to become worse Protestants, and scarcely any of them are found to join the various Protestant sects which have built churches in the city. The Methodist Church in the Rue de Scropa was sold recently, and now the owners of another church, situated at the side of the Manzoni Theatre, on the Via Urbana, are looking for a purchaser.

THE two million American Catholics of German descent and the five million Catholics of Irish descent are not going to quarrel for the amusement of infidels and Protestants, says the *Catholic Citizen*.

HIS HOLINESS has appointed a commission to investigate and report on the evidence gathered, and the conclusions which will be reached at, by Mgr. Persico in Ireland.

THE CORNERSTONE of Ireland's patronal church in the Eternal City will be laid with unwonted splendor on December 23. Archbishop Croke of Cashel, and Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, have consented to deliver addresses on the memorable occasion.

MICHAEL DAVITT puts a big case in a nutshell when he says that the only crime prevalent in Ireland is eviction. And the legislators and landlords are the criminals.

PATRICK FARRELLY, manager of the American News Company, has been seriously ill during the last few weeks, and has been obliged to give up temporarily the management of the company. Mr. Farrelly's illness was caused by inflammation of the bowels and impairment of the heart's action. His physician says that the heart trouble will probably pass away as soon as the inflammation ceases.

BRIGHT! Newsy! Enterprising! *The Morning Star*, a Catholic weekly family paper, established February 9, 1868. Interesting to every member of the household. Subscription, $2.50 a year. Big money for agents. Sample copy free. Address, *The Morning Star*, No. 12 Union Street, New Orleans, La.

MISS HELEN DAVIS, sister of the late Admiral Davis, well remembered in these parts, died at Nahant, Mass., on Aug. 22d. She was one of the earliest converts to the faith in Boston, was a woman of great force of character, deep piety, and rare cultivation. Her funeral took place at Nahant on August 24th, the High Mass of Requiem being celebrated by the Rev. J. P. Bodfiish, rector of the Boston Cathedral, who is a relative of the deceased. May she rest in peace!

Peter's Pence.

THE loyalty of the Irish people to the Holy See is shown by their doubling their annual offering of Peter's Pence in honor of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Holy Father. The archdiocese of Dublin has given twenty thousand dollars which, considering the slender resources of the people, is a very large sum. Since the inauguration of this collection, twenty-seven years ago, Dublin has sent to Rome three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Commenting on the above the Dublin *Freeman* says: "Whatever may be said of the princely munificence of France and other Catholic countries, such a record for the capital of a small and poor nation like Ireland need fear no comparison. It proves that the heart of Catholic Ireland throbs in the right place to-day, as it has through all the long centuries of her proud allegiance to the Holy See."

THE life of Leo XIII., which we give in this issue of our MAGAZINE, should be read by all. Every Catholic in the land, young and old, should be familiar with the life of Leo the Great.

MR. DALTON WILLIAMS is doing some good work in the columns of the *New Orleans Morning Star*.

Temperance Convention.

THE first quarterly convention of the Young Men's Catholic Total Abstinence societies of the archdiocese of Boston was held Sunday afternoon, Sept. 4, at the rooms of the Charlestown society on Bunker Hill Street, Mr. J. J. Crowley, the president of the union, presiding. The convention was opened with prayer by Rev. Fr. Scully, of Cambridgeport. The delegates to the national convention made their report, reviewing the doings of the same, and a report was heard from the board of government. It was reported that sixteen societies had voted to parade in Salem, Oct. 10, on the occasion of the dedication of a Fr. Mathew drinking fountain in that city, and six societies had voted not to parade. The afternoon was mostly occupied in listening to addresses on the work of the organization. Vicar-General Byrne and Rev. Fr. Scully addressed the convention at length. We regret we have not room for their speeches.

YE who love indolence, ponder well these words of St. Paul: "If any man will not work, neither let him eat."

THE LATE REV. DR. CAHILL.—A life-size statue of Fr. Cahill, whose body was brought from America six years ago, was unveiled in Glasnevin Cemetery Sept. 4, by Peter McDonald, member of Parliament. There was a large attendance.

THE REV. WILLIAM DACEY, vice-rector of the American College, Rome, was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass at St. James' Church, Boston, on Sunday, August 28. Father Dacey is a native of Boston, the son of our esteemed townsman, the Hon. Timothy V. Dacey.

No Pope in modern times has shown so unmistakable a sympathy with the Irish people in their efforts for the restoration of their legislative independence, and the amelioration of the condition of the country, as Leo XIII. It is now an open secret that when the scales were taken from the eyes of the Papal Court, and when the state of Ireland was revealed in its true light, the sympathy and blessing of Rome were lent to the movement in no stinted measure. The failure of the negotiations of Sir George Errington, and the appointment, of Dr. Walsh to the Archiepiscopal See of Dublin, marked an era in the history of the Papal relations with Ireland. The Irish people feel this keenly, and it is their consciousness of what they owe to this fact that probably went a long way to make the proceedings so remarkable for the spontaneity, fervor, and enthusiasm.

He that giveth to the poor shall not want.

Powderly will go to Ireland.

General Master Workman Powderly says it is true that he intends to go to Ireland to engage in the agitation for Home Rule. He will also visit England, where he has many friends, and ascertain the condition of British toilers. He anticipates no interference on account of English proverbial love of fair play, and thinks that America, which has shown much sympathy with the people of Ireland in their struggle, will uphold him.

Donahoe's Magazine for September comes to us brimful of news and fully up to the mark. This select publication is in its ninth year and a better magazine does not exist. — *New Orleans Morning Star.*

There are, according to the latest returns, two hundred and fifteen Catholic denominational schools in New South Wales, with a total of twenty-five thousand scholars on the roll.

Irishmen in the Army.

The number of Irishmen in the army is gradually getting less and less every year. At one time Irishmen abounded in the ranks of the British army. They were met with in every branch of the service, and not merely in corps bearing Irish designations. But of late years there has been a considerable falling off in the number of natives of the Emerald Isle accepting the Queen's shilling, and now Irish corps are mainly composed of Englishmen, the only regiment which maintains anything like the old standard in regard to nationality being the Irish Regiment. Such essentially Irish corps as the Inniskilling Fusileers and the Connaught Rangers have of late picked most of their recruits in England, and this applies with much more force to such corps as the Munster Fusileers and Leinster Regiment, whose connection with Ireland is but of a few years' standing. — *Irish Times.*

Coming to America.

If it is true, as the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* states, that Arthur O'Connor, for Donegal, and Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, one of the members for Dublin, will visit the United States and address meetings to be convened by the Irish National League of America, a new interest will be given to the Fall campaign of the League. They may be sure of a warm welcome.

Given up his Engagement.

The statement appears that Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., in consequence of the proclamation of the League, has cancelled his lecturing engagement in America. He was offered ten thousand dollars, all his expenses and a share of the profits, but prefers to stay and take his chance of arrest and imprisonment. Threats have already been heard in the House of Commons that Mr. O'Brien's conviction, if obtained, will be followed by numerous challenges to the Government. The Irish members are sure they can make the policy of suppressing the League odious by compelling the Lord Lieutenant to arrest a large number of Members of Parliament, thirty or forty of whom are said to be ready for martyrdom. English candidates also are prepared to volunteer.

Temptations that Beset Girls.

A signal instance of the virtue of an Irish girl, unshaken amidst trials and poverty, was the conduct of Annie Kelly, a native of Streamstown, Crossmolina, county Mayo, for whose murder Alfred Sowerby, of Preston, was executed the other day at Lancaster, England. It was

commonly rumored at the time the girl met her sad fate that her death was the penalty of her heroic resistance to evil overtures. Now, the dead man Sowerby, speaking through the jail chaplain, bears witness to her prudence of demeanor and chastity, and begs forgiveness of her parents. That forgiveness is freely and generously granted. The parents are penetrated by that noble spirit of religion which their daughter carried with her when seeking her daily bread amidst the struggling masses of busy Lancashire.

AT the celebration of the twelfth centenary mass of St. Cuthbert, English noblemen and Irish dock laborers walked side by side in procession, barefoot, three miles, through the sands at low tide to the holy island near Berwick, England, where St. Cuthbert lived. Social distinctions disappear in Catholic religious processions.

THE *Michigan Catholic:* We take much comfort in the reflection that we are not bound up with Mr. James G. Blaine, or any other candidate for the Presidency. We are thus enabled to refrain from saying unkind and uncharitable things of good men because they oppose certain candidates. Mr. Collins, of Boston, may oppose J. G. Blaine as much as he please, and we will not scold him for doing so. And Gen. Michael Kerwin, of the New York Tablet, may "stand up" for Blaine as high as he can, and we will not fall out with him.

Defeated!

IN the House of Commons on the evening of the 24th of August, Mr. Gladstone was greeted with cheers when he arose to move his resolution, "that a humble address be presented to the Queen, representing that the viceroy of Ireland has proclaimed the National League a dangerous association; that no information has been furnished to Parliament to justify the proclamation, by virtue of which her Majesty's subjects are to be rendered liable to be punished as criminals without a judicial inquiry into the nature of their acts, and that the House, in the absence of such information, prays that proclamation shall not continue in force as to the association named and described therein." On the evening of the 26th, after a long debate, the resolution was defeated by a vote of 272 for, to 194 against. The *Freeman's Journal* says Mr. Gladstone's speech in Parliament was the best encouragement and justification Irishmen could have to boldly confront coercion like men, not like mice, while they must not forget its appeal to their patience, prudence, and forbearance.

Fifty Years a Priest.

REV. ISIDOR DANBRESSE, S. J., celebrated his golden jubilee Sunday at New York in the Church of St. Francis Xavier. Fifty years have passed since he was ordained to the priesthood. He is one of the oldest and best known of the Jesuit priests in this country, and was for a long time connected actively with Boston College.

THE Rome correspondent of the *Paris Monde* says that Mgr. Persico, in his report on his Irish mission, dwells upon the necessity for the interests of Ireland of a permanent agent of the Vatican at London.

THE *New York Sun's* invitation to Gen. Collins to settle in New York recalls his wise response to a similar invitation from Sunset Cox: "The best thing I can do in New York is to keep out of it."

THIS is a nation of laborers, although there are a few among us who do not need to labor for food or money. But in this new land he who is not a laborer of some sort is a loafer of a bad sort, says the Boston *Daily Globe.*

MME. MARCHESI, the noted teacher of singing in Paris, has a girl pupil from Nebraska who sang vigorously, "Io t'amo." "Stop!" said Madame: "Is that the way they say 'I love you' in America?" "Yes, Madame." "Well, that is the way they cry 'fish for sale' in Paris."

"SIR, I hear you using the word donkey very frequently in your conversation." "Yes, your ears do not deceive you." "Am I to understand that you apply the word to me?" "Why, what makes you harbor such an unjust suspicion? Don't you know that there are lots of donkeys in the world besides you?"

Obituary.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

The death is announced in Boston, on August 30, after less than a week's illness, of the Rev. Thomas S. Stack, S.J., the newly appointed President of Boston College and rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Father Stack was forty-two years of age. He was born in Virginia, of Irish parents, July 3, 1845. He was carefully and tenderly brought up, as beseemed the scion of a well-to-do Southern family, and had that devotion to his native State which especially distinguishes Virginians. During the Civil War he enlisted on the Confederate side and served during the last two years of the conflict, participating in many fierce engagements. In September, 1868, the ardent young Virginian, erstwhile soldier of a lost cause, enrolled himself in another army, and under a Standard which will never suffer loss — he entered the Society of Jesus, the Thundering Legion of the Church, as some one has happily styled it. He made his novitiate at Frederick, Md. The Rev. Wm. Duncan, S.J., rector of St. Mary's, North End, Boston, was one of his companions. After making his vows, he taught chemistry and natural sciences at Boston College for several years, during which he greatly endeared himself to his pupils. "I came North to be reconstructed," he jestingly remarked to the writer, on some allusion to his bygone soldier-life; and he went on to say, "I have long been glad that we were beaten." His untimely death is a great loss to his order, and a real sorrow not to his family and his religious brethren alone, but to all who were privileged to know him. May he rest in peace!

Rev. Jeremiah Maloney, P. P., V. F., Rosscarbery, died on August 10. He was sixty-three years old, and had been thirty-six years a priest, ministering in the parishes of Castlehaven, Kilmeen, Courtmacsherry, and his first appointment as parish priest was at Barryroe, where he labored with characteristic zeal for six years. One of the many monuments to his memory in that district is the Church of Our Lady the Star of the Sea. For the last fourteen years he has been at Rosscarbery, which, by a curious coincidence, was the term allotted to his predecessor. He is thus described by one who knew him well: "High-souled, pure-minded, of single-minded purpose, and Christian and noble ambition, all his efforts and all his energies, mental and spiritual, were for God's glory and the amelioration of suffering mankind." May he rest in peace!

Rev. Sylvanus E. Perry, the oldest priest in the Province of Prince Edward Island, died at Egmont Bay, P. E. I., on the 3d of August. Father Perry was born at Tignish in 1802, and was consequently in his eighty-fifth year at the time of his death.

Rev. Henry O'Loughlin, a Catholic pastor at Brooklyn, N. Y., died at his parochial residence on Monday, August 15th. Just previous to his death the dying priest was propped up in bed. An attendant priest said to him, "Do you think you would like to die on the anniversary of the Feast of the Assumption?" The dying clergyman by an effort gained control of his failing powers of speech and managed to whisper "Yes," while a strange light shone in his eyes. His wish was granted, for at the very threshold of the Feast of the Assumption he breathed his last.

The venerable old French priest of St. Martinsville, La., Father Ange Marie Jan, was found dead in bed on the morning of the 16th of August. He celebrated Assumption Day and preached as usual. He retired about 9 o'clock, and next morning was found a corpse. The whole community is in mourning. All the bells in town were tolled all day, and stores were closed in respect to the memory of the beloved old man. Father Jan was born in Brittany, France, in 1802, was ordained a priest in 1825, and came to St. Martinsville, in January, 1851, where he continued to live until his death. May he rest in peace.

Rev. C. McSweeney, who died on the 8th of August in the Franciscan Hospital, Lawrenceville, Pittsburgh, was sixty years of age, and a native of Cork. He was ordained for the Cincinnati diocese and there labored for about five years. He later entered the Benedictine Novitiate but his health failed him, and he was then received into the Pittsburgh diocese by Bishop Domenec — since also gone to his reward.

BROTHER.

Death of Brother Eusebius.— *Michigan Catholic:* We regret to an-

nounce the sudden death of Rev. Bro. Eusebius, in the world Joseph de Poorter, who was the first superior of the Brothers of Charity in Detroit.

Brother Eusebius was born at Ypress, Belgium, March 17, 1817, and was professed in the Congregation of the Brothers of Charity at Ghent, in 1843. After filling several posts of distinction in his own country, he was sent as superior with the first colony of Brothers of Charity that came to Montreal in 1865, where he remained until 1879. After a rest of about a year and a half in Belgium he was made superior of the House of the Angel Guardian at Boston, Mass. In 1884 he came to Detroit with six brothers to take charge of St. Anthony's Male Orphan Asylum, Gratiot Road. Here he hoped to end his laborious life, the closing work of which he wished to be the establishment of an industrial school for boys in Detroit. But God willed it otherwise; obedience called him, about a year ago, to the direction of the Canadian novitiate, near Montreal, where his last work was the erection of a building for inebriates, epileptics, etc. It was not concluded when he was suddenly called to his reward, July 28th. Let us hope that his numerous works of charity, both in America and Europe, have already obtained for him the happiness of Heaven. R. I. P.

LAY PEOPLE.

WE regret to hear of the death of John A. Macdonell, Esq., of Charlottetown, P. E. I., which took place on the 7th inst. The deceased was the son of Alexander Macdonell, an officer in the "Glengarry Fencibles," who came to Canada from Scotland in 1821, and settled near Tracadie, P. E. I., where the subject of this notice was born on July 23d, 1822. He was also a nephew of Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first bishop of Kingston, Ontario. He was twice married, his second wife being a sister of the late Lieutenant-Governor Macdonald of Ontario. Rev. Allan Macdonell, S. J., of New York, is a brother of the deceased. R. I. P.

MRS. ANN KINGSTON, mother of Mr. Richard Kingston of Oakland, California, died at Drimolegue, county Cork, on the 27th of June last at the advanced age of one hundred years one month and nine days. There were some remarkable incidents in the family history of the deceased lady, she being born on the 18th day of the month of May, and the mother of fourteen children, two of whom were born on the same day of the month of separate years; the eldest being now seventy-four years of age. Her father died at one hundred and eight and her mother at one hundred and five years of age, and singular to relate both died on the same day, and it might be said on the same bed, there being only a few minutes difference between the time of their death. May she and they rest in peace. Amen.

THE charity of the prayers of our readers is asked for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary A. Purdy, widow of the late Major S. P. Purdy, of Detroit, Mich., and sister of P. J. Meehan of the *Irish American*, who, fortified by all the consolations of religion, departed this life at Buffalo, N. Y., on August 3d. Mrs. Purdy, before her marriage and removal to Detroit, was well known and esteemed in this city and Brooklyn. In Detroit — which city she only left a few months ago to join her sons in Buffalo — she was prominent for years in Catholic circles, and was justly honored for her nobility of character and the heroic Christian fortitude with which she endured many severe trials. She was a Catholic matron in the truest sense of the term. Her remains were taken to Detroit for burial beside those of her husband and children. May she rest in peace. Amen.

Labor Day.

THE labor parade in Boston on the 5th of September, was a magnificent display, one of the finest processions that ever walked the streets of this city. The last General Court enacted that "the first Monday of September in each year, being the day celebrated and known as Labor's Holiday, is hereby made a legal public holid y, to all intents and purposes, in the same manner as Thanksgiving, Fast and Christmas days, the twenty-second of February, he thirtieth day of May and the fourth day of July are now by law made public holidays."

A Blessing in Disguise.

MR. HEALY addressed a league meeting at Cork the 29th of August. He said the people would wipe their boots with government proclamations. Irishmen, with the support of the English democracy, flouted and despised the government. Coercion would entail suffering on the people, but would prove a blessing in disguise.

O'CONNELL MEMORIAL CHURCH.

REV. FATHERS GRIFFIN and Crowley are soliciting funds in Boston for a monument to the Irish patriot's memory in Cahirciveen, Ireland. The project has met with very gratifying success, and has for its solicitor Rev. John Griffin, curate to the Very Rev. Canon Brosnan, parish priest of Cahirciveen. He is making a tour of this country, and is accompanied by Rev. Timothy Crowley. Both priests have visited Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Philadelphia, having already collected nineteen thousand dollars. Cahirciveen is a little town within sight of the Valentia Islands, the Atlantic telegraph station on the west coast of Ireland. To the north, a short distance away, is Carhan, the birthplace of O'Connell. When Canon Brosnan was appointed parish priest of Cahirciveen it was on condition that he should erect a church in place of the old one, which had fallen into decay. The canon conceived the project of making the new temple a memorial to O'Connell in the place of his birth, for O'Connell was not only the advocate of civil liberty, but one of the foremost champions of Catholicism. On Dec. 10, 1883, he laid his project before Leo XIII., and the Pope said: "Your work is great and good, to build a church in honor of the holy cross, and which would be a monument of Daniel O'Connell for cherishing and ever preserving the memory of so great a man, who labored all his life with the greatest fruit for faith and religion. I saw Daniel O'Connell in the year 1846. I was in the House of Commons in London with a member of the Belgian legation, who then pointed him out to me. As I greatly desired to see so great a man, I fixed my eyes on him and he was great. Your work is honorable. I have your petition here, and that the work may be done and completed the quicker, I will write on it with my own hand that all may see, and I will give you the corner-stone and I will depute the archbishop of Cashel to lay it." Canon Brosnan further determined to enlist the sympathy of Irish Catholics throughout the world. This the Pope approved by the following, written Jan. 1, 1884. "We very much approve the project of building a new temple in that place in which the strenuous vindicator of the Catholic religion, Daniel O'Connell, was born, and we willingly in the Lord bestow the apostolic benediction on you, and upon all who will have contributed their aid or assistance to it." This church is to be a noble edifice of pure Go hic architecture. It will be one hundred and fifty feet in length, the transept one hundred and twenty, the nave and aisles seventy. Its spire, surrounded by a cluster of smaller ones, will rise to a height of one hundred and sixty-five feet. The church is intended for a congregation of two thousand people. The cost, apart from the foundations, ground, architect's fee, etc., will be about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

CONSECRATION OF THE MOST REV. DR. FLOOD, O. P.—The new Archbishop of Trinidad, West Indies, the Most Rev. Dr. Flood, was consecrated in the Pro-Cathedral of Dublin, Ireland, on Sunday, August 13. Archbishop Walsh was the consecrator, assisted by Bishop Woodlock, of Ardagh, and Bishop O'Callaghan, of Cork. Other bishops present were Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton, Canada, and Bishop Donnelly, coadjutor of Archbishop Walsh. A great number of priests, secular and religious, attended, the Dominicans naturally being prominent. Dr. Flood was born in the county Longford, in 1844, and made his preliminary studies for the priesthood in the Longford Diocesan Seminary. In 1860, he entered the Dominican order, and was trained to the religious life by the late illustrious Father Tom Burke. He was ordained to the priesthood in Rome in 1867, and took the degree of Doctor of Divinity in the same year. He labored successfully in Cork, Dundalk and Waterford; and later, as Prior, in Galway and Newry. On the death of Father Burke, in 1883, he was chosen to fill his place as Prior of Tallaght, and was a second time appointed to the same office in 1886. The name of Dr. Flood is intimately associated with the completion of the beautiful church at Tallaght, which Father Burke himself had begun, and to whose erection the last days of that illustrious man had been devoted. Dr. Flood had also been a most successful missionary, and many are the parishes in Ireland, England, and Scotland that were the scenes of his self-sacrificing and untiring labors in the pulpit and confessional. Archbishop Flood will visit Rome previous to his departure for the West Indies. The new bishop was in Boston a year or so ago collecting for the Tallaght church.

FOR THE BLOOD.—The attention of the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is called to the handsome illustrated advertisement of the Lougee Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which graces our columns to day. The Vitalizing Compound which they manufacture is having a large sale wherever introduced, on the basis of the remarkable cures it has effected in Lynn and vicinity. Among the multitude of such medicines now before the public it is wise to discriminate and secure, if possible, that which has a backing of solid merit.

Flags from Ireland.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE, of Cashel, has sent, by the Rev. P. J. Macdonnell, of Chicago, to Father John J. Riordan, of Castle Garden, New York, two flags, made of Irish poplin, and embroidered by the nuns of the Convent at Cashel. The staves are of Irish ash, and both were blessed in the form prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church.

The Archbishop writes that one of the two

is the American National flag, intended for presentation to the Sixty-Ninth Regiment of the New York National Guard. The other is the green flag of Ireland, with the harp and "Sun-burst," surmounted by the words "Erin-go-Bragh" inscribed in Celtic letters. It is to be used as Father Riordan may deem best for the furtherance of his charitable work.

Archbishop Croke, in a letter sent with the flags, says: "Let us hope that the day is not long distant when the green flag will again be unfurled over a native Senate, amid a prosperous, well-ordered, and emancipated people."

The flags will form the principal feature of a fair that Father Riordan is to hold this year for the benefit of the Emigrant's Home at Castle Garden.

Bad Crop Prospects in Ireland.

A FARMER residing in the county Kilkenny states that in his opinion, as a practical man, there will not be, on the whole, a half-crop in Ireland this year. The grass is burned to the very roots, the hay is miserably scant, the potato crop not half what it was last year, and the oat crop is still worse. Wheat is pretty good, but there is little sown, and the prices are bad. Barley is very short and poor, and the make of butter is getting less every day. Owing to the want of grass in England, cattle can scarcely be sold at any price.

Cardinal's Residence Robbed.

THE residence of Cardinal Gibbons, in Baltimore, was robbed on Sunday, Sept. 4, of two valuable rings, one of which was a present from Pope Leo. They were stolen from a drawer in the library, the lock of which was cut out. No clue to the thief has been obtained.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK, of St. Louis, completed his eighty-first year on Tuesday the 23d of August. He was born in 1806, made coadjutor to Bishop Rossati, November 30th, 1841, and Archbishop in 1847, when the archdiocese extended over Missouri, Arkansas, half of Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico and in fact to the Rocky Mountains.

Chapel Dedicated.

THE new chapel, corner of Grafton and Hamilton Streets, Worcester, Mass., recently erected by the newly formed parish of St. Stephen's, was dedicated September 4. Rev. R. S. J. Burke, formerly of Westboro, is pastor of the church. The services of dedication were in charge of Rev. Fr. J. J. Power of St. Paul's Church, Vicar-General of the Springfield diocese.

Boston College.

THE Collegiate year commenced on the 5th of September. The name of the successor of the lamented Father Stack in the presidency of Boston College has not yet been announced. The vice-rector, Father N. Russo, S. J., is acting president.

THE REV. EDWARD L. MCCLURE, late of St. Mary's Church, Georgetown, has been appointed rector of St. Patrick's, Brockton, succeeding the Rev. Michael Doherty, deceased. The Rev. Edward J. Murphy, late assistant at St. James' Church, Haverhill, succeeds Father McClure in the pastoral charge at Georgetown.

The Great University.

AT a meeting of the trustees of the proposed university, at Cardinal Gibbons' residence in Baltimore, Washington was selected as the site of the university. Plans for the building were adopted, and work is to be begun this fall. Rt. Rev. Dr. Keane, bishop of Richmond, was elected as first rector of the university. A building committee consisting of Archbishop Williams of Boston, Bishop Keane and Thomas Wagaman, and a collecting committee, including all the archbishops and bishops in the United States, were appointed. The brief of the Pope sanctioning the university was read.

Mediation Proffered by the Vatican.

IT is rumored that the Vatican has intimated its willingness to undertake the task of mediating between the government and the leaders of the Irish party, for the final settlement of the Irish question on the lines of a moderate measure of Home Rule. It is also said that such a proposal would find favor in the minds of the Liberal Unionists as a whole, a large number of Tories, and not a small portion of the following of Mr. Gladstone. Bishop Ireland, being interviewed in relation to the above, states that there can be no truth in the rumor.

POSSIBLY the two oldest priests in the world reside in Pennsylvania. One is the Benedictine Archabbot Wimmer, of St. Vincent's Monastery, Westmoreland County, and the other, Rev. Anthony Schwarze, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Minersville. They were both ordained in 1831 in Germany.

THE population of Ireland on the 30th of June is set down at 4,807,352.

ABANDONS EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE PRIESTHOOD.— Among the priests ordained last Sunday in the chapel of the Jesuit College of the Sacred Heart at Woodstock, Md., are the names of Francis Barnum and William J. Kevil of Norfolk, Va. Rev. Francis Barnum deserves more than a passing notice. He is a grandson of Zenus Barnum,

founder of Barnum's Hotel, and a brother of Zenus Barnum, Jr., who died several years ago. The latter bequeathed a fortune of eighty thousand dollars to his brother Francis, with the proviso, however, that the legatee abandon his intention of becoming a priest. Francis refused to do this and was forced to relinquish the money. There is what the love of God will enable a man to do.

The Late Dr. Cahill.

ON Aug. 16, the statue of the late Very Rev. Dr. Cahill was erected over his grave in O'Connell's Circle, Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, opposite to Sir John Gray's monument. The work has been executed in Irish limestone, and, excepting the statue of O'Connell, in Clare, the statue to Dr. Cahill is, we believe, the only one in Ireland cut from native stone. The fund to erect the work was willingly subscribed by the Irish people, as it was felt that the duty of carrying out his last request, "to carry his bones home to dear old Ireland," belonged to the whole Irish race, for whom he labored incessantly both by pen and voice.

THERE is no truth in the rumor that Mr. Maurice F. Egan, Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, is about to leave New York and journalism, to accept a professorship in a Western college. Mr. Egan will continue as editor-in-chief of the *Freeman*, of which paper he is now half owner.—*The Irish-American.*

A Big Mistake.

THE moulting season, or the season when hens shed their feathers, will soon be at an end. The process is one that, in certain respects, debilitates and prevents hens from laying. The reason of this is that the growing of new feathers requires all the nitrogen and phosphates contained in the food and there is none left to form the egg. A curious fact about the hen, and one that illustrates the foregoing statement, is this: if a hen's leg be broken during the laying season, she will lay her eggs without shells until the break is mended. The reason for this must be that all the lime contained in the food is required to unite the broken bone; there is, therefore, none for the formation of egg shells. The formation of new feathers does not require any carbonaceous or fat-producing food, consequently well-fed hens get very fat during the moulting. Many farmers and poultry raisers, not understanding all about these things, kill off their old hens because they think they have stopped laying and are fat. This is a great mistake, because if the proper material be furnished them with their food to supply the increased demand for nitrogen and phosphates, before mentioned, the old hens will be through shedding feathers much sooner and will begin laying on the approach of cold weather, and they will continue to lay vigorously all winter, while the young pullets, reserved to take the place of the old hens, may not begin to lay until much later in the season. Very many people have learned from experience that Sheridan's Condition Powder mixed once daily with their food will supply the extra material needed to strengthen and invigorate their hens, enabling them to grow new plumage quickly and commence laying early. Those who commence now to use Sheridan Powder, will find that their young pullets will commence to lay at from four to six months old, and will lay continuously through the winter. The Farmers' Poultry Raising Guide, published by I. S. Johnson & Co., at 22 Custom House St., Boston, at 25 cents, contains a vast amount of information on this subject. Johnson & Co. will send, post-paid, two 25-cent packs of powder and one Guide for 60 cents, or a 2½ lb. can of the powder, postage or express prepaid, for $1.20 and a guide free.

The Bones of Christopher Columbus.

THE bones of the discoverer of America are to be once more removed, as if they had not yet earned rest. When Columbus died he first found a resting place at Valladolid. But it was not for long. In seven years his remains were taken to Seville, and in 1536 across the ocean to Hayti, where they were deposited in the Cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795 it was thought to be high time that the bones of Columbus were disturbed again, and they were taken to Havana, in Cuba. Now, after a further rest of a hundred years, a fresh transfer — let us hope the last — is to be made, and Genoa, the navigator's birthplace, will finally claim its own.

Christian Brothers in Worcester, Mass.

A LETTER has been received from Rev. Thomas Griffin of St. John's Church, who is travelling in Europe with Bishop O'Reilly, announcing that he has made arrangements with Rev. Brother Maxwell for the coming of a colony of the Christian Brothers to Worcester. Prior to his departure Father Griffin surprised the people by making large purchases of real estate. He bought several pieces of land aggregating over five thousand dollars in cost, and people have since been speculating as to his intentions, which he never before disclosed. This colony will be the first introduced of the Irish Christian Brothers into the United States. There are other Christian Brothers here, but none of the Irish order. Worcester will, therefore, be the location of the novitiate in this country. The parochial schools for girls have been in successful operation in Father Griffin's parish for more than twelve years and the Reverend Father writes that he regards this last move as providential,

and in every way a satisfactory disposition of the vexed question. "What are we to do with the boys?"

THE FIRST BLOOD.

DUBLIN, Sept. 9, 1887.—Mitchellstown was crowded this morning with people who had come from all the neighboring towns to be present at the trial of Editor O'Brien. Large numbers of police and soldiers were also on duty to quell any outbreak that might occur. As was expected, Mr. O'Brien did not appear in answer to the summons which was served upon him. The court, finding that he would not present himself for trial, issued a warrant for his arrest. This caused a great sensation, and an open indignation meeting was held, at which Mr. Labouchere, M.P., and others denounced the government in strong terms.

A conflict occurred at the meeting which was held in Market Square. The police were trying to protect a government stenographer, when a fight took place, and the crowd repulsed the police, sixty in number, several of whom were struck with sticks and stones and severely injured. The police obtained re-enforcements and returned to the scene. They fired six shots, and two men were instantly killed. Several other persons were wounded. The meeting in Market Square was attended by seven thousand persons. Messrs. Dillion, Brunner, Labouchere, John Ellis, Gill, Condon and O'Hea were present. A government reporter, with an escort of police, tried to push to the front. The crowd resisted them with sticks and stones. The police then made a charge against the crowd, and were repulsed by men on horseback. The persons killed were an old man named Riordan, a resident of the locality, and an elderly cabman from Fermoy. The injuries received by the police consist principally of scalp wounds and bruises.

MONEY is made twice: a man makes it and then his wife makes it—go.

MGR. ANZINO, almoner to the Italian Court, has been charged by their Majesties, the King and Queen, with the task of discovering whether the Holy Father will accept a gift which they would like to make to him on the occasion of his Jubilee. If His Holiness will allow the offering to be made, the example of their Majesties will be followed by their Royal Highnesses, the Duc d'Aosta and his children, the Duc de Genes, and the Prince of Carignan.

The Illustrated London News

HAS long maintained the reputation of standing at the head of the English illustrated periodicals. Its circulation is world-wide. The price at which it was, until recently, sold in this country, however — twenty-five cents, was too high to expect a very extended circulation here. This condition of things no longer obtains. Yankee enterprise has now placed it within the reach of most readers. The American edition of the *Illustrated London News* is made from duplicate plates furnished by the London publishers, and it is better printed than even the original, while the price is only 10 cents. Its office is in the Potter Building, New York City.

MRS. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, the relict of the lamented Irish patriot and soldier, and sister of Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow, of New York, who is travelling through Montana and who was present, stood sponsor for twenty-four young Indian girls, who were confirmed on the Feast of St. Ignatius, by Bishop Brondel. The maidens were dressed becomingly in white, and wore crowns of flowers and white veils.

REV. MOTHER AUGUSTINE and Sister Aloysius arrived in New York en route to their home in Galveston, Texas, with 30 young Irish ladies in care, to enter the convent at Galveston.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Irish Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

THE 2d of July, 1776, was a memorable one in the quaint old city of Philadelphia. An unwonted silence brooded over its streets, and a look of anxious expectancy sat on the faces of its citizens as the sun rose over the Delaware, brightening with his beams the beautiful river, and gilding the many spires of the city. Even at that early hour groups of men strode silently from their homes, and slowly wended their way towards Carpenter's Hall. As the day advanced the crowd became denser, and by noon every avenue leading to the hall was packed with living multitudes. Expectation, hope, fear and dismay could be read on thousands of faces, for on this day the representatives of the thirteen colonies of America were to decide whether they and their descendants were to remain the slaves of the most despotic government in the world, or at once throw off their chains and make a gallant struggle for Nationality and Independence! Amidst that vast outpouring of citizens were thousands whose hearts beat high with hope that the Colonial Delegates would fling their foreign allegiance to the winds, and declare for freedom. These were the patriots who were willing to back with their blood such bold and fiery spirits as John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Patrick Henry, and who afterwards did so on many a memorable field. Others there were, however, and they were not few, who had no sympathy with the movement about to be inaugurated, and looked with disdain and hatred on the proceedings. These were the "loyal Americans," or "Tories," who were unchangeably true to the cause of England and King George, and who, in after days, proved the most stubborn enemies Washington had to contend against.

The "rebels," as the patriots were called, were, on this day, far outnumbered by the loyalists in almost all the colonies. The large cities, especially, contained majorities, and many of the colonies had no idea of separation or independence. Both political parties were fierce in their determination to maintain the sides they had espoused, and with bitter and vindictive feelings, each looking with hatred on the other. The blood shed at Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, had intensified that hatred to such a degree that nothing short of armed

force could suppress. On one side was arrayed England, the greatest empire the world ever beheld, whose ships crowded every sea, and whose victorious flag waved to the uttermost ends of the earth. On the other side, there was neither government, organization, nor discipline, except what prevailed under Washington, which was scant. Without a ship at sea, or an army on land, weak and helpless before such a colossal power, it seemed sheer madness for the patriots to commence a struggle which could only end in their degradation and enslavement. Rumors of vast armaments to subdue the colonists, besides those already at hand, were afloat, and momentarily expected in American waters. Large rewards for the capture of many leading patriots were freely offered by the English government, and every means in the enemy's power were used to hound them to death. But war was really in existence, and stalked over the land. The patriots of Massachusetts and the adjacent colonies had driven the British from Boston, and while Congress was in session in Philadelphia, thirty-three thousand English, Scotch, and Hessian troops were pitching their camps on Staten Island, New York. Fleets and armies, greater than ever America had beheld, were on the coasts. Every port north, south and east, was swept by British cruisers. Norfolk was laid in ashes. From Northern New York to the most northern point of Georgia, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage were employed by the British in suppressing the "American rebels." Jefferson tells the story in the Declaration of Independence:

"Amidst the clamor of war, the clash of contending armies, in the presence of a thousand perils, and of a dark and ominous future, the people, enraged, resolute, unyielding, went calmly to the polls and voted for independence."

In this state of affairs a convention of the patriots was called to meet at Philadelphia, and, on that memorable 2d of July, it was convened. Among those who assembled in Carpenter's Hall were men whose names are household words to-day, not only in history, but around the hearths of every land where freedom is admired or loved. These men were really the pioneers of true freedom — the champions of Independence and the defenders of human rights. When they met on that day it was not only to protest against their own enslavement, but against the enslavement of the human race. Never before or since in the world's history has such an illustrious body of men sat in council — never has the world given birth to such a distinguished galaxy of patriots as our revolutionary fathers. There was Jefferson of Virginia — the true Democrat, with Celtic blood flowing in his veins, simple, honest, and patriotic — who could not deliver a speech, but could frame an instrument for freemen which is still the eye-sore and the terror of tyrants. He it was, who, with his wonderful fire and grace and burning pen on that day wrote his immortal Declaration of American Independence. And there was Patrick Henry,— the man who braved King George and his satellites in Virginia, and who, by his impassioned eloquence, roused the lethargic people to revolution, —the man who deliberately committed treason and dared his masters to make the most of it. And John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Ben Franklin were there

also. And there, too, was Thomas Neilson, of Virginia, the man who moved the instructions in the Convention of Virginia, passed on May 15th, under which Richard Henry Lee offered the original resolution of Independence. This Neilson, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was descended from the O'Neills of Ulster — from the race of the "Bloody red-right hand," whose prowess for more than five hundred years had driven back the English from Ulster. And from the stock of the same province came Edward Rutledge, Thomas McKean, and Charles Thompson, the latter Secretary of the Convention, or Congress.

A compromise with the enemy, or revolution and independence, was discussed in that Congress. John Hancock rose and put the question to the assembly. Independence was carried. John Hancock signed his name to it, endorsed by Charles Thompson, and as the proceedings were made known to the patriots on the streets, a cheer burst from their surcharged hearts that reverberated from the Delaware to the Schuylkill. That Declaration was printed by John Dunlap, a native of Strabane, county Tyrone, and distributed to the three millions of inhabitants in the thirteen colonies. It was proclaimed in the streets, published in the journals, and thrown broadcast among friends and foes as America's defiance to England. It was thrust in the teeth of Howe's army in New York and Staten Island, and nerved the soldiers of Sullivan to withstand their shock at Brooklyn. Well might John Adams speak in rapturous terms of it. In a letter to his wife he said: —

"The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, balls, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other, from this forward forever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm; but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure it will cost us to maintain this Declaration of and defend these states. Yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor never will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony that these United States are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent states."

This Declaration of Independence, issued at the time when the thirteen colonies of the Western World lay in the midnight of Slavery, shone as a beacon-light to the struggling patriots, buoyed them with hope, and gave them strength and courage to march onward on the path that led to freedom. When the old Liberty Bell in Carpenter's Hall rung out the joyful tidings of Independence, its peals filled every patriotic heart in America with hope, and echoing across the Atlantic stirred the dead nationalities of Europe in their shrouds. Its echoes have not ceased yet; they reverberate around the globe, and every struggling nation, when resisting tyranny, invokes the spirit of that Declaration to aid them in their resistance.

To form an idea of the characters of the men who gave birth to it, we must go back to the eighteenth century, ponder on the lawlessness and tyranny of the time, the oppression of kings and their nobles, and the legalized brutality which they exercised. It was a barbaric age.

The common people, as they were called by their masters, were simply slaves, and were only tolerated by their rulers because they administered to the wants, pleasures and luxurious gratifications of their sensual appetites. There was no toleration, no social standing or equality between the master and his serf. The feeling, or principle, of humanity was unknown. Speaking on this subject an American author says:—

"One can scarcely realize how miserable was the human race amidst the barbarities of kings and nobles one hundred years ago; what tears were shed; what horrors endured by those who have since become the sovereign people. The chief trait of the eighteenth century was its intense inhumanity. No one cared for the sufferings of others, and no one, except a few philosophers and a few Americans, had discovered that the majority of men were not born to suffer forever. The great Seigneurs of France beat, robbed and murdered their peasants with no sentiment even of shame; the English lords, bishops, and princes defended their cruel laws, while all the oceans were covered with English slave ships, and the horrible wealth of every civilized nation was won from the woes of the helpless African. European cruelty and avarice had forced slavery upon the fresh fields of America, had planted among us the supreme pest of civilization, had left here the canker that corroded the freedom of Greece and Rome, and had seemed to make impossible in the New World any advance beyond the impressive humanity of the past. Yet, in the midst of the cruelty, the tyranny, the vices of the eighteenth century, our American reformers founded a republic in which toleration, humanity, education, and virtue were to be the pillars of the rising state."

Magna Charta, the boast of the Briton, which was wrung from an English tyrant at Runnymede (and which to-day is violated by his descendants in the Irish Coercion act), dwindles into insignificance when placed in juxtaposition with the great American document. No people, no land, no power, since the dawning of history, ever issued such an emphatic veto against tyranny as the signers of this glorious document. The men who staked their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor on its principles and justice were animated by a spirit of unselfish patriotism, which has never been equalled, and which can never be surpassed. They came from many lands, leaving tyranny behind them, as they fondly imagined, to bask in the sunlight of freedom in a new world, and almost an unknown land. But the shackles which they had left behind in Europe were forged anew for them in the American Colonies. Their Old World tyrants confronted them here, and with the same barbarous persistency which they had displayed and enforced in Europe endeavored to make them slaves. They were of many nationalities; some were born in Wales, where they first imbibed a love of liberty on her rugged mountains, and not finding it, came across the Western Ocean to seek it. Some were from England, who, throwing prejudice aside, struck against the despotism of their mother-land, and arrayed themselves on the side of freedom. Others, though few, were from Celtic Scotland, and, to their credit be it said, remained true and faithful to their principles throughout the Revolutionary struggle. But from Ireland, that had suffered more from English domination than those of any other land, and who had supplied more emigrants to the colonies than any other nation, and whose sons were all antagonistic to the existing order of things, surely must have come more signatures to that document than from any other source?

The number of Irish by birth or descent, who signed their names to

the Declaration, has never been and will never be ascertained. The men who indorsed it were too proud to claim the honor of a name from a remote or ancient ancestry; they lived in the present, and merging their individual nationalities into American patriotism, forgetful of everything but the cause they had at heart, signed their names as Americans. But on that immortal bead-roll of patriots, that bright galaxy of practical reformers, whose stern principles and unswerving rectitude and valor had stirred the world to admiration, and advanced the cause of freedom to its remotest bounds, many Irish names appear. How many we cannot tell. From nine to thirteen are claimed by different historians, but we are certain that nine at least recorded their names on the Declaration of Independence. We incline to the belief that there are more, but cannot justify our belief by historical facts, and will not dare attempt it. One thing is certain, that the four provinces of Ireland are represented there; men born in Slaney, on the banks of the Shannon from where it rises in the mountains of Cavan to where it meets the embrace of the sea below Limerick, have traced their names on its pages; from where the Ulster Blackwater and its Munster namesake flows to where the western waves wash the Galway coast, each and every one of these is represented in Thomas Jefferson's undying Declaration.

The first name on that instrument is John Hancock. It is written in a style that shows he was in earnest. His signature is the most conspicuous on the document, not only for its size but the boldness and vigor which characterize it. It is a lasting symbol of his patriotism and fearlessness. By some it has been asserted that the grandfather of the first Signer came from the county Down, Ireland. However this may be, it is certain that the name has been well known in and around Newry for the last two centuries. Many are there still, and many are to be found in other parts of Ireland. It is possible that the first of the Hancocks came to Ireland with Cromwell, and was rewarded with a grant of land in the north of Ireland, for services rendered to the grim Puritan in his Irish wars. Lossing, the historian, gave the genealogy of the American Hancocks, in 1876, in the New York *Irish World*, but could not tell where the grandfather of our John Hancock came from. It is uncertain whether he was Irish or English descent. The question is not easily answered, and, for a wonder, the Scotch have not claimed him.

Charles Carroll.

But there is no doubt whatever regarding the origin of Charles Carroll. The Carrolls came from the county Cork (some historians say King's County), and were all Catholics. They settled in Maryland and Virginia where thousands of their countrymen had preceded them. Charles was born in Annapolis, Md., in 1737, and was educated in a Catholic College of that colony. His cousin, the Jesuit bishop, also received the first rudiments of his education at the same institution. The great love of independence and hatred of oppression in every shape, which so distinguished his character through life, was owing to the patriotic tuition of his father in early youth, who imparted to him

a knowledge of the wrongs and cruelties perpetrated by the English on his native land. The Carrolls had suffered in the wars of William and James, and being adherents of the latter had their estates confiscated, and soon afterwards emigrated to the colonies. Here they prospered, and when the Revolution broke out, Charles Carroll was the richest man in America. He, as well as his cousin, finished his education in an European College. Long before the Revolution, Charles, under the signature, "The First Citizen," wrote many articles condemnatory of the British Government, which placed him in the front rank of the writers of the day, and helped to swell the spirit of resistance which was then newborn in the hearts of the people. Charles, his cousin, the bishop, Benjamin Franklin, and Samuel Chase, were deputed by Congress, in 1776, to visit Canada, and, if possible, win the Canadians to sympathize with the rebellious colonists. They visited all the towns in Lower Canada, and the inhabitants were appealed to, in the French language by the bishop, not to take up arms for England or fight against American Independence. For this he was styled by the English, "The Jesuit Rebel." The mission was not altogether successful, as British emissaries had poisoned the minds of the Canadians against the Yankees, and circulated many injurious falsehoods against them. But if the arguments and eloquence of the deputies failed to inspire the Canadians to marshal themselves on the side of liberty, it had the effect of preventing them from joining in a body the standard of England. We do not read of a French-Canadian brigade being enrolled by the British during the whole Revolution. It was the teachings of the Carrolls that prevented this.

The patriots returned to Canada in 1776. They immediately proceeded to Philadelphia and were in time to be present at the debate on the adoption of the Declaration. Many wavered, but Charles Carroll manfully defended its principles and strenuously urged its adoption. "Will you sign it, Mr. Carroll?" asked John Hancock, while all listened for his reply. "Most willingly," answered the Irish-American without a moment's hesitation. He did, and by that act staked more millions than any other man in the colonies. When told by one of the members that the British would scarcely recognize him from the numerous Charles Carrolls in the colonies, he again stepped to the table, and wrote after his signature, "of Carrollton." It is the only signature on the document with the residence of the writer attached. While the Revolution continued, the Carrolls aided it with all the means in their power, and never doubted its final success. After Independence was secured, Charles was honored by the country, which he had so well served, with many distinguished positions, whose duties he discharged with honor to himself and the Republic. He lived fifty-six years after the signing of the Declaration, and outlived all whose names are attached to that imperishable document. He died on Nov. 14, 1832, aged 96.

Thomas Neilson.

The town of Strabane, county Tyrone, once the seat of the princely O'Neills of Ulster, lies midway between Omagh, the capital of the

county, and the city of Derry, the capital of the county of that name. Before the famine it contained nine thousand inhabitants; but to-day it cannot boast of half that number. This ancient seat of the O'Neills have given birth to many great men who figured in the American Revolution, and have made their names illustrious on the page of American history. John Dunlap, who published the first daily paper in the United States was born there. James Meese, the purser of the *Bon Homme Richard*, Paul Jones' ship, who manned the guns at Whitehaven, England, when Jones' gunners were shot down, was a native of Strabane. Sir Guy Carleton, who conquered Montgomery at Quebec, was born there, and the grandfather of Thomas Neilson, the signer of the Declaration, was a native of Front Street, Strabane. These Neilsons were descendants of the O'Neills of Tyrone. How they came to change their name is not known; but the celebrated Irish scholar, Eugene Curry, and others, attest to their direct rank from the O'Neills. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Neilson's grandfather came to the colonies and settled in Virginia. There Thomas was born, and, like his father and grandfather, cherished a holy hatred of English rule. No wonder! He had sprung from a race who, for five hundred years, had battled against it, and who had lost all in the struggle for Irish freedom. Though of delicate constitution and feeble frame, he had a great mind and large intellect. Despite his physical shortcomings he was a practical soldier, a wise statesman, and a profound thinker. He was a member of the first general convention of Virginia, which met at Williamsburg, in 1774; was sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress in the same year, and in 1776 was unanimously re-elected to the same position. In that year he signed the Declaration. Physical disability soon afterwards compelled him to retire to private life. But when Washington needed troops, when his army was dwindling away before the incessant encroachments of cold, hunger, and English aggressiveness, and when Congress called for immediate reinforcements, then Neilson raised a volunteer corps, and, placing himself at their head, marched to the assistance of Washington. In 1779 he was once more a delegate to Congress, and when Thomas Jefferson's term of office as Governor of Virginia expired Thomas Neilson succeeded him. He thus became commander-in-chief of the forces of the state, and when Cornwallis invaded it, rallied them around him, and led them to the camp of Lafayette. He fought under him until the English surrendered at Yorktown. His own house at Yorktown was at one time occupied by the British, and he ordered the gunners to shell it. It was done, thus sacrificing his own home on the altar of freedom. When the freedom of the United States was secured he retired from public office, and lived privately until his death, which occurred in 1789.

The late Thomas Neilson Underwood, of Strabane, county Tyrone, was a lineal descendant of Thomas Neilson, the Signer. Charles Underwood O'Connell, of the Naturalization Bureau, New York, is, we believe, the only representative of the Neilson family in the United States.

Thomas Lynch,

as well as his father, was a native of Connaught. The precise locality

of his birth has not been handed down to us; but it is safe to infer that to the old "City of the Tribes" belongs the honor of giving him birth. About 1700 the Lynches came to the colonies and settled in South Carolina. They all entertained a bitter hatred against English oppression, and, on every occasion, endeavored to stimulate this sentiment amongst the colonists. In 1773 we find Thomas Lynch and his father addressing a public meeting at Charleston, in which both denounced the British Government for their oppression of the colonies. When the first regiment was raised in South Carolina, Thomas Lynch held the position of captain in it, and his father held a seat in Congress. Sickness and age obliged the elder Lynch to relinquish it, and his son was afterwards elected to fill the place. In company with Franklin and Harrison he consulted Washington, in the camp at Cambridge, on the formation and and organization of a new rebel army. The Declaration was signed by Thomas Lynch on Aug. 2, 1776. In order to restore his shattered health he sailed for the West Indies in 1779; but the ship on which he embarked never reached her destination; she foundered at sea and Thomas Lynch perished at the early age of thirty.

Edward Rutledge,

statesman, orator, and soldier, was the son of an Ulster Irishman who emigrated to South Carolina in 1735. The name is common to this day in all the Ulster counties. The Rutledges hold a very distinguished position in the history of the Revolution. John, the brother of Edward, was a member of the first Continental Congress and afterwards chief-justice of the United States. Edward was three times elected to Congress. He signed the Declaration on the same day as Thomas Lynch, Aug. 2, 1776. When the English besieged Charleston, in 1780, the Governor (his brother) gave him command of a battery. With his command he made many desperate efforts to aid Gen. Lincoln, then cooped up in the city. In one of these he was captured by the British, and remained a prisoner in their hands for more than a year. The hardships he endured during his captivity preyed on his health, and for a while he took no part in public affairs. In 1794, however, he took a seat in the United States Senate, and, in 1798, became Governor of South Carolina. He died the next year. He was a wise statesman, a brilliant orator, and a true soldier and patriot. No name was more honored in his native state.

George Taylor

was the son of an Irish physician, and was born in Ireland in 1716. His biographers do not state what county. In his native land, when but a youth, he studied medicine; but, disliking the practice, ran away from home, bargained with the captain of a ship, about sailing for Philadelphia, to work his passage out, and to be sold for a number of years on his arrival, to redeem his passage money. Thousands from every part of Ireland came out in this way to the colonies previous to the Revolution, and were called "Redemptioners." George Taylor was one of them. After his arrival in the Quaker City, he was hired by Mr. Savage, owner of iron works in Durham, Pa. He paid Taylor's passage,

and bound him for three years to work as a laborer at the smelting furnace. Mr. Savage's iron works were then the most extensive in Pennsylvania, perhaps in all the colonies, and he constantly employed a large number of hands. But Taylor was not inured to hard labor, and before a week had elapsed his hands were covered with blisters, and his physical condition was much impaired. This being brought to the observation of Mr. Savage, he questioned the young man, and finding him intelligent immediately took him into his counting-room. There, by his smartness, industry, and integrity, the Irish boy soon gained the confidence and esteem of his employer. Three years later Mr. Savage died, and the responsibility of running the works devolved on Taylor. So well did he execute his commission, that subsequently the widow Savage, who was a beautiful and exemplary woman, married her Irish employé. Thus did fortune prove propitious to the penniless runaway, and he became owner of the largest iron works in the colonies. So popular was he in Bucks County, where he resided, that in 1764 he was unanimously elected to the Provincial Assembly in Philadelphia. In this Assembly he took part in all the debates, and by his patriotism and oratory impressed his colleagues with a profound idea of his disinterestedness and great abilities. He held many positions in the Assembly, and was placed on the Committee of Safety. He was elected to the Continental Congress in 1776, and boldly advocated the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. His name is found on that document. While engaged in the service of his adopted country he discharged his duties with honesty and ability, and when, in 1777, he retired to private life he took with him the love and admiration of every American patriot. He died in 1781, aged 65. We believe he was a a native of the province of Leinster.

Matthew Thornton.

In the old Munster County, which contains within its borders the "City of the Violated Treaty," is the birthplace of Matthew Thornton. When about twelve years of age his father emigrated to America, and made his home in Connecticut. Here he was educated, and in the course of time graduated as a physician. In the year 1735 he removed to New Hampshire and settled in the town of Londonderry, which was settled by his Irish countrymen. The majority of the inhabitants being Irish, or of Irish descent, such as the Starks, Whipples, and others, and young Thornton having sprung from a race always rebellious to English misrule, it is no wonder he early espoused the cause of American Independence. So well was he liked and honored in the Irish-American town, and so well were his patriotic principles known, that when a provincial convention was formed in opposition to the British, Thornton was elected its president. So well did he perform his duties that he was afterwards elected a delegate to the Continental Congress. He was not present when John Hancock signed the Declaration; but as soon as he reached Philadelphia he affixed his name to it. While the war lasted, even in the most dreary and hopeless days of the Revolution, he was inspired with faith in its ultimate success, and encouraged his country-

men to persevere. He was honored with the position of chief-justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and was also appointed a judge of the Superior Court of New Hampshire. The latter office he filled for many years. He was a brilliant writer, and wrote many political essays during his public career, many of them when eighty years of age. He lived to the age of eighty-nine.

George Read.

Biographers claim that George Read was the son of a Dublin man, who came to Maryland, where George was born in Cecil County, in 1734. It is possible, however, that the family originally came from historic Kilkenny, and that the father of the Signer settled in Dublin. The Reads, or Reids are very numerous in the former county, and hundreds of their descendants are to be found to-day in all the Eastern states. It is stated that it was a female member of a branch of the Reid family, in Philadelphia, that drew the design of the American flag — the stars and stripes, which we glory in to-day — and that to her genius we owe its birth. John Savage, LL. D. poet, dramatist, and soldier, is married to one of her descendants. George Read became a lawyer, and soon after being admitted to the bar removed to Delaware. His talent soon gained for him a conspicuous position in the little colony, and he was elected to the highest honors it could bestow upon him. In 1774 he became a member of Congress, which position he retained until Independence was declared. When, in 1776, Delaware sought a Constitution, George Read became its President, and for twelve years was a member of the state's Assembly. He occupied many other honorable positions, besides being a Signer, and was looked upon as the most brilliant and patriotic man in the state. He died in 1798.

William Whipple,

whose Irish lineage we have established in a former paper by incontrovertible facts, was an Irish-American. He was born in the state of Maine, in 1730. He was a member of the Assembly of that state, and the most aggressive member against English tyranny which it contained. "The Whipples," says the historian, "had all Irish blood in their veins." They were rebels, and none more so than William. In the Assembly his voice was always raised for a severance from England, and in the cause of Independence. It was through his exertions, aided by Thornton, that New Hampshire voted for Independence. Being a member of the Third Continental Congress, he willingly backed up the principles he had all his life advocated, by placing his name on the Declaration of Independence. But this was not all. William Whipple was a soldier as well as an orator. When Burgoyne marched with a splendidly equipped army against Gates and confronted him at Saratoga, Whipple took part in the famous charge made by Morgan and Arnold against the British batteries and was one of the first to enter them. That charge was a decisive one, and next day the Irish-American witnessed the surrender of the doubty Burgoyne. He afterwards served under Gen. Sullivan; was for some time stationed at Ticonderoga, and

participated with his general at the siege of Newport. With the exception of Hancock and the Adamses, no man did more in New England for the cause of American freedom than William Whipple. He died two years after peace was proclaimed, in Portsmouth, N. H.

James Smith.

The name is *McGowan* in Irish, but during the Penal days was changed to its English equivalent, Smith. It is a plentiful name in the county Cavan and vicinity, and it is likely that James Smith was born in the county that contains the dust of Owen Roe, the victor of Benburb. He was verging on manhood when his father settled on the banks of the Susquehanna, opposite Columbia. He learned surveying, studied and practised law, and was also engaged in iron works before the Revolution. When the news of the rebellion in Massachusetts arrived in Pennsylvania, James Smith was then a resident of York. The patriots called a convention of delegates from all the counties in the colony in order to find out in what direction their sympathies were engaged. James Smith was a member of this convention, and a very active and practical one. The honor conferred upon him was not lost, but redounded to the credit of his adopted state. Being placed on the committee appointed to prepare instructions for the members of the General Assembly of the Province, he advocated the sending of delegates to the Congress at Philadelphia. When the convention adjourned Smith returned home and called upon his neighbors to arm. This was nine months before the first blood of the Revolution was shed. His neighbors responded, and a military company was formed, Smith being its captain. This company was the first raised in Pennsylvania to resist England. Its ranks were reinforced by hundreds of patriots, until it soon swelled into a regiment. Smith, the originator, was unanimously chosen colonel. When the convention met in Philadelphia, in 1775, Smith was a member. In that convention he advocated independence, and, like the other Irish delegates, proposed to fight for it. Smith was ordered to raise four thousand men in Pennsylvania, form a camp, and train them to the use of arms. This labor of love he willingly fulfilled. First, he issued a stirring address to the men of Pennsylvania, calling on them to arm in defence of their homes, and then placed them in the camps which he had organized, and made them proficient in the use of arms. The drill they received from the tuition of James Smith inspired the Pennsylvanians afterwards to stand the shock of British power on many a bloody field. Their instructor was sent to Congress, where he enrolled his name on the Declaration. So great and unceasing were his efforts to bring about the Revolution, that he became so broken down in health that he wished to resign his seat in Congress, and remain in repose for a season until it would be restored. But his constituents, knowing his rectitude and patriotism, kept him there, and would elect no other but their favorite. When Congress was hunted out of Philadelphia by the British, they fled to York, and occupied the residence of James Smith for their deliberations. There the Board of War sat, and formed plans for the success of the army in

the field. He was a bold representative of the McGowans — one who never compromised with the enemy, in politics or war, but always endeavored to return blow for blow. All the great men of the Revolution loved and honored him for his patriotism, and for the sacrifices he made for the success of the Revolution. He lived until 1806.

Thomas McKean.

Delaware boasts of his birth. His father was an Irishman who came from his native country in the beginning of the last century, and settled in Pennsylvania. Thomas was born in Chester, where he studied law and practised for many years. From 1762 to 1773 he was a a member of the Delaware Assembly, from New Castle County. He was also a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and a member of Congress in 1776, in which year he placed his name on the chart of our freedom. He was the only man who served as a member of Congress during the whole time of the Revolution. He was also colonel of a Continental regiment raised in Philadelphia, and with it fought under Washington. In 1871 he was elected President of Congress, and it was to him Washington dispatched the first news of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. McKean's parents came from Ulster. He died in 1817, in Philadelphia.

These are the names of the Irish Signers which have not been disputed by the Scotch or English. While others, as we have observed, are probably Irish, we only claim those whose nationality is proved in historical documents. The men who originated and fought out the Revolution, did so as Americans. True, their different nationalities were stamped on the regimental muster rolls; but the majority of these have been lost. What remain to us contains thousands of Irish names. The fact is, the Irish were in every branch of the service, and save when enlisting in the army were never questioned as to their nationality. While the Revolution was in progress, it was stated in the English House of Commons that the majority of the American army were Irish. The Scotch did not dispute it then, nor for three quarters of a century after. It was during Know-Nothing times their falsehoods began to circulate. Since then they have endeavored by every means in their power to lessen the services of the Irish, and steal from them the honors they gained with their blood.

The history of the Irish in America — how in early times they settled it; how the primeval woods fell before their prowess; how the land from a howling wilderness was reclaimed until it blossomed and became fruitful; how the expatriated Irish resisted the encroachments of English tyranny, and how they fought and died to obtain American Independence — has yet to be written. No book as yet has been published that has done justice to this subject. When MacGee wrote his "Irish Settlers in America" (published by Donahoe, Boston), he made use of all the material he could find that helped to cast light on the subject. He did it impartially and well, and in a manner that has never been equalled, and probably will never be surpassed; but since his time sources of information have been opened, of which he never

dreamed, and facts have been unearthed, which shed a glorious light on the doings of the Irish in the American Revolution. Irish and Irish-Americans have, from time to time, published books and pamphlets on this subject; but they are simply a re-hash of MacGee and others. The history of the Irish in America has not yet been written.

The impudence and effrontery of the Scotch and English, in claiming a large share in the establishment of our liberties, is simply magnificent, if not sublime. It was against the English, Scotch, and German mercenaries that our fathers fought. They, in conjunction with the savage Indian, tried for eight years to stifle American liberty. They were (and are still) the only enemies America ever knew. The Irishman, in sympathy, in feeling, and in practical aggressiveness, was the friend and ally of the Continental rebels. The Irish Parliament refused to raise men to fight against American freedom. The Scotch were shipped in hundreds to combat it, and they did their mission well, as many a battle field can attest. So did the English, and the Germans from Hessedermstadt and Hesse Cassel. When defeated in America, they afterwards fought in Ireland against Irish liberty in 1798, in Mayo and Wexford.

What has Scotland or England ever done for freedom? The writers and warriors of both countries, and they have produced many, have always been found on the side of despotism. They have been a drag-chain on the ankles of liberty, and offered sacrifice on the altar of tyranny. They have always been admirers of monarchy and monarchial institutions; and, save in a few isolated cases, have never responded to the appeal of Democracy. Neither believe in a republic founded by the people, of the people, and for the people. Of all the Englishmen and Scotchmen in the United States to-day not one out of a hundred is an American citizen. They continue subjects of the British Empire, and will to the last. So was it in the Revolution. All their energies, all their resources, all their might, was called into requisition to crush the patriots, or "rebels," as they called them. They were the allies of the savage and of the ignorant Hessian mercenary. They did all their strength could compass to crush American freedom. And now, when a century and more has rolled away — when America is one of the greatest nations on earth, thanks to Irish blood and muscle — these hypocritical Scotch and English unblushingly assert that *they* were the men who made the Revolution!

Ignorant and bigoted writers, such as those who have recently appeared in the *Boston Transcript* and *North American Review*, have distorted historical facts, and, without giving proof, have claimed the Irish revolutionists of 1776–83, as Scotchmen and Englishmen. If these fellows visit the Astor Library in New York, the Cooper Institute in the same city, or the Congressional Records in Washington, they will find out the truth. The local histories of the towns, cities, and counties, founded by the Irish in colonial days, will be found in the Astor library, and if read by these writers will convince them of their errors. The fact is, that it was not the so-called "Scotch" and "Anglo-Saxons" that contributed to the welfare or Independence of America. They were her enemies. Not so the Irish. *They* planted the seed of freedom

in the colonies, and nurtured it with their blood. They kindled the fire of freedom in the hearts of the American people, and when the time came to strike the blow they were not found wanting. Side by side with their American brothers they marched to death. Their blood flowed in one tide on the same field; they endured the same hardships, suffered the same privations; and whether in the starving camp, or on the toilsome march, stood together until the goal was won. You cannot tell their graves apart. They are mingled in death as they were mingled in life. The New-England Puritan and the Irish-Catholic sleep in the same trenches on the Revolutionary battle fields. This is what American records tell us, and they speak the truth. All the sophistry, logic, and contortion of facts, which the Scotch can use, cannot gainsay this. It is time the absurdity of their pretensions should be made manifest to the world. So rugged and callous are their consciences, that, in order to minister to their self-esteem, they hesitate not to steal from Ireland, any name that becomes good or great. To accomplish this, they will stop at no falsehood, however egregious. But, while they think they are lions, they are only daws in borrowed feathers.

New York. WM. COLLINS.

God Must Have His Place.

IN our last article, we said that Art, too, had lost her vocation. And how is it with politics? Has God His place there? Has religion any influence there? Or, does politics claim and exercise independence of God and religion? What is the relation of politics with the eternal principles of justice? Through politics men are struggling for the rights of men: do they take into account the rights of God, or do they leave Him and His rights out altogether? Do religious principles rule political principles?

Why ask the question? Politics claim total separation from religion; or, if men do bring God into politics, or their political theories, it is too often only to use His name as the sanction of injustice. Is not this the case, even in our own country? Is not principle altogether disappearing from our politics? When appeal is made to the principle, is it not the veriest mockery? Is not the legislature of the "best government the world ever saw" a libel on law? Are not legislators and politicians, in the main, visionaries, fanatics, or knaves? Is not venality the very soul and life of our politics? Is not a price set upon principle? Is not a deadly moral miasma rising out of the corruptions of politics and spreading over the entire country? No one can deny it. No one can close his eyes to the appalling fact. And men, their faces white with fear, are looking towards the future, and listening for the dread step of anarchy that waits on the frontiers of nations till the barriers of law are down, then comes and sounds the tocsin of their doom. Politics cannot save us. The corrupt cannot regenerate the corrupt. Try as you may, by every law and measure, to ameliorate the social condition of a people,

unless religion has the influence which she ought to have, your amelioration is a farce and a falsehood. Only religion can reach the heart of a people. Politics may affect the surface of society; religion alone goes deeper than the surface. And that nation which eschews religious principles from politics is near to ruin. Did we not, then, speak rightly when we said that our civilization should kneel down and kiss the cross?

New Orleans Morning Star.

The Land of Dreams.

Oh, say, hath the dome, that enshrined our youth,
Gone down to the dismal clay —
The palace of Hope and Peace and Truth,
Alive with the light of day?
Alas, for the joys of those morning gleams!
We wail through the wastes of night:
Oh, let us back to the land of dreams,
For the land of dreams gives light!

The whirl and din from the mouths of men
Strike gratingly on our ears;
Forum and market, and voice and pen,
Make fun of our scalding tears!
We're waifs and strays for a pessimist's themes
Whom the world can never miss:
Oh, let us back to the land of dreams,
For the land of dreams gives bliss!

The lips that were ours in the halycon past —
The hands and hearts that could save
Our souls from the hurricane's biting blast,
Are mouldering in the grave;
Yet their spirits live 'mid these starry gleams
That ply 'round the spheres above:
Then let us back to the land of dreams,
For the land of dreams gives love!

Oh, naught that a boundless earth might give
Can humor a dreamer's whims;
Offer us life? But we cannot live
With death in our palsied limbs!
The world is uglier than it seems —
We are weary of pain and strife:
Then let us back to the land of dreams,
For the land of dreams gives life!

Eugene Davis.

A Souvenir of M. Dupont.

In the month of August, 1862, the carriage entrance of M. Dupont's residence was opened to admit a small handcart, on which was stretched a poor woman. The day before, this unfortunate mother of five children, had such a terrible fall, and one of her legs was in such a condition, that the attending physician came to the conclusion that there was an indispensable necessity that she should have at least six weeks' absolute rest. Overcome with grief she said to a neighbor: "Carry me to M. Dupont's, and I will be cured." As they were coming into the yard, I happened to be with the man of God, who invited me to pray with him for the cure of this unfortunate woman. After the very first unction, the patient began to cry out: "I am cured!" M. Dupont asked her twice to kneel and thank the Holy Face for the favor she had just received; but she was so overjoyed that she heard nothing. She walked with frenzied rapidity through the room exclaiming, in a loud tone of voice, "But I am cured! I told you I would be cured." At last she left, forgetting to salute the persons who were present, and walking with a rapid gait through the streets, she went to announce the glad tidings to her husband.

M. Dupont did not forget the thanksgiving, and, at his suggestion, we recited the *Te Deum*. As I was about to retire, the Holy Man said to me: "That is the second person to-day whom I have seen in such a state of joy. This morning a gentleman called here; he was no sooner cured, than he left precipitately, carrying off my hat for his; however, it is easy to see that their shapes are entirely different. I hope that when this gentleman will have discovered his error he will bring back my hat, and we will then take the time to recite a hymn of thanksgiving."

From the French of the Annals. A Witness.

Woman's Bravery.—In all ages courage on the battle field has been the theme of orators and poets, yet the courage of the warrior is not only a common and variable quality, but has often been surpassed by that displayed by women. Native valor, too, is sometimes inferior to that which is acquired. Frederick the Great ran like a coward out of his first battle. Flying on the wings of fear, he went a great distance from the field, and coming to one of his own strongholds reported that his army was destroyed. What was his surprise and mortification to learn that his men had gained a great victory. He never forgot the lesson taught and ever afterwards was conspicuous for steady courage in action. Many instances might be given of soldiers in the last war, who in their first fight were "lily-livered," but who afterwards faced with dauntless front the gleaming steel; and, on the other hand, of some who were lion-hearted till taught by the pain of a wound the perils of a battle, and who then became notable cowards. Bravery in action, though more admired, is really not as great as that displayed in passive suffering. The woman who sticks to her post in the pestilential chamber is far braver than Alexander charging at the head of his cavalry.

The Boston Montgomery Guards—1837.

CAUSE GIVEN FOR THEIR FORMATION — GROSSLY INSULTED AND ASSAULTED ON FIRST PARADE — SKETCH OF BROAD-STREET RIOT.

THE 12th day of September, 1837, was not a red-letter day for Boston, but one of crimson shame. The Montgomery Guards, Capt. Baxter, a native of the town, commanding them; the rank and file being principally American-born sons of Irishmen, and the others all naturalized citizens, were on that day subjected to the grossest insults, most aggravating assaults and injuries to their persons and soldierly instincts. A cowardly, vicious mob pelted them on the Common with all sorts of missiles, yelled the most opprobrious epithets at them, threw obstacles to their movements, surged them into humiliating disorder, tore down their marquee, and followed them through the streets with a continuance of similar hooting, assault and injury, until the Guards reached the shelter of their armory, near Faneuil Hall.

At the subsequent jury trial of these villanous assailants, it is no wonder that Judge Thacher, who sat in judgment on the case, characterized them as representatives of a "brutish mob," whose offence was so rank as to compel him to impose on them the extreme penalty of the law. The authorities of the state, with Gov. Edward Everett at their head, exhibited in various ways their abhorrence of such conduct, and spoke of their mortification in issued orders for stringent inquiry in relation to the misconduct of some of the troops who were on the Common that September day for inspection and review, as were the Montgomery Guards, in compliance with law and the command issued from the Adjutant-General's office of the state. The local newspapers, in deprecating the assault on the Irish-American company, praised its members for their heroic patience and soldierly obedience in refraining from striking back at their persecutors, and thereby sparing the city from being the scene of a most bloody riot; but the *Salem Advertiser*, I find, gave freer vent in scathing sarcasm on the prevailing spirit in Boston, of which it said: "Verily, it is the seat of law, order, and refinement." Our Mayor then was Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, but I find no published papers concerning any action taken by the Municipal officers, other than that of Constables Tallant, Pratt, and associates, to bring the members of the mobocracy to justice. But from the known character of Mayor Eliot, there is no question but what he felt deeply the humiliation of the occasion, and put forward, and with quiet intensity, all the means in his power to make the wrong right, and visit upon the rioters, whose misdeeds were so disgraceful to the whole city and all its citizens, the penalty their rascality earned for them.

The first announcement I find, in my researches of the formation of the Montgomery Guards, appears in the *Boston Daily Atlas* of July 4th, 1837, in which the circumstance is noted that a new company, uniformed, is "added to the militia establishment of the city." The new corps had most appropriately assumed the title of the "Mont-

gomery Guards:" a name that should be held in the dearest veneration by every true American, because it was symbolic of the loftiest courage and patriotic sacrifice in the holy cause of the united colonies. "It seems," says the 1837 writer, "to be an event worthy of passing notice, and one to be rejoiced in by all lovers of good order. Recent events have shown us how invaluable the services of such corps are, and thereby we are taught the good policy of encouraging and fostering every attempt that may be made to increase the efficiency and improve the military education of the citizen soldiers."

The burning of the convent, and the disgraceful scenes attendant on that outrageous affair and the Broad-Street riot, together with the mutinous and disloyal conduct of some of the militia, later on in the year, showed the need of a good conservative force, organized under the military laws of the commonwealth, to counteract the rampant spirit of Know-Nothingism, everywhere manifesting itself against the Irishman.

The writer in the *Atlas* was confident that the Montgomerys were now an integral part of the force to be relied upon for the preservation of law and order in the hour of trouble. "The name they assumed and the reputation of the race from which the members sprung, were to be looked upon without a doubt." Said the *Atlas:* "If they have blood in their veins the least congenial to Montgomery, there certainly could not be a more appropriate name for a company of soldiers, than that which this corps has chosen. Few men have possessed so fully the characteristics of a noble soldier and a perfect gentleman as Montgomery, and now, just one hundred years from the date of his birth, namely, 1737, they have done themselves honor in revering his memory."

The Boston writer continues his article in the daily, from which I quote, concerning the Irish-American hero: "Born in the north of Ireland, although not of the titled gentry, his family were of the landed class and most respected in the land. He had seen service as a commissioned officer from the time he was eighteen. In 1775 he was residing on his estate on the banks of North River, New York State. His military career had been marked with intrepidity, and he was a popular officer in the service; nevertheless on going from this country to England he resigned his commission. He had determined that if he were to follow the profession of soldier, it would be in the cause of American liberty rather than of British tyranny." [But what cared the prejudiced Boston bigots for his fellow-countrymen's claim for veneration of his name and memory?] "When Bunker-Hill battle was fought the American Congress was glad to avail itself of his experienced service and patriotism. He was commissioned brigadier-general, and served under Major-Gen. Schuyler in Northern New York. His series of active duties and victories won by him included the capture of the important fort of St. John and Montreal City. This was while Gen. Washington was at Cambridge, Mass., and subsequently had started Arnold from the Kennebec River across the wilderness of Canada, for coöperation with the Northern New York troops in the view of capturing Quebec. But Schuyler was sick — sad news for Washington, because he could not undertake the Quebec movement. 'Gen. Wooster,' wrote Gen. Wash-

ington to this commander, 'I am informed is not of such activity as to press through difficulties with which that service is environed. I am, therefore, much alarmed for Arnold, whose expedition was built upon yours, and who will inevitably perish if the invasion and entry into Canada are abandoned by your successor.' But although Washington was not at the time aware of it, Montgomery outranked Wooster and took the command, and that general accompanied him. It is said that when Washington found that Montgomery out-ranked Wooster his 'joy was unbounded.' He knew Montgomery's character for bravery, enterprise, and perseverance, and his hopes were rebuilded for the success of the expedition. Quebec is one of the two strongest fortifications in the world, and he fell in his mortal wounds in the moment of victory in the frozen path. Consternation followed his death, and with it defeat to this most daring and well-planned attempt of American patriots. Besides being a brave and brilliant soldier, he was able in political sagacity, and while his conquest of the British posts along the Canadian lines were progressing, Congress saw the advantage of having the Canadians join hands with the colonists, and it appointed a committee to confer with Gen. Schuyler. But on Nov. 12th, when Montgomery took command, he issued an address and gave an invitation such as the Congressional Committee was instructed to give. The language of his document, and that of the Congressional Committee, was similar enough to be written by the same hand." [So much for the bravery, zeal, and quick-sight, with which he devoted himself to the services of his adopted country.] . . . "When Washington heard of his fall at Quebec he wrote :

"'I am heartily sorry and most sincerely condole with you upon the fall of the brave and worthy Montgomery. In the death of this gentleman America has sustained a heavy loss, having approved himself a steady friend to her rights, and of ability to render her the most essential service.'"

As I find this matter in the records of the time when the Montgomery Guard corps was organized in this city I consider the above outline relevant and "part of my case," as the lawyers say in court, in connection with a sketch of what they were and suffered. The *Atlas* writer wrote congratulatory on their formation, and for one reason so, he made reference to the Broad-Street riot, and to the reliance which might be placed upon them as a "conservative force," in keeping the peace of Boston, our city being then honey-combed with the malevolent stings of racial and religious antipathy to the Catholic population. On Sunday, June 11, 1837, occurred the Broad-Street riot, just three months previous to the stoning of the Montgomery Guards. What a commendable forbearance and obedience to orders did the soldiers of that command, with the strong, hot blood of old Eire in their veins, and the lusty brawn of the manhood of their sires in thews and sinews, exercise in screwing down their patience, with grips like bands of steel, under this recurring attack and provocation from the missiles and jeers of their bitter enemies.

The "Broad Street riot" is described by the chronicles of the time as "a scene of extraordinary confusion and excitement, growing out of a riot of the most serious character, that has resulted in a lamentable

destruction of property and much personal injury. It was a miracle that there was no loss of life. It commenced during the religious services in the afternoon. The members of Engine 20, it appears, were returning from a fire in Roxbury, and had turned into East Street (the Cove district), and came in contact with a funeral. The collision resulted in a bloody and fierce fight, which," says the reporter, "extended its fiery track through Purchase Street to the corner of Broad. It began through who should take the sidewalk. The melee soon became general, and the funeral people took possession of the Engine House. The fire company members rushed to the churches and rang the bells, wherepon the different firemen rallied to Engine 20 and accessions thereupon were made to both parties. The Irishmen numbered three hundred [number of firemen and associates not given], but fought inch by inch to Purchase and Broad Streets. Then the fiercely pursuing mob commenced the work of destruction. A man by the name of Charles Sears, a recent foreman of the Hook and Ladder Company, who was discharged for climbing the Hollis Street Church steeple, was reported dead. He was wounded at Tileston or Liverpool Wharf, and borne off on a litter by his friends." [But the more vicious of the firemen made use of the false report of his death to exasperate their fellows and urge them on to the destructive fray.]

"The Irish maintained their ground, and only yielded inch by inch to overwhelming numbers, retiring pursued by the multitude. Meanwhile several of the fire companies returned to their respective engine houses, and a different class of combatants, taking their places, mingled in the affray."

"An intense excitement prevailed," says an American chronicler of the events. "The usual recklessness and disregard of life exhibited in all such scenes were displayed in every direction. When the multitude reached the corner of Broad and Purchase Streets, they broke the windows of several houses inhabited by Irish residents, entered the houses, broke up the furniture, and emptied the contents of the feather beds. The air for some distance about the spot was filled with feathers. Meanwhile the fight continued." Several hundred on both sides being engaged.

The Mayor, Samuel A. Eliot, was seasonably on the spot, and called out the Military. Portions of several regular companies were assembled at Faneuil Hall. Thousands were witnesses; but perhaps less than one thousand participated in the actual melee.

"There have been many battered and broken heads, and many bodily bruises; but we are inclined to believe," said the Monday morning paper, "that there has been no actual loss of life."

Among those acting as special aids to the Mayor on the occasion, were Hon. Abbott Lawrence, Messrs. Thomas B. Curtis, Robert C. Winthrop, Joseph M. Brown, and Henry Edwards. The corps of Cavalry was under Gen. Davis. It appears that at ten o'clock everything was quiet, and no apprehensions existed of a renewal of the riot. The Mayor had previously taken the precaution to post guards at the churches in the city to prevent any false alarm that might arise during the night, with any tendency to renew and prolong the excitement.

June 28, were arraigned in the Municipal Court of this city, for being aggressors in the Broad-Street riot, Elbridge G. Damrell, Elisha Gleason, Pliny Piper, William Frazier, John Hersey and Charles Pierce, all "native" Americans. They were held in sums of $300 and $400.

In another chapter, the MAGAZINE will give the details fuller of the organizations that showed their combination of ignorance of the history of their country and what was due to the men with whom they scorned to associate in arms with, as also in what terms Gov. Everett characterized their insubordination and unmanly spleen. In passing sentence on the Montgomery assailants, Judge Thacher gave the recreant soldiers but cool comfort, when he spoke of "the personal injuries which the gentlemen of this corps (the Montgomery's) had suffered; but were happily restrained, by the prudence of their officers, from making any return but that of steadfast patience and forbearance."

STUDENT.

The Palace of the Cæsars.

III.

AN oft-repeated boast of Augustus was that he had found Rome built of brick and had left it built of marble; and there is more truth in the saying than commonly attaches to antithetical expressions of the kind. Crassus was the first to employ marble in his house on the Palatine; but the innovation was denounced as savoring of Greek luxury, and aroused the wrath of such stern republicans as Marcus Brutus, who nicknamed him the "Palatine Venus."

With the establishment of the empire, however, marble came into general use. The temples and palaces on the Palatine were either wholly built of marble, or lined on the outside with the precious material.

It had long been a subject of wonder and conjecture how it was that the architects who built the palaces of the Cæsars had been able to procure such vast quantities of rare and beautiful marbles from all quarters of the world. A discovery made some years ago has thrown some light on the subject. Not far from Mount Testaccio, on the banks of the Tiber, was found an old Roman port or haven. The iron rings by which the vessels were fastened to the pier, and the stone steps leading down to the river, may still be seen. Large warehouses stood close by, in which cargoes of merchandise were stowed away. Within these buildings, at the time of the discovery, were found huge blocks of marble. Certain inscriptions graven on the blocks afforded a curious insight into the manner of their production and transportation to the capital.

The most famous and valuable of the marble quarries throughout the world were the property of the emperor, and their contents exclusively reserved for the imperial buildings. To such an extent had the pro-

duction of marble increased at the time of Trajan, and so numerous were the workingmen employed in the quarries, that a special department of government was created (*ratio marmorum*) for the purpose of superintending the work. An overseer appointed by the emperor (*procurator Cæsaris*) presided over each quarry. Under him were certain minor officials, clerks, accountants, artists, and the like. The workingmen were composed chiefly of criminals condemned to the quarries, where they toiled their lives away, under the lash of slaves and freedmen. A life-sentence of hard labor in the marble quarries of the empire was among the most rigorous inflicted on criminals, and was often meted out to the early Christians in times of persecution.

After the marble was hewn from the quarries it had to be transported to Rome. Vessels of immense size, laden with blocks of marble, might have been seen in those days sailing out from the ports of Greece, Asia, Alexandria, and Carthage. Too large to ascend the Tiber, they were unladened at Ostia, at which port government officials were appointed to receive the cargoes and forward them to Rome. The smaller blocks were placed on boats of ordinary size, while for the transportation of monolith columns, colossal statues, and granite obelisks, vessels of a special kind had to be built.

. . . . . .

The task of describing the ruins of the buildings on the Palatine erected by the successors of Augustus, and of recalling the historical recollections which they awaken, may fitly be ushered in by the solemn words with which Tacitus introduces his history of these times: "A black and evil period lies before me. The age was sunk to the lowest depth of sordid adulation, insomuch that not only the most illustrious citizens, in order to secure themselves, were obliged to crouch in bondage; but even men of consular and pretorian rank, and the whole senate, tried with emulation who should be the most obsequious slave."

It was a period of revolutionary change, and as such, of a general relaxation and unsettling of the moral sense. The more intellectual portion of the people had outgrown their religion; in their minds the fables of Olympus and the stories of the nursery possessed equal claims on their acceptance. They believed no longer in the myths of paganism, and had either sunk into atheism, or remained suspended in a state of doubt. The whole superstructure of religion was shaken to its centre, and, as a consequence, the pillars of morality were fast crumbling away.

During the first four hundred years of the republic, there had not been a single divorce in Rome; but now, as one of the historians of the time states it, "men and women married in order to get divorced, and were divorced in order to get married." The cradle of the race stood on a desecrated hearth, and the household virtues and charities were polluted at the fountain-head.

The old Roman race, with its great natural virtues, had been well nigh decimated during the civil wars. It was fast becoming extinct, and what remained of it was corrupted by an infusion of foreign Oriental blood. It became changed in its very elements, and from the descendants of Romulus had been transmuted into an Asiatic mob. A horde of freedmen, from the provinces of Asia Minor, constituted the

greater portion of the population. This accounts for the taint of Asiatic luxury and depravity in the morals of the time, and explains the remark of Juvenal that the Orontes had come to mingle its impure waters with those of the Tiber.

Then, too, the spectacles and gladiatorial shows to which the people had been accustomed for centuries, and in which not only beasts, but men and women were butchered, served not only to harden the heart, and blunt the more delicate sensibilities, but created such an appetite for bloodshed and slaughter, as came near to transforming human beings into wild animals as ferocious as those which slaked their thirst for blood in the arena of the Flavian amphitheatre. Women looked on in common with men at those brutalizing exhibitions, and gloated over the agonies of dying gladiators. The inevitable effect in their case likewise was not only to violate the sexual character, but to profane the sanctities of the human heart.

The social corruption of the age, the craving after bloodshed and crime, the utter unscrupulousness which prevailed, would seem to have been concentrated and intensified in the monsters who wore the Roman purple after Augustus. The phrase in which a rhetorician of the time described Tiberius,— "dirt kneaded together with blood,"— applies with equal force to his successors, Caligula and Nero.

And yet, by a strange coincidence, the early part of the reign of each of these tyrants was full of hopeful promise, and opened with every appearance of auspicious omen. Modern advocates of free thought and free speech may be surprised to find themselves anticipated by no less a person than Tiberius himself. On one occasion, when the senate demanded that his revilers be punished, he bade them "not open that window," and remarked, that, "in a free community, thoughts and tongues are free."

All this, however, may have been only a part of that profound dissimulation which distinguished the character of Tiberius. But he soon dropped the veil. The wide-spread corruption of morals in the midst of which he lived, the servility and naked selfishness of the courtiers who prostrated themselves before him, the pictures of human baseness which were continually unrolled in his sight, filled him with a despair and contempt which he took no pains to conceal. Still, while he remained in Rome the same prudence, sharpened by mistrust, which marked his career as commander of the legions in the forests of Germany, was his guiding principle of conduct among the colonnades of the imperial palaces. Mankind was now his enemy. To use his own words, the imperial dignity was a "monster," and his tenure of power he described in the words: "I hold a wolf by the ears."

The moody and despairing tyrant withdrew from Rome, and retired into the inaccessible fastnesses of the rock-bound island of Capri. "There," writes Tacitus, "all restraint being at length removed, he broke out without fear or shame; and during the remainder of his life, hurried away by his unbridled passions, made his reign one scene of cruelty and lust and horror."

Plato, in his *Republic*, has the following picture which answers in every lineament to the likeness of Tiberius: "A tyrant is the worst of

slaves. Were his heart and inward sentiments laid open to our view, we should see him stretched on the rack of the mind, distracted by his fears, and goaded by the pangs of guilt." In a letter, written to the senate from his lair at Capri, Tiberius bares his breast, torn by the Eumenides, and gives utterance to a cry of such Titanic anguish as seems to issue from the realm of the damned:

"What to write, conscript fathers; in what terms to express myself, or what to refrain from writing, is a matter of such perplexity, that if I know how to decide, may the just gods and goddesses of vengeance doom me to die in pangs worse than those under which I linger every day." As one reads the words, one recalls the saying of Seneca: "The sinner's first and greatest punishment is sin; in the misdeed lurks the chastisement."

The discovery of the conspiracy of Sejanus stung the wild-beast element in Tiberius into a frenzy of rage and terror. It is interesting to note from Tacitus how similar are the methods of a panic-stricken despotism, whether the scene be laid in ancient Rome, or in Russia or Ireland in modern times. The first men of the senate sank to the level of common informers, and vied with each other who should be the first to ruin his man. Mothers were hurried off to execution for weeping over the dead bodies of their sons whom the tyrant had stricken down.

"In the annals of history," writes Tacitus, "is there anything to match this horrible system of espionage? For a length of time spies of state were appointed to keep a register of words, to interpret looks, and note the groans that issued from the heart. Natural affection was made a crime, and the parental tear was treason." Several who had been arraigned as partisans of Sejanus anticipated their inevitable doom by suicide; "so that," observes Tacitus, "self-destruction had become the interest of mankind."

But the ordinary processes of law were too slow for the vengeful spirit of Tiberius. "At one blow he ordered all who were detained in prison for their supposed connection with Sejanus to be put to instant death. A dreadful carnage followed: neither sex nor age was spared; the noble and ignoble perished without distinction; dead bodies in mangled heaps, or scattered up and down, presented a tragic spectacle. Neither friend nor relation dared to approach: none were permitted to soothe the pangs of death, to weep over the deceased, or to bid the last farewell. Guards were stationed to watch the looks of afflicted friends, and to catch intelligence from their tears, till at length the putrid bodies were thrown into the Tiber, to drive at the mercy of the winds and waves. Some were carried away by the current, others were thrown on shore; but to burn or bury them was allowed to no man. All were struck with terror, and the last office of humanity was suppressed. Cruelty went on increasing, and every sentiment of the heart was smothered in silence." — *Tac. Ann.* 6, 19.

To speak of Brutus and Cassius, otherwise than as robbers and parricides, was treason. A writer of the period, who had published a series of annals in which Cassius was styled the "last of the Romans," was put on trial for his life. He pleaded his cause in vain before the

senate, in a speech from which we quote the noble strain of eloquence which follows: —

"When public characters have passed away from the stage of life, and the applause of friendship, as well as the malice of enemies is heard no more, it has ever been the prerogative of history to rejudge their actions. Brutus and Cassius are not now at the head of armies: they are not encamped on the plains of Philippi: can I assist their cause? Have I harangued the people, or incited them to take up arms? It is now more than sixty years since these two extraordinary men perished by the sword: from that time they have been seen in their busts and statues; those remains the very conquerors spared, and history has been just to their memory. Posterity allows to every man his true value and proper honors. You may, if you will, by your judgment affect my life: but Brutus and Cassius will be still remembered, and my name may attend the triumph." — *Tac. Ann.* 4, 25.

At the funeral of Junia, niece to Cato, sister of Brutus, and the widow of Cassius, the statues of a long line of illustrious ancestors were borne in the procession. Those of Brutus and Cassius, however, were not displayed. Worthy of note is the stern comment of the Roman historian: "Though absent, they were none the less present to every imagination; and the honor denied them did but increase their glory."

It could hardly be expected that one whose opinion of mankind is summed up in the saying — "They are so contemptible, they are unworthy of hate, were they not at the same time so dangerous" — would take much trouble to win popular esteem, or transmit his name to posterity by the erection of magnificent buildings. Still there exists on the Palatine a reminder of Tiberius in the remains of a building, called after his name, *Domus Tiberiana.* A few narrow chambers are all that can now be seen, probably employed for lodging slaves.

An incident recorded by Tacitus in his history enables us to determine the exact site of what was once the palace of Tiberius. The emperor Galba was assisting at a sacrifice in the temple of Apollo, near the palace of Augustus. After inspecting the entrails of the victims, the auger announced impending treason, and a lurking enemy within the walls of Rome. Otho, who stood by the side of the emperor and was deep in a conspiracy for the possession of the imperial throne, heard the prediction, and interpreted it in his own favor. At a concerted signal, one of his followers led Otho away, who, "Passing through the palace formerly belonging to Tiberius, went to the great market-place called the Velabrum, and thence to the golden mile-pillar, near the temple of Saturn." At that place were assembled three and twenty soldiers of the pretorian guard, who proclaimed him emperor, lifted him into a litter, and bore him in triumph to the camp; "While Galba," writes Tacitus, "ignorant of all that passed continued to weary with his prayers the gods of an empire no longer his." — *Tac. Hist.* 1, 27.

This reference from Tacitus determines the position of the palace of Tiberius as lying on the north side of the Palatine.

In the Vatican gallery of sculpture may be seen several enthroned

statues of Tiberius. Though the likeness is doubtless authentic, there is little or nothing in the features of that mocking, forbidding expression which one readily associates with his memory. As one looks at these statues, one thinks of the pretentious amateur, who, while scanning with critical glance the bust of some great statesman, asked the sculptor: "Could you not express a little more strongly his contempt for humanity?" In all likelihood it is only the imagination of the beholder which sees in the finely curved underlip an expression of scorn, and about the mouth that long-repressed sensual desire which in his old age broke out in such unbridled force. But art in those days was in its decadence, and, according to the spirit of the time, knew how to flatter by idealizing its subject, like the dying gladiator in the arena exclaiming to Cæsar: "Ave, Cæsar! Morituri te salutant."

J. C.

EGGS AS FOOD. — Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment. There are no bones and tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains eighty-six per cent. water, the yolk fifty-two per cent. The average weight of an egg is about two ounces. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste that is so offensive to some, but does not so harden the white of yolk as to make them hard to digest. Eggs, if cooked very hard, are difficult to digest, except by those with stout stomachs; such eggs should be eaten with bread, and masticated very finely. An excellent sandwich can be made with eggs and brown bread. An egg spread on toast is food fit for a king, if kings deserve any better food than other people, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was educated at Brienne; he received his first wound from a bayonet thrust, and he married Josephine, the widow of Vicomte Beauharnais. After the battle of Waterloo, he was taken as a prisoner, to St. Helena on board the *Bellerophon*. While the distinguished exile was waiting for the completion of the preparations at Longwood for his reception, he lived at the "Briars," a house belonging to a Mr. Balcombe. While we are speaking of the great Napoleon, we may notice the curious coincidence that if letters v, o, t, a, be struck out of the words Revolution Française, the remaining letters, properly placed, will spell the words, "Un corse le finira."

Four Characteristic Poems.

THE four poems we present to our readers in this short paper are characteristic ones — full of much beauty, felicitous metre and great individuality. In an age when obscurity and philosophical doubt count as elements of poetry, it is pleasant to entertain the heart with such pure and unaffected poetic guests, as the little quartette we here introduce to the notice of the reader. Denis Florence MacCarthy, the author of the first selection, entitled "Waiting for the May," is well known to readers of Irish literature. He was once a contributor to the *Nation*, and wrote national ballads in the political vein of Davis, Duffy and McGee. He has a fondness for intricate and what may be termed assonante metres, which are sometimes remarkably successful, as in "Waiting for the May."

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May,—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May,—
Longing to escape from study
To the fair young face and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May,—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May,—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughter and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sun-bright mornings,
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away.
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

The author of this second selection, "Annabel Lee," lies in the quiet burial ground of Westminster Church, Baltimore, Md. Edgar Allan Poe was an ill-starred genius. Did he, however, leave posterity nothing but "The Raven," his fame would merit immortality. In this strange and weird-like poem is bound up much of the inner life and character of its author. Poe treated with merciless criticism the poets of his time. Mere versification and correct technique wanting in true inspiration found little favor in his sight. The poem we produce here has scarcely an equal in happy metre and sweet rhythmic flow.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know,
By the name of *Annabel Lee;*
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love which was more than love —
I and my *Annabel Lee;*
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud chilling
My beautiful *Annabel Lee;*
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea),
That the wind came out of the cloud by night
Chilling and killing my *Annabel Lee.*

But our love, it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful *Annabel Lee.*

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful *Annabel Lee,*
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful *Annabel Lee;*
And so all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride
In the sepulchre here by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

My third poetic guest, whose heart is warm with Irish love and genius, is Samuel Lover. No collection of Irish songs and ballads is

complete without *a Lover.* For truly, using the author's own quotation from Shakespeare, "Lovers are given to poetry." A beautiful idea prevails in Ireland that when a child smiles in its sleep it is "talking with the angels." "The Angel's Whisper," a popular Irish song, is full of affectionate tenderness and simplicity of faith.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled on her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father;
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

Col. McAlpine (Miles O'Reilly) is the author of the last selection we present to the reader. If the name of Theodore O'Hara will live forever in connection with that unique poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," the fame of Col. McAlpine is surely embalmed in immortality through that sweetest and most finished of lyrics, "Jeanette." This beautiful gem has been going the rounds of the press during the past few years, and, like true coinage, it has become brighter under the fingers of time.

Oh! loosen the snood that you wear, Jeanette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Jeanette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,
'Twas a beautiful mesh falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided and jeweled and kissed —
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Jeanette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet;
But warmly and softly it loved to caress,
Your round, white neck, and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Jeanette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet;
They were gray with that chastened tinge of the sky,
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Oh! you tangled my life in your hair, Jeanette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus so'er I dream what you were, Jeanette,
With your lips and your eyes and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone,
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

Life is a reality — a pocketbook of hard facts, the most valuable of which to many is the *almighty dollar* — so they travel the *via dollarosa* never lifting their eyes to the beautiful rainbow of ideality that spans their life beyond. Poetry is the supernatural vision of the soul out of harmony with hard cash and the creeping horizon of prose.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

YOUTHFUL LABOR. — Let any one remember the labors of his youth in the study of Euclid and of the Greek grammar. Were these facile of acquirement; did they come easily? Certainly not; the crown of being able to use the irregular verb was won "not without dust and heat," and even stripes. Well, the mere power of drawing with commonplace correctness demands infinitely closer and more laborious labor, more protracted, more assiduous, than men usually give to the toughest studies of boyhood or youth. And when that power of correct design is acquired it must be kept up by constant exercise. Painting and sculpturing are neither the gift of fortune, nor do they come by nature, though nature in a few cases gives rare faculty or art.

COOKERY. — The simplest meals are always the most wholesome, and simplicity in food is one of the secrets of longevity. Plain cookery, however, requires an intelligent cook. Nothing is more difficult than to roast a leg of mutton, to fry a sole, to boil a potato, and to turn out a creditable omelette. In a small household, which cannot afford a chef, the lady of the house must, of necessity, control the kitchen. But, fortunately for the cooking of plain dinners, all that is needed is intelligence and a certain amount of sympathy with the pursuit. Cookery is now a recognised art, and no lady need be ashamed to own that she keeps an eye on her own cook during the preparation of the chief meal of the day.

Irish Christian Brothers.

We briefly noticed in our October issue that Rev. Fr. Griffin, of Worcester, Mass., on a recent visit to Ireland had secured a colony of the Christian Brothers for his parish. The Michigan *Catholic* gives us a history of the order.

The Irish Christian Brothers, it may be necessary to inform some of our readers, are not the Christian Brothers that are now, and for many years have been, in this country, principally in the Eastern states. The Christian Brothers in this country, and in Canada, are called the French Christian Brothers (though many, and some of the best of them, are Irish by birth or blood) because they belong to the order whose head house is in France, and which was founded by the Venerable de la Salle in the seventeenth century. The Irish Christian Brothers are distinct from the French organization. The Irish order was founded in 1802 by a merchant of the city of Waterford, named Rice, who, having observed the terrible success of the laws which England had devised for making the Catholic people of Ireland ignorant, resolved to devote his wealth and his services to the education of the victims of England's penal laws in Ireland. He founded a society of men for the teaching of the Catholic youth of Ireland, modelling it, as nearly as the circumstances he had to deal with would permit, on the order founded by the Venerable de la Salle; but he never sought affiliation with the French order, and we believe his sons have refused requests to allow themselves to become a branch of the French order.

The work undertaken by the Irish Christian Brothers at the beginning has been consistently continued to the present day. That work is the teaching of the children of the poor. They never establish, or take charge of colleges, so-called. They do not refuse to teach the children of the well-to-do, or even of the rich, who come to their schools — and many thousands of such children attend their schools; but they always decline to be honored with the title of "professor," and they never term the rostrum from which they teach a "chair." They wish to be known as school-teachers, simply, though they do not grumble when the boys (in Ireland, we mean) call them "school-masters,"— and those we have known were school-masters, truly. We remember some of them. Gerald Griffin's grave had not yet grown green when we entered the room in which he had taught; "John" Leonard, and "Mr." Duggan — they were not called "Brother" by the boys of those days — and "Mr." Ryan, and "Mr." O'Connor, and "Mr." Dwyer, and a score besides. Poor boys — yes, barefooted boys — sat side by side with the well-dressed ones; the mechanic or the poor laboring man's son with the son of the merchant or the lawyer, and received like attention. And, very often, the poor boy became the "monitor" of the rich boy's class. The schools of the Irish Christian Brothers are the most democratic schools in the wide world, and the Irish Christian Brothers are the most democratic teachers on earth.

Perhaps, in the opinion of some people, the *nouveau riche*, the vulgar possessors of a few thousands more than their neighbors, this

will be a bad certificate of character of the Irish Christian Brothers on their coming to the United States. They are set down as only school-teachers, not "professors," and they never call their rostrum a "chair!" But they take boys at the age when school time begins, and, before they get through with them — if the parents will let them stay at school — fit them for entry in the professions and in the civil service, and the banks in Ireland are filled with their graduates.

American tourists in Ireland seldom visit the schools of the Christian Brothers; but the few who do visit them see what they never see in the best elementary or intermediate schools in this country. The text-books are written by the Brothers themselves; science and art are taught by illustration and practical example; every school has its museum, art gallery, and library; and the Brothers, though they do not "lecture," *teach* the pupils to understand, to *know*.

Now, the trouble in this country, in the matter of the education of Catholic boys, is, that the boys over twelve or fourteen years of age must either quit school, go to a "college," or go to the public high school. Is it not possible to find some means of keeping our boys at our parochial schools until they finish? *Must* all those Catholic boys whose parents cannot afford to send them to a college at, or near, home, and who are, for many reasons, reluctant to send them to a college distant from home, *must* such boys either go to the public high school, or remain for the rest of their lives without any school education except that which they received at the Sisters' school before their Confirmation? The answer must be in the negative, unless male teachers are to be had for our parochial schools. Lay male teachers (that are good for anything) cannot be had; this is admitted after sad experience. And the Christian Brothers of the French affiliation in this country have so far departed from the object of their foundation that they teach parochial schools no longer. They have too much to do with the care of "institutes" and "colleges," to which only the children of those who can *pay* are admitted. What, then, are we to do with our boys, the sons of the Catholic masses? Our answer is: do what the Bishop of Springfield has done: get the Irish Christian Brothers. They are able to train our Catholic youth *at home*, and to make of them the very best kind of Catholic Americans.

MARY STUART — Queen of Scots, was beheaded in 1587. She was born in 1542, and at sixteen married the son of Henry the Second of France. The latter dying, Mary became Queen of France, a position she held till the death of her husband, seventeen months after. Returning to Scotland, she found herself the Catholic sovereign of a Protestant people; yet her reign was for a while prosperous. But treachery and misfortune soon darkened her life. She married Darnley and afterwards Bothwell, and after her marriage with the latter she was imprisoned. Escaping from confinement, she went to England, and there was seized and imprisoned by her cousin Elizabeth, whose jealous hatred of Mary was great. After eighteen years' imprisonment she was beheaded.

A Visit to Knock.

ALL the English-speaking Catholic world has heard of Knock and Our Lady's apparition there on Aug. 21, 1879. Some believe, some doubt, some hesitate. We were among the latter class. One day, however, when the subject had been discussed more vehemently than usual, a friend in whose piety and wisdom we placed great confidence, said earnestly, "Go there and see!" Every one protested. "We were not strong enough for the journey." "Ireland was in such an unsettled state." "We should find no suitable accommodation," etc. But our minds were made up. We would go and see, and even if we had to bear some little inconveniences, we would do so gladly for our dear Lady's sake. So, one fine morning, in September last, saw us seated in the train *en route* for Knock. At the Dublin station we met some people we knew, who were bound on the same errand, so we made a pleasant party, and the five hours' journey passed very quickly. Before reaching Ballyhannis the weather changed. The rain came down in torrents, and the fierce blast of wind rattled the windows of the carriage, and almost drowned the shriek of the engine as the train rushed into the little station. The only vehicle that awaited us was an outside car. We looked at one another in despair. After some delay we succeeded in getting a brougham, with a cheery driver, and two strong horses. Along the road not a house was to be seen, nothing but flat fields, divided by low stone walls, blurred and indistinct in the drizzling rain. We arrived at Knock in due time, very tired and hungry. To our pleasant surprise we found there a most comfortable hotel, and a kind hostess, and were soon doing justice to a nice, substantial dinner. It was a fine evening; the storm had ceased, and the air felt fresh and sweet, with that peculiar fragrance, in which the thirsty earth expresses her gratitude for rain. We sauntered out to pay our respects to the pastor, Archdeacon Cavanagh. His cottage is close to the church. It is thatched like the others, and contains only three rooms and a kitchen; but the little garden in front was gay with flowers, and the long branches of Virginian creeper made the whitewashed walls look picturesque. The archdeacon greeted us kindly. Simple as a child, and devoted to his parish and people, he cares nothing for the world or the worldling, and his calm, penetrating gaze seems to read one's inmost thoughts. He is adored by his flock. Early in the morning, late at night, he is at his post, relieving some weary soul in its hour of trial, or at the bedside of some poor sufferer, he —

> "Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,
> And opens in each heart a little heaven."

On leaving him we went into the church, which is plain and unpretending, and built in the shape of the letter T. There is a pretty statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and on the walls are hung a few *ex votos* — grateful remembrances from loving hearts — a crutch here — a stick there, left by those who toiled along many miles in search of health, and who did not search in vain. Mass is said every morning, at half

past eight, and there is a second Mass and a sermon on Sundays at eleven. The little church is always crowded. People come from all parts, — from France, England, America, Australia, — to do honor to Our Lady of Knock. There are no benches or pews, only a few chairs here and there, and no pulpit. The priest preaches from the altar, and his simple congregation press closer round him, as he turns to them after the Gospel, and, in a few earnest words, Sunday after Sunday, tells them of their duty here, and its reward hereafter.

After the sermon there is Benediction; the doors are thrown wide open; a number of people kneel outside, reverently prostrate. The horses and donkeys unharnessed from the carts graze peacefully close by; here and there baskets of fruit or vegetables, or trays of sweet stuff, are dotted on the ground; dogs are playing on the green sward; the colored gowns of the peasants, and the richer costumes of the visitors, give animation to the scene; and when the soft tinkle of the sanctuary bell is heard, and all heads are bowed, all noises hushed, whilst our dear Lord gives His blessing to his people, one is reminded of the early days, when He lived on earth and gathered round Him a motley crowd of poor fisher folk, and learned men, and then, as now, healed the blind and the deaf and the diseased.

During our stay at Knock we visited several of the peasants; their homes are all neat and cared for, and the people themselves full of faith and piety. When you speak to them of the wonderful apparition of Our Lady, they say little save, "The Lord be praised." They may not have seen it personally; but that is no reason against its having taken place. Nothing supernatural could surprise them; like St. Louis, of France, they need no miracle to confirm their faith. I asked a farmer one evening, who was busy with his crops, if he expected a good harvest. "It will be as the Lord pleases, Ma'am," he answered at once, as if half surprised at my question.

The air of Knock is delicious, and the country, though flat, and little wooded, is not devoid of charm. The comfortable farmsteads, and crops of oats, looking golden in the warm September twilight, were pleasant to see; and the dress of the peasantry is extremely picturesque. The old men still cling to the tail coat and knee breeches. Some of the girls are very pretty, and all have a sweet, innocent expression, and are natural and unaffected. Unlike English country people, they are courteous to strangers. "I wish there was more I could do for you," said one young girl, as we thanked her for helping us over a stile. One old man wanted to know where we came from, and when we said we were Irish, "Sure, honey, you are none the worse for that," he remarked, with a merry twinkle in his gray eye.

They are very primitive in their ways. There was a village fête during our stay, held in a large field close to the hotel, and which belonged to the landlord. To my astonishment, in order to admit a cart containing apples and cakes and other refreshments, they actually took down part of his wall. "Well, and it's a bit of Home Rule;" was all the landlord said. I inquired if they would build it up after the fair. "Ah, no," he answered laughing, "that's not Home Rule." However, he did not suffer for his good-natured tolerance, for the wall resumed its natural aspect next day.

When our Novena was ended we left Knock reluctantly; but the charm of the place will always linger in our memory, associated forever in its peace and quiet beauty with the vision of Our Lady. It is, indeed, a chosen spot; every stone of the humble village church is holy; its very simplicity is sanctified; and to those who doubt, to those who are in distress, as well as to those who are in pain, we say, as was said to us, "Go there and see."

DUBLIN, JULY, 1887. M. T.

The Glorified Face of Jesus

RISEN TRIUMPHANT OVER SIN AND DEATH.

BUT a brief period has elapsed since Christian hearts were oppressed and bowed down in anguish, as they contemplated the sorrows of Christ, and followed Him in spirit in His painful journey towards Calvary, where transpired the appalling event of His death on the cross — an event which has forever indelibly impressed itself on the minds and hearts of men, as the most important and momentous in the history of the world.

Though nearly two thousand years have passed away since the death of the Redeemer, yet each succeeding generation recalls the awful tragedy, and dwells upon the tremendous significance of the event with the most profound and absorbing interest. No other event has so engrossed the minds of men, or engaged their earnest and respectful consideration. Nor is this strange, since it overshadows and dwarfs into utter insignificance all other events, so supremely important in its consequences was the death of Christ on the cross. Intimately connected with, and inseparable from it, is that other no less important event — His resurrection — the crowning glory of His life and the conclusive proof of His divinity.

Although during life Christ had given many and convincing evidences of His divine character and mission, it was by His resurrection that He intended to demonstrate this truth beyond the possibility of doubt. Hence, He frequently referred to the subject, in order to prepare the minds of His hearers for the acceptance of the truth, when His declarations in regard to it would have been verified. That His enemies attached great importance to His oft-repeated declaration that He would rise from the tomb on the third day after His death, is shown by the fact that they took extraordinary measures of precaution to prevent any deception that it was thought possible could be practised, to give color to His prediction; for, in their blindness and folly, as well as perversity of will and wickedness of heart, they had disregarded the evidence of their senses in the denial of the divine power by which He operated the miracles which they had seen Him perform. Therefore, they wished, if possible, to falsify the word of Christ as to His resurrection, and thus justify their conduct towards Him. If he made good

His promise, it would prove beyond doubt that he was truly the Messias whom they had rejected; for no one save God could raise himself from death to life by His own power. The Jews, therefore, were afraid, as they knew that such an act, if accomplished, would seal their infamy by showing that they had been guilty of the awful crime of deicide. So they consulted amongst themselves, and finally resolved to cause a huge stone to be rolled against the sepulchre which contained the body of Christ. Having sealed the stone they placed a guard over it, to watch the entrance, lest, as they said, His disciples should come and steal His body, and give it out that He had risen from the dead.

Thus it is seen that the enemies of Christ pursued Him even in death, being apprehensive that He might still circumvent their plans to deprive Him of the merit of His life-work. But their wicked designs were destined to come to naught; all their nefarious schemes to rob Christ of His glory, and humanity of the precious fruits of redemption, would now prove unavailing. Though He had subjected Himself to their cruel treatment and barbarous conduct by His own choice, and in wonderful condescension for fallen humanity, in affecting the great work of redemption, now that He had accomplished His mission, His wicked persecutors could no longer exercise power over him. True to His promise, and by the exercise of divine power, He arose glorious and triumphant from the grave to reign victorious as Conqueror of death and hell. "Death and sin hath no longer dominion over Him. He is risen, and is not here," said the angel, when the pious women sought Him; "behold the place where they laid Him."

This fact of the resurrection of Christ from the dead is so well authenticated that few persons have been found bold enough to dispute or call it in question. There is no historical fact better established, or that rests upon more clear, certain, and incontestable proof, as may be learned from both sacred and profane writers.

In the plan of salvation the resurrection was a necessary part — the completion, so to speak, of the great act of redemption. Not, indeed, that the redemption was not a perfect and complete act in itself; but that the resurrection was essential as growing out of it, being necessary as a vindication of the claim to divinity so often put forth by Christ during His earthly career. Were it not for the resurrection, the world might still be in doubt as to his divine character and mission. This is no longer possible, at least for rational and intelligent minds. Besides the resurrection being the crowning act in the life of Christ, it has invested him with a peculiar merit and distinctive glory — the merit and glory attached to the various acts performed by him in our behalf, each one of which was entitled to an infinite degree of reward by reason of the union of his divinity with our humanity. Thus Christ, as Man, has merited the highest possible degree of glory according to St. Paul, who says that Jesus is exalted above all in heaven. Giving the reason for this exaltation, he also says:

"He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. For which cause God hath also exalted Him and hath given Him a name which is above all names, that in the name of Jesus, every knee should bow of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth."

Having risen from the dead, Christ has established His claim to the gratitude and love of mankind for having accomplished their redemption, which makes them participants in His merits and sharers in His glory. Seated upon his high throne, clothed with the plentitude of His power, resplendent with the brightness and glory of His divinity, He invites us to contemplate him. Not as He was, when upon earth, the outcast of men, the helpless and innocent victim of their malice and the object of their scorn and reproach. No longer must we view the holy face of Christ as wearing a sorrowful look, or presenting a ghastly appearance, as when stained with the blood and spittle which disfigured its heavenly beauty and impaired its divine loveliness. No longer is it subject to the insults of the rabble or the buffets of the impious. No longer is it an object of the cruelty and hatred of men, and the malice of demons, who hurled their fury against it. No; all this has changed. Christ has triumphed over His enemies, and achieved a signal and complete victory. He has conquered sin and death, and forever disarmed hell. He has established upon earth the reign of peace and justice, and proclaimed fraternity amongst men. He has emancipated the world from the slavery and degradation of sin, and divinized humanity by elevating us to the dignity of sons of God and heirs of heaven.

Thus has Christ implanted strong and enduring hope in the hearts of all by reason of the bestowal of His gifts and graces, and the exercise of his bountiful liberality. Without such hope this life would be too dreary to admit of solid enjoyment, and too desolate to make its trials worth enduring. Instead of a blessing, existence would become a cause of unhappiness, and a source of unmitigated evil. Few would care to assume the duties or submit to the hardships of life, as it could afford no compensating advantages. and offer no inducements, for undergoing the sacrifices demanded. A well-founded hope, then, of a higher and better life — a brighter prospect beyond the grave — is essential to human happiness, and necessary to give stability and purpose to our conduct. In view of this grand object we become reconciled with our lot, and are willing to bear the burden imposed upon us by a merciful Providence. Otherwise there would be no proper incentive to urge us to the performance of duty, or the patient endurance of the ills and misfortunes of life, which far outweigh its pleasures and its joys, even when spent under the happiest auspices.

When we look up to heaven in a spirit of Christian hope, founded upon the promise of Christ, and with the assurance that a place is there prepared for each one of us, our hearts are made glad, and we rejoice with exceeding great joy, so that we seem to forget the trials and tribulations of our earthly pilgrimage. There, enthroned in all the majesty of His glory, is Christ, our Redeemer, who will also be our Judge. He who once walked over the thorny path of life, lonely and sorrowful, now reigns in glory everlasting, and bids us continue on our way, as the journey will soon be at an end. Though we may sometimes feel oppressed with the weight of earthly cares, this blessed hope will still sustain us. Earth could only become dreary without Thee, O God. Thy servants walk in the glorious sunshine of Thy love and in the ineffable light which radiates from Thy Holy Face, which illumines the

world. They wander not over the pathway of life as do those who have no hope. They confide lovingly in the fulfilment of the promise which Thou hast given of a glorious resurrection to all who shall faithfully observe Thy commandments. When the bright vista is dimmed by the passing clouds of adversity, and the dark shadows fall upon them, they will yet hope in Thee, for they know that Thou art mighty and Thy word shall not fail. They will take courage from Thy own beautiful and consoling words and lift up their heads, knowing that their redemption is at hand; that they are about to behold the vision of that divine countenance, whose glorified beauty constitutes the happiness of heaven, and fills with inexpressible delight those countless blessed spirits who incessantly sing the praises of the Lamb who was slain for the salvation of the world: "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the book and open the seals thereof; because Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us in Thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation."

New Orleans, August, 1887. J. M.

Folk-Lore of the Cuckoo.

In Switzerland the cuckoo is considered to be a transformed baker's boy; and the shepherd girl when she first hears the notes of the bird, counts the number of times it is repeated, under the belief that an equal number of years will elapse before she is married. In Germany, a similar augury is drawn as to the number of years the listener has to live; and in this country it is a current belief that they who hear the first notes of the cuckoo with an empty pocket are destined to remain coinless until it disappears. The Danes dread to hear the cuckoo on an empty stomach, for in such case the hapless wight so placed is doomed some day to come to absolute starvation. There is an old adage in Servia, to the effect that when the cuckoo sings in a wood without leaves he is the harbinger of distress; whereas, if he wait till the period when the trees are clothed all will go well — with, we presume, the person who has not been too premature in detecting the song of ill-omen. The French peasant imagines that in the autumn the cuckoo changes itself into a hawk, just as the Vancouver Island Indians believe that the grouse become gulls during the winter. In short, there is a mythology of this bird, just as there is a zoology; and even the philologists have contributed some very learned pages to its voluminous history. The name which the bird bears is, curiously enough, nearly the same in all countries. It is, for example the kakuka of the Sanscrit, the kuckuk of Germany, the cucco of Italy, the kokkuz of Greece, the gok of Sweden, the koekkoek of Holland, and the coucou of France, while the oldest English spelling gives us cuco for a bird which evidently derives those names from its familiar note — this fact giving the students of onomatopæia a weapon of which they have not failed to avail themselves.

Life in City and Country.

It is very strange that children raised in the country, so much long for the bustle of city life, and before they are capable of distinguishing the good or evil results of the change, betake themselves away from their homes of innocence in the country, to join the army of street-corner loafers, who beg, steal, and tramp for a livelihood. The average young man or woman who leaves the country to live in the city badly misses his or her vocation. In the country, few but can make an honest living, while every city is overcrowded with men and women trying to keep the wolf from the door without success.

Again, the dangers that beset life in the city, surrounded as one will be with every species of temptation, urging on to deeds of violence, of drink, of theft, and the other crimes, the result of idleness and bad company, — the too frequent companions of city life, should deter the uninitiated from leaving the quite scenes of rural life to mingle in the city's strife. The crowded condition of the city, the impure atmosphere ari ing from over-crowded dwellings and tenements, tend to shorten life and beget habits of dissipation foreign to country homes. Many a young man and woman too, whose future life in the country was bright in anticipation, was sorrowfully wrecked by removal to city scenes. The life and surroundings in the country may not be as entertaining nor as fruitful of amusement as in the city, but one thing is certain: it does not lead to vice as quickly as the attractions that surround life in the city, where money is lavishly spent to attract the unwary to spend his money and acquire bad habits.

All these dangers, and more than we would wish to write, are ever present with the young men and women in the city, while in the country nothing influences to evil, and much tends to virtuous life and abundance of comfort. Fathers and mothers who strive to support and raise a family in the city are specially to be commiserated. Of course we mean those who have to do this by their daily toil. They are huddled together in close apartments, where the air of heaven seldom enters, and where disease and death lurk in every nook and corner; hence the wonderful death rate of children in every city greatly exceeds that of the country. How many a poor man, who settles down in the city to earn a living, is deprived of nature's smiles and of the bounteous provisions which nature supplies those living in the country. When work, through any cause, ceases in the city, distress awaits the poor laboring man, who, to keep body and soul together, has to spend his daily earnings as soon as received, while in the country none is ever allowed to suffer, no matter how poor he may be.

The great difficulty of raising children in the slums of city life, and the temptations that lure them to dissipation, should of itself prevent parents from making an effort where so many are known to have miserably failed. Everything that surrounds children raised in the city dens is calculated to lead them astray, and invite them to lives leading to the jail and poor-house. Where else do the thousands of orphans that fill our asylums come from, and who are annually picked up by prosely-

tizing societies, and sent here to the West to be raised men and women on the broad acres of a pure and healthy atmosphere their fathers discarded? There is no greater drain on our Church membership than that of lost children through the fault of parents trying in vain to raise families in crowded cities, according to virtue and the dictates of conscience. Those who have acquired homes in the country can scarcely realize the blessings they enjoy which the denizens of the city are altogether deprived of.

Church Progress, Marshall, Ill.

The Great Catholic University.

We briefly announced in our last issue the meeting of the trustees and the election of Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D. D., as the Rector of the University. He was born in Ballyshannon, county Donegal, Ireland, Sept. 12, 1839. He was brought to America when seven years of age, his family settling in Baltimore in 1848. He received his elementary education in Baltimore schools, made his classical studies at St. Charles' College, Howard County, Md., and his theological course at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained in 1866, immediately after which he was stationed at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, where he remained twelve years. He was consecrated Bishop of Richmond, Aug. 25, 1878. As it will probably take a year to build the theological department, a successor to Bishop Keane for the Diocese of Richmond will not be named immediately.

Bishop Ireland Explains the Scope of the University and the Objects to be Attained.

The scheme for the new Catholic University, which has been sanctioned by Pope Leo XIII., and approved by the last Plenary Council, held in Baltimore, is being quietly but energetically advanced under the direction of Cardinal Gibbons, who takes a deep personal interest in the subject, and who is known as a most untiring laborer in Church work. As already announced, it is proposed to expend in the building and equipment of the institution about $8,000,000, and, as less than one-eighth of this sum is in hand, it will be seen that considerable energy must necessarily be expended in order to bring the vast sum into the treasury of the Church, when it is recollected that the regular Church work and her institutions consume an immense revenue. But the success of the new enterprise is fully assured, and as the work must necessarily be slow, there will be no delay on account of funds. The selection of a site for the University buildings in or near Washington, as directed at the recent conference of Catholic Archbishops and Bishops here, has not yet been made, but the Building Committee, which is composed of Archbishop Williams, Bishop Keane and Thomas Waggaman, of Washington, are giving the subject their earnest attention, and are clothed with authority to make the selection. After work on the University has been begun, Bishop Keane will, it is thought,

resign the Bishopric of Richmond in order to enable him to devote his entire time to the new duties that will devolve upon him in connection with the supervision of the work, and in familiarizing himself with the duties that will devolve upon him as Rector of the University, for which position he was recently chosen.

Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, is very enthusiastic on the subject of the work of the University, and expressed his views freely as to the scope of the proposed work, and of the aid the institution will be to the Church in this country. He said that while the University, when finished, is to cost about $8,000,000, yet it is not proposed to wait until that sum is subscribed or pledged before beginning the work On the contrary, it is expected that the divinity buildings or theological department will be in readiness for educational work by the end of 1889. This will cost about $1,000,000, to meet which the sum of $700,000 is now in hand, including the gift of $300,000 made by Miss Caldwell, of New York. Bishop Ireland said it was proposed to build one department at a time, and before collecting the money for another to have all the details perfected. It may require twenty years to finish the work. The ecclesiastical discipline will be under the direction and care of the Order of St. Sulpice, but not the educational part. The faculty will be the most learned men that can be obtained from all parts of the world, with a view of making the institution the first of its kind in existence. One object in the building of the University is to disabuse the public mind of the popular error that the Church is opposed to general education. A part of the plan is the higher education of the priesthood, and to enable them at least to rank intellectually with the priesthood of the Church in Europe. It will be a sort of post-graduate course.

The faculty of the university will, Bishop Ireland explained, consist of ten professors, three of whom have already been secured — Pastor, the great German historian, from the University in the Tyrol, who will be lecturer on history, and Verdat, from one of the Universities in Rome, as lecturer on Assyriology and Egyptology. The name of the third professor has not yet been made public, but he is an eminent man of letters. The University, as further explained by Bishop Ireland, will, in a way, be non-sectarian. It will have schools of law and medicine, and courses in the sciences and classics, which will be open to all without regard to religious preferences. The members of the faculty will, however, all be from within the Catholic Church, and all who enter the institution will have thrown around them the distinctive influence of the Catholic Church.

Many Protestants are interested in this great educational scheme, and it is expected that some of them will be among the subscribers to the fund. In January next Bishops Ireland and Keane will journey through the country explaining the scope and plans of the University in order to arous the interest necessary to secure subscriptions to the fund.

THE ORIGIN OF CANNED FRUITS. — IT is a singular fact, observes a contemporary, that we are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry

of canned fruits. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Americans found, in what had been the pantry of a house, many jars of preserved figs. One was opened, and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year fruit-canning was introduced in the United States, the process being identical with that in vogue at Pompeii twenty centuries ago. The old ladies in America who can tomatoes and peaches for domestic use do not realize that they are indebted for this art to a people who were literally ashes but a few years after Christ. There is nothing new under the sun. Canned tomatoes and loaded dice — the people of Pompeii had both.

The Best Way to Sleep.

Position affects sleep. A constrained or uncomfortable position will often prevent repose. Lying flat on the back, with the limbs relaxed, would seem to secure the greatest amount of rest for the muscular system. This is the position assumed in the most exhausting diseases, and it is generally hailed as a token of revival when a patient voluntarily turns on the side; but there are several disadvantages in the supine posture which impair or embarrass sleep. Thus, in a weakly state of the heart and blood-vessels, and in certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head, and to produce troublesome dreams. In persons who habitually, in their gait or work, stoop, there is probably some distress consequent on straightening the spine. Those who have contracted chests, especially persons who have pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs, do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do when in that position, because the soft palate and uvula hang on the tongue, and that organ falls back so as to partially close the top of the windpipe. It is better, therefore, to lie on the side, and in lung disease to lie on the weak side, so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand; it is well to choose the right side, because when the body is thus placed the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines. A glance at any plate of the visceral anatomy will show how this must be. Many persons are deaf in one ear, and prefer to lie on a particular side; but, if possible, the right side should be chosen, and the body rolled a little forward. Again, sleeping with the arm thrown over the head is to be deprecated; but this position is often assumed during sleep, because circulation is then free in the extremities, and the head and neck, and the muscles of the chest, are drawn up fixed by the shoulders, and thus the expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to cramp and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headaches during sleep and dreams. These small matters often make or mar comfort in sleeping.— *Medical Journal.*

The Wonders of Lourdes.

THE history of the struggles of the Grotto of Lourdes to become a place of recognized pilgrimage among Catholics, is the history of the glorification of the Mother of God, whose anxious wish to succor poor needful sinners on earth, her own Divine Son would not allow to be fruitless or sacrilegiously set aside. "I wish that people should come here: that they come in procession:" "You must pray for sinners and kiss the ground for them:" "You will drink at the fountain and wash yourself there:" "You will tell the priests to build a chapel here:" "I am the Immaculate Conception." These words, spoken in 1858 by the Mother of God to a child so ignorant, that not even in a court of justice, where allowances are seldom made for the degrees of knowledge which separate the judge and jury from the understanding of the children under examination, could Bernadette have been made answerable for this meaning and purpose; these words have come true to the letter. In less than eighteen years more than ten million pilgrims have come to the Grotto, as Mgr. Billère remarks, with a zeal which reminds one of that which animated the Crusaders of yore in answer to the sweet wish that "people should come to the Grotto." One thousand seven hundred and eighty-four processions have reached the Grotto from France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, England, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Canada, and the United States, in reply to the words, "they must come in procession." From the earliest days of the apparitions, the Grotto has become the sanctuary of prayer, and in that hallowed spot self-respect is lost in self-humiliation, self-sacrifice, and fatigues of all sorts: prostrations and arms extended mark the penance character of the invocations, and are significant signs enough of the desire of humanity to respond to the Divine call "that people should pray and kiss the ground for sinners." The waters are drunk and bathed in, while in the sole year 1885 no less than ninety-six thousand bottles of this innocent water was exported in token of the faith that lives in those who cannot come themselves to the miraculous spring, and yet are mindful of the words, "drink of the water and wash yourself at the fountain." Lastly, a basilica is being completed, instead of the simple chapel which was enjoined, and though a double church has risen above the rock, both are too small to contain the surging crowds that flock for help, for grace, for mercy, at the wonderful Grotto of Manabielle.

OUR minds prepare for God a mortified flesh free from the rebellion of the senses, prayer free from distraction, a loving heart free from all bitterness, a humility free from all taint of vanity. All this is very good, an excellent preparation: but who carries it out? Alas! when we come to the practice of it, we fall short. Must we on this account be disquieted, troubled, or afflicted? No, certainly not. Must we apply ourselves to exciting a multitude of desires to stimulate ourselves to attain this perfection? By no means. — *Saint Francis de Sales.*

How the Yeos were Foiled.

It was Hallow-eve night. The dismal howling of the storm as it whistled through the chinks of the door, and the patter of the rain-drops against the window, rendered any other outside sound inaudible to the group who were cosily seated round the huge blazing fire, the flame of whose crackling logs served for the rush light so common at that time in the houses of the poorer people.

A handful of salt having been sprinkled at the door as a preventive against the influence which the good people are said to have especial exorcise of on this particular night, and the children having got their allotted portion of apples and nuts, the whole family were seated round the fire. There was, however, an additional personage, outside the family, who occupied a corner to the right of the fire, and who kept continually puffing at an old black dudeen. She was an old beggar woman known as "Brideen the Traveller." She never wanted a night's shelter, for her powers of story telling made her a welcome visitor at every homestead.

The whole group seemed plunged in a deep reverie, for not a word had been spoken for the last half-hour — save an exclamation now and then, such as "God save us, such a night!" or "Thank God, we've a comfortable roof over our head." Suddenly old Bride pulled the pipe from her mouth, gave it a rap on her thumb-nail, and depositing it on the adjacent hob exclaimed: "Well! well! I have raison to remember this night above all nights in the year."

"How is that, Bride?" said Ned M'Carthy, the host, addressing himself to the speaker, who now, with her head resting on her thin arms, gazed abstractedly into the glowing fire. The faces of the occupants, turned towards Brideen, showed how anxiously each person awaited the narration, for they could tell by old Brideen that she was in the mood for story-telling. "And what event could make you remember this particular night, Bride?" said M'Carthy, again addressing the old woman.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to satisfy yees by telling the story; but in troth it's not much joy it'll bring to me ould heart to tell yees about the day that brought all sorts of luck but good luck to our family, and that was the manes of sendin' me, as I am to this day yet, a poor wand'rer upon the face of this airth."

"Yes, yes, tell us the story, Bridee," chimed in all of the family.

"Oweneen, agra," said she to one of the children, "raich me a sup of milk, for I'm mortial dry intirely, and then I'll just tell it to yees at wanst. But, Ned, acushla," addressing the father, "wud yeh put a wisp of clane straw at the bottom of the dure, for there's a very cowld draught coming up; and in troth I haven't been very well this last month or so with the rheumatics, which always trouble me at this saison of the year."

"Of course, Bride," said Ned.

Whilst Ned was in the barn making the wisp some of the children began questioning old Bride about the kind of a story it was, whether a ghost story or about a house burning, or what. Little Oweneen shouted

up, "I tould yees it's about the Bradys and Casys lickin' the sodgers at the fut of Clough-na-Carrig hill."

"Now," said old Bride, "yees 'ill jist have to wait; it'll all come in good time."

Ned deposited the wisp at the bottom of the door, laying a stone on each end to keep the wind from carrying it away.

"Faith that wisp makes it a dale betther, Ned," said Bride, drawing the folds of her old tattered shawl tighter about her emaciated frame. "Mind, it's no lies I'll be telling, but the downright truth, every word of it, an' if yees don't believe me yees can ax Morty Flannigan up abuv at the 'Horse-shoe.' So here goes:—

"Well! well! it was the time my father — heaven be his bed this night! — owned as snug a little farm of about twenty acres as ye wud see within many a mile of Clonahoy."

"I believe that's it the Quinlans hev," interrupted Ned.

"The very same, and as I was tellin' yees before, he had it in iligant form, and what should the landlord do but go an' raise the rint of his tenants ten shillin's an acre. Och, but he was the black, drunken ould villain of a landlord. Howsomever my father had to be contint, but it's many's a black curse an' threat was hurled at the landlord. Well, behold yeh, what did the thief of a landlord do but he goes away and writes a great letther to the lord-lieutenant, and gets a whole company of sodgers down among us, an' he wint about palaverin' and sayin' the country was in a bad state an' sich like, though for that matter there wasn't a more paiceable part in all Ireland than Clonahoy."

"Well, it was but sour looks the people gev the sodgers, or yeomen as they were called, when they arrived in the village. Howsomever, things wud hev gone well; but, ye see, the sodgers havin' plinty to both ait an' drink, couldn't contint themselves with having nothing to do; so now and thin, jist for a bit of divarsion, or to keep their hands out of a bad turn, they would duck some poor gorsoon into the river — jist, as they would laughing remark, to see could he swim, an' now and then they would take a walk through the country, an' put a match to a stack or a house, as the case might be, or bayonet a heifer, an' yit the people nivir thanked them for it, which was very ungrateful indeed. But, faith, they did n't get off so safe iviry time, for wanst my father sent a big, half-witted fellow, named Owen the Fool, down to the village blacksmith with the coulter of a plough to get it mended, an' who should Owen meet but two of the rascally Yeos, who were, as usual, trying their innocent bit of merriment on Owen, an', faith, about jist while a a cat would be lickin' her ear, he geve wan of them a wallop with the coulter, an' sint the other sprawling in the river. Howiver, that's nayther here nor there, an', to make a long story short, the country was railly getting into a bad state on account of the evictions, an' the people bein' thrown out on the roadside with not a bit nor sup to put in their mouths, an' my brave sodgers feastin' away, an' making themselves as merry as kings, while the poor crathures wor dyin' of hunger and cowld. The people were at lenth worn out, an', of course, it kem to midnight meetings, saycret societies, an' sich like, till, at last, there wasn't a gorsoon about the country that hadn't become, as they were called, wan of the 'boys.'

"Well, about this time, you must know I was about eighteen, and had nayther, mother, brother, sister, uncle, nor ant, an' of course I used to keep house for my father. Well, wan day, as my father was out with some of the hands in the field, a very respectable man kem in, an' says he to me in a quite civil sort of manner:

"'Is your father within?'

"'No, sir,' ses I, bowing quite perlitely to him; 'he's in the field. Will I tell him you want him?'

"'Yes,' ses he, 'if you plase.'

"'Who will I say?' ses I.

"'Oh, nivir mind,' ses he; he'll know.'

"So with that I took myself off to the field for my father, wonderin' the whole time who the stranger could be, an' thinkin' it might be cousin Ned from America. But the divil a that it was. Well, whin I told my father, he ses jist as if he'd been expectin' him, 'Oh, is he come?'

"Well, my father hurried home, and whin I got there, nayther of them were to be seen; but as I happened to be going to the milk-room, I overheard them in our best room talking. I knew that the stranger was some great man, for when he was brought into our best room, I heard the visitor saying:

"'You'll mind, Mister O'Connell, an' have a sharp look-out for the load of hay. There'll be the keg of powdher and some of the stan's ov' —

"But just then I thought I heard some one moving on the outside of the house, an' could make out no more, but faith the stan's puzzled me intirely. 'Surely,' says I to myself, 'there must be something curious goin' on to-night.' But any way I soon found out what the stan's wor.'

"After my father had done diggin' the praties, when the sthranger had gone, he kem home an' after he had got his supper, I wondered to see so many men comin' to our house about dusk. 'Surely' says I, 'there isn't going to be a dance, or my father wud have told me.' At any rate, I saw no girls. My father says to me, 'Bride, you'd betther go out and milk now.' So with that I began to smell a rat, as the sayin' is, an' as I whipped up the can, and turned on my step, I heard my father say:

"'Boys, there was a stranger here on saycret business; he told me to watch out for Ned Quinn's cart; he ses he'll sind a small barrel ov powder and some stan's ov arms, consaled in the hay; an' I think the best place we can hide them in will be the ould abbey walls — for the present at least, till it's time to use them, which, I hope will not be far distant.'

"Well, I didn't stay to listen to any more, for I thought I hard some wan movin' at the back of the house — more be token, the dog was growlin' loudly; so goin' roun' to the lyre, who sud I meet but that rogue ov a bailiff, Jack Sweeney. After a few words spoken, he passed on, and I never gev a thought about him.

"About a half an hour after I kem in from milkin' — my father and the rest had left in the meantime — in come Owen the Fool, all out of

breath. In a terribly excited way he axed me was my fader within. I said he wasn't, and that I didn't know where he was, when wid that he exclaimed:

"'Och, Bride! Bride! the master 'll be lost intirely, an' to see me standin' here and can't do haporth for him. Och, wurasthru! what am I to do at all, at all?'

"With that, without spakin' another word, he darted out of the door, an' he goes like the very wind down the boreen that leads to the abbey, and that's to this very day called the Fool's Lane. Well, in about ten minutes after the fool left didn't I hear a great gallopin' down the Clonahoy Road, and who was it but the cursed Yeos. When Owen arrived he saw one of the boys, who told him my father was in the thicket near the abbey, where the arms had been unloaded to be carried afterwards to within the ruins. Owen told my father how he heard Jack Sweeney tellin' Capt. Hackett of the Yeos about a load ov arms an' powder that was to arrive at the abbey this night, an' how he overheard it down at O'Connell's when coming by just an hour ago. Owen also told how he heard the captain give orders for about a dozen men to mount in haste.

"'You're a brave fellow, Owen,' ses my father; 'but I'm afraid, boys, all will be lost. They'll sarch the place for us and find us.'

"Well, some of the boys were for makin' a stand, but my father would not hear tell of it. 'Boys,' ses he, 'I have a plan of my own to defeat the Yeos. While I keep their attention engaged do you quietly stale off with the arms.'

"Having arranged this he called Owen to him, and my father and he went over to the ould abbey.

"Just as they got there Owen's quick ear detected the sound of horsemen rapidly approachin'. There was a sudden halt at some distance, for just as my father guessed, the Yeos were determined to steal on them onawares. My father whispered to Owen to do all he told him.

"The captain and his followers had by this time crept up to a hole in the opposite wall, an' were for making a rush at the entrance, whin my father exclaimed in a loud voice:

"'Owen, we'll have to get all the arms in from the thicket beyant, for fear the Yeos might happen to give us a call.'

"'There'll be no fear of them venturing out, the lazy blaguards,' replied Owen.

"In the meanwhile one of the 'boys,' who had hidden himself in the shrubbery near at hand, could hear the captain muttering:

"It's little you think they're so near. Keep quiet, men; when they've got all in here, then we'll have the rascally rebels and their arms safe.'

"My father and Owen passed and repassed several times, bringing to the abbey what appeared to the brave captain to be muskets, sure enough, when my father exclained:

"'Now for the last, Owen.'

"After some time Capt. Hackett began to feel unaisy at my father's lengthened stay. Unable to endure the suspense any longer,

he gev ordhers for his company to sally forth, and judge of his amazement when he found he had been thoroughly foiled, as he afterwards said, by one of those rascally rebels and the village omadhaun. When his company approached to the pile which appeared to be the arms, they found instead, a lot of saplings which had been cut in the adjoining thicket. I need hardly tell you that the Yeos were mad, and my father had to fly from the country, an' whatever must have happened him I've never heard ov him since."

November.

WHEN October's day is past,
Charging down the hurrying blast,
With his helm and spear and shield,
Stern November drives afield,
And his trainband bugle's call
Sweeps the forest's airy hall;
All his bannered hosts of air
Charge across the meadows bare,
Hurrying in their angered mood
Over many a barren rood,
Past the sere and shadowed dell,
Lonely save by clank of bell.
Now the farmer o'er the plain
Shouts unto his oxen twain;
And the lone crow on his perch,
Of a bended, bearded birch,
Caws and guards his sooty band,
The pirate chieftains of the land.
In the distance, lone and chill,
Where the sheepwalk climbs the hill,
And the silent, wind-swept wold
Shows the bare old oak-tree cold,
And the dark clouds droop their shade,
And the brown quail flits the glade,
From his swamp of woodland ground
Comes the deep bay of the hound;
And the startled partridge brood
Whirring break the solitude.
Now the clear-cut "dee-dee-dee"
Comes from snow-bird on the tree;
And the crow's deserted nest
Hides the squirrel's furry vest;
The late robin flitting lone,
All his red-breast brethren flown,
Hears the bluejay's angered scream
From his maple o'er the stream.
Down the roadway of the skies,
Coursing south, the wild-goose hies
To return when golden spring
Brings to him a brighter wing.

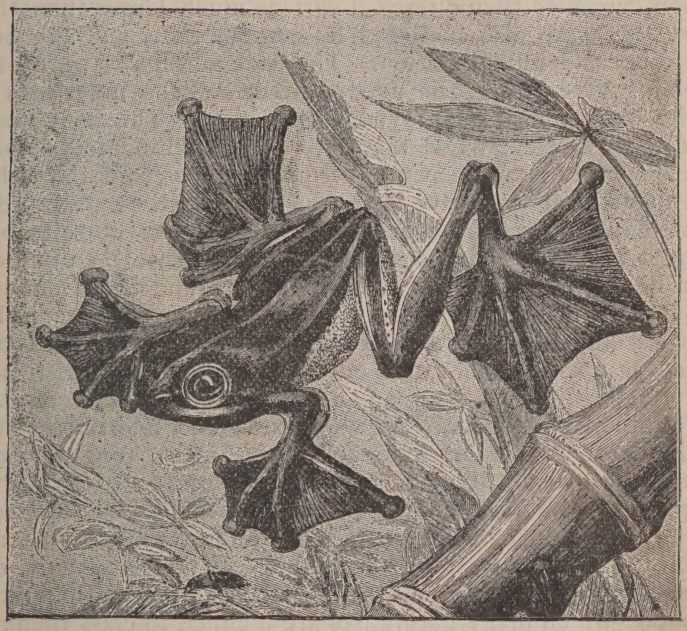
. . . .

Where of late in glory brief
Came the song that binds the sheaf,
Sad-voiced, silent Nature sees
Scattered, barren, withered leas;
All her couriers clad in gold,
Have fled before the giant bold,
Who on cloud-capped steed of ire,
Born of heaven's own sacred fire,
With his legioned lines in charge
Sweeps the cold black river's marge.
He has fled from fields afar
Underneath the polar star,
Where red Boreas' banners fly
High upon old winter's sky,
And his red artillery's war
Thunders down from Labrador.

JAMES RILEY.

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE, whose *nom de plume* of "Private Myles O'Reilly" is well-known, was the son of a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Nicholas J. Halpine, and was born near Oldcastle, in the county Meath, in the year 1829. He received his education at Trinity College, where he graduated with distinction; he then studied medicine for some time; but his strong predilection for a literary life caused him to discontinue his studies and to employ his talents on the press. For some time he contributed to English and Irish journals, and eventually emigrated to America, where he contributed "a flood of writing in prose and verse." Many of his poems are intensely National and anti-English. By accidentally inhaling an overdose of chloroform in 1868, he met his death.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.



A FLYING BATRACHIAN OF MALAISIA.

ALL the vertebrates have representatives that are endowed with the faculty of flight. This gift has not been refused to the bat any more than to the galeopitheci, or flying lemurs, and in various regions we find squirrels whose skin extends along the sides in wide folds, and forms a large parachute. The flying squirrels (*Pteromys*) are the most remarkable representatives of these aerial rodents, and among marsupials, the charming *Belidæ*, of the Austo-Malaisian region, are not the least graceful of the flying mammals.

It has been the privilege of all who have sailed in tropical waters to see flying fishes describing graceful parabolas over the water, and endeavoring to escape the bill of the bird or the teeth of the bonito. The reptiles have their flying dragons, and the batrachians include the *Rhacophori* among their number.

The celebrated English traveller, A. R. Wallace, has, in a remarkable work — a true *vade mecum* for every naturalist visiting Malaisia — embodied the fruit of his researches and observations made during a stay of about eight years in the islands of Malaisia and New Guinea. During one of his trips to the island of Borneo he was enabled to procure one of those batrachians of the curious genus *Rhacophorus*, and he thus describes it:

"One of the most curious and interesting reptiles which I met with

in Borneo was a large tree frog, which was brought me by one of the Chinese workmen. He assured me that he had seen it come down, in a slanting direction, from a high tree, as if it flew. On examining it, I found the toes very long and fully webbed to their very extremity, so that when expanded they offered a surface much larger than the body. The fore legs were also bordered by a membrane, and the body was capable of considerable inflation. The back and limbs were of a very deep shining green color, the under surface and the inner toes yellow, while the webs were black, rayed with yellow. The body was about four inches in length, while the webs of each hind foot, when fully expanded, covered a surface of four square inches, and the webs of all the feet together about twelve square inches. As the extremities of the toes have dilated disks for adhesion, showing the creature to be a true tree frog, it is difficult to imagine that this immense membrane of the toes can be for the purpose of swimming only, and the account of the Chinaman, that it flew down from the tree, becomes more credible."

The naturalist Kuhl, who perished in Java, a victim to his devotion to science, assigns the following general characters to these toads, some of the forms of which he groups under the title of *Rhacophorus:*

Interdigital membranes long and extensible, folded longitudinally when the fingers are not extended; head short, tongue wide, and developed lengthwise, narrow in front, and forked, free behind; tympanum apparent; vomerian teeth situated between the wide-spaced posterior nares; the skin of the arm forming along the latter a crest-like expansion. While resembling tree toads in their general external characters, the *Rhacophoti*, in their internal organization, recall the frogs, among which many naturalists are inclined to class them.

We herewith give a figure of a large species, drawn by Mr. Clement, from a specimen in the Museum of Natural History of Paris. This species, which is known as *R. rheinwardti*, has a green back, speckled with black, and an orange-yellow belly, marked with black dots. Blue blotches are found upon the palms of the four limbs, between all the fingers except the first and second. The general form is well shown in the engraving. The eyes are protuberant, and the snout is rounded in front. Although the dorsal skin, as well as that of the upper surface of the limbs, is smooth, the belly is very granular, as is also the lower surface of the thighs; but the breast and throat are smooth. At the extremity of the very large and long fingers are observed spongy disks of considerable size. The hand has one peculiarity: its fingers are provided in the centre with a long, tubercular appendage. The general aspect of the *rhacophori* is like that of the large and beautiful tree toads of the Papua Islands, one species of which (*Pelodryas cynea*) is remarkable for its splendid azure color. Rheinwardt's *Rhacophorus* inhabits the Sunda Islands.

Exact data are wanting as to the habits of these curious amphibians. It is permissible to believe that, after the manner of the tree toad, they dwell in trees and bushes, hunt insects, and, in their gambols, make use of the singular parachutes that nature has given them. In the East Indies and their archipelagoes, and in Madagascar, other forms are met with that have the interdigital membranes more or less developed.

DWARF OF THE RED BOG; OR, LITTLE MARY'S MYSTERY.

In a lonesome part of Ireland stands a great dark mountain, blue as a wall of sapphire, and with a crest like an eagle's beak. Under it is a small stone cabin surrounded with a fringe of green. Wild, black bogland, lies beyond, skirted by a strip of deep red bog, which looks as warm in the sunshine as if it was a gold mine.

Little Mary, who lived in the cabin, had been so starved ever since she was born, that she had given up trying to grow. Her small face was as white as the blossom of the bog cotton, and her body was almost as thin as the slender stem from which it swings in the breeze. There were eight children in the cabin younger than Mary, and they all stood round a noggin of milk which Mary had just milked from the cow.

"Give me a tint for the baby," said the mother, "and carry the rest to poor old Bid at the back of the bog. She's sick, children, and the rest of us are on our feet."

The children left off gazing at the milk, and Mary ran off with the noggin as fast as she could without spilling it.

She had just got to the black bog where the red one joins it, when she saw a very strange figure squatting on the ground, a dwarf with his short arms thrown up as if to save himself from falling backward, and with a most peculiar expression on his countenance. A cry seemed to come from him, and putting down her noggin, Mary ran to his assistance; but when she came close to the figure she found it was nothing but a great lump of bog-wood that had been uncarted out of the bog. With a wild laugh, and a half-frightened glance over her shoulder, she picked up her noggin again and hurried on her way.

Bid's only son was miles off looking for work, and the bed-ridden creature was alone, except when angel messengers like Mary came and ministered to her.

"Mother says she's afeared it is the last time, Bid," said the child; "for the cow's going, and we'll all be on the road, maybe, before the month is out."

"The Lord forbid!" said the old woman, when she had moistened her lips. "May He send you the rent up out of the earth, or down out of the sky — you that have kept the neighbor out of the poor-house!"

The dusk was darkening the purple mountain, and the moon scudding wild and bright through clouds and mists, when little Mary, flying like a gull, stopped, poised on her toe, and stood gazing once more at the dwarf-like figure squatting forlornly on the very edge of the red bog. This time there was no mistake about the matter. The stump of bogwood was gone, and the strange figure was throwing up his arms frantically to attract the little maiden's attention. A plover gave a weird cry at the same moment, and the dwarf cried out:

"Help me up! oh, help me up! The awkward fellows have left me in a soft place, and I am sinking!"

Mary walked up on her tip-toes, and looked at the dwarf. His eyes were quite crooked with excitement in his flat face, and his short, stiff legs were stuck fast in the red bog.

"Get me over to the black bog, which is harder," he said, "and

then I shall be all right. I don't want to sink back into the earth again." Mary took hold of his short, out-stretched arms with both her little hands, and tugged as well as she was able. After several attempts she got him pulled out of the swampy ground, and trundled him over on the hard, black peat, where he lay panting for several minutes, and blinking his extraordinary eyes up at the moon.

"I hope you are more comfortable now, sir?" said Mary, with a courtesy.

"Perfectly comfortable. And now, my dear, put your hands in my pockets, and take out what you can find. It's only an encumbrance to me after all these centuries. And it will pay your rent. Did you ever hear of gold?"

"No, sir," said Mary.

"Put your hands into my pockets, then," said the dwarf.

Mary did as she was bid, and pulled up one after another a quantity of beautiful shining yellow things, brooches, collars, and other curious ornaments of ancient Irish times, and she gathered them into the skirt of her petticoat.

"Now, run fast," said the dwarf, "for I want to go on looking at the moon. I haven't seen the face of a moon for I don't know how many centuries. Often it shone on me when I was a giant instead of a dwarf, and had a crown of leaves on my head and singing birds flying all around me. Tell your father that the heroes who gave me these gold things to keep will never ask them back again from him. They pass me sometimes marching across the bogland at dead of night, lamenting for the woods that are gone; but they are all flashing in splendors now, and have no need of such trumpery as these. Your father can sell the gold and buy any number of pigs and cows."

Then the dwarf gave such an extraordinary yawn, and rolled his eyes so frightfully at the moon, that little Mary turned and fled without as much as saying "thank you." When she reached home she emptied the gold ornaments into her father's lap, and told him her adventure exactly as it had happened to her.

"The child has gone mad with hunger," cried Mary's mother, clasping her hands. But the father put the gold things into a sack and did not fail to sell them instead of the cow.

When the whole family went in the morning to look for the good-natured dwarf, they found nothing but a huge stump of bog-wood lying in a particularly awkward attitude on the edge of the red bog, just where it had been unearthed several days before. Where the dwarf's pockets had been there were deep, round holes. Somebody said that the stump had once been a tree in a mighty forest, and that the warriors of ancient Ireland often hung their golden collars and armlets on the branches of trees while they rested under the shade. Of course that does not quite clear up little Mary's mystery; but anybody can see the gold ornaments in the Royal Irish Academy.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

WHEN our Lord was upon the cross even His enemies declared Him King.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

"WELL, here we have an animal roaring with pain, all tied up with ropes, and he is a lion! Why, who could have tied him up? I should be sorry to have *that* to do. Why, Father Luca, even *you* would not be able to manage that; would you, now?"

"The lion has been caught in a snare," answered the priest. "He was rushing after his prey, and did not see the ropes which the hunters had spread for him, till he ran into them, and found himself caught fast."

"A snare?" said Tino, thinking. "Oh, I know. I saw that surly old Girolamo, Papa's huntsman, setting a snare for hares. Then he hid himself, and set the dogs scouring about the field, till they put up a hare; and the silly thing ran bolt into the noose, and began screaming, with the string tight round its neck. But this lion is different," he went on.

"Well, let me hear," said Father Luca, with a pleased look. "There are many differences, to be sure, between a hare and a lion; which of them are you thinking of, Tino?"

"The hare," said the little Prince, "got caught, because he was in great fear, and was running away from the dogs; but the lion was not afraid, I'm sure. Why, who ever saw a lion in a fright? Ha, ha, ha! What an odd look he would have! He would not be a lion at all."

"There are two ways of getting caught in a snare," answered Father Luca; "one is, from fear, like the hare; the other is, from a wish to get at something, like the mouse you told me of, that wanted the cheese, and so got into the trap. And, talking of mice, what is that small, dark spot on the rope, in front of the lion, that seems to be creeping up to him?"

"A mouse!" cried Tino, after he had looked well at it; "it really *is* a mouse. Why is the mouse not afraid of the lion?"

"The fable tells us," said Father Luca, "that the lion, once upon a time, ranging through the forest, with his nose in the air, snuffing about for his prey, was nearly crushing a mouse to death with his huge paw. But the mouse squeaked, just in time."

"A squeak for his life," interrupted the Prince, who did not so much mind interrupting people while they were speaking. He did not mean to be rude, but was thoughtless, and used to having his own way.

But the priest took no notice. He thought it better to correct that fault in his pupil another time.

"So the lion looked down, and forbore to tread upon the poor little mouse. Some time after, the mouse heard this friendly lion roaring, and noosed in the snare, which he could not break, nor tear away, with all his strength. So the mouse ran, and got upon the rope, and began nibbling at it with his little sharp teeth, till he had nibbled it half through. Then the lion made a great effort, snapped the big rope, and bounded away into the forest, as free as before. Now, let us see what we can learn from this fable of the lion and the mouse."

"I think I see two lessons," said Tino, after thinking a little while.

"Let us have them, then. Number one and number two."

"Number one," Tino continued, "is this: always to be grateful to those who have done you a good turn, and to watch for the opportunity to do them another."

"Very well, Tino. I expected so much, and a good lesson too. There are many ungrateful people in the world, like those nine lepers in the gospel, who go away with the benefit they have received, and forget the benefactor. Now for number two."

"Why," answered Tino, "what a good thing perseverance is. The mouse was not discouraged by thinking how small his teeth were, and how large the rope was; but he went at it at once, and so he succeeded."

"So the mouse in this fable is like the raven we saw, filling the pitcher with pebbles. Now, I will add number three to your two lessons, Tino."

"I wonder what?"

"It shows us how the least little people can do a great deal of good. The good that is done in the world does not depend on natural power, but on the grace and assistance of God. If people will only *pray* their best, and then go and *do* their best, they may remove mountains."

A CHILD OF MARY.

A JESUIT Father, who for many years was a prefect in a certain college, relates that one night when he went to the dormitory to see if all the students were in bed, he discovered a boy dressed and kneeling by his bedside. Surprised at this he inquired why he had not retired with the others.

"Please, Father," the young student answered, "I gave my Scapular to the tailor to be mended, and I hate to go to bed without it, for fear of dying in the night."

"Oh! don't be afraid, my boy," the Father said kindly; "go to bed and sleep soundly. "You will get your Scapular to-morrow."

"Oh! Father, I can't go to sleep without my Scapular; perhaps I might die," and he began to weep.

To pacify the boy, the Father went at once to the tailor, who lived in the College, procured the Scapular, and the boy put it on and went to bed. The last words he heard him say were the names of Jesus and Mary.

Next morning when the prefect went round to see if all the boys were up he found his young friend still in bed. He called him but there was no answer; he shook him, but he did not move; he was cold in death. One hand rested on his beloved Scapular, the prayers of which were probably his last earthly occupation.

No doubt our blessed Mother wished to take her child to heaven before his innocence would be tarnished by a sinful world.

HE who lives for God is never sad, save at having offended God.

KIND-HEARTED ANNIE.

SOMEHOW all kinds of birds and animals seemed to love little Annie; cats and dogs would run to meet her, the rabbits would forget their natural timidity and let her fondle them to her heart's content; the doves would fly about her head, alight upon her shoulder, and feed from her hands; the canary sang loudly when she came into the room, as much as to say, "Come, gentle Annie, come and play with me." Even the parrot, that would bite any one else, would let Annie rub his head and play with him, and if he managed to get out of his cage and wander off to the trees, Annie's voice could always coax him to return.

Annie had pets of all kinds; but the one she loved more than all the others was one you would least expect a girl to care for. He was devoted to Annie and she to him; Towser was his name, and he was a great, scraggy dog. Annie had begged his life from some boys who were dragging him along to the pond, where they intended to end his career by drowning. Their reason for this cruelty, as Annie called it, was because the dog had broken his leg. Annie took him home and bound it up, and nursed him until he could get about again, though he always limped. He was his little mistress's devoted and faithful friend, and when at last he died of old age, Annie declared she could never love the handsomest dog as she had loved poor old Towser.

HE COULD TELL.

FATHER CARROLL, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's College, tells how, instructing some colored Maryland children in their catechism, he explained the function of a bishop by calling the attention of the children to a flock of wild geese flying over head — one to whom he compared the Bishop, "the leader of his flock," at their head. Shortly afterwards, Cardinal, then Archbishop, Gibbons paid the school a visit, and, proceeding to examine them in their catechism preparatory to confirmation, asked:

"What is a Bishop?"

There was a pause for an instant, and then an ebony midget shot up his hand and said:

"I know, I know."

"That's well, my child," said Archbishop Gibbons. "Now tell us what is a Bishop?"

"He's," answered the ardent youth, with a zest that betokened the confidence of superior wisdom, "the old gander what shows the rest of the geese how to fly."

IT is a little curious that when you say a man is a hard drinker, you really mean that he drinks so easily that he does it all the time.

Some Defects in our Political and Social Institutions.

(From the North American Review.)

If our government and legislation are permeated and fortified by divine revelation and Christian traditions, we cannot ignore the fact that they are assailed by unbelief, impiety, and socialism. We have our moral Hell Gate, which threatens our ship of state, and which it requires more than the genius of a Newton to remove. If we have strong hopes for the future of our country, we are not without fears. The dangers that threaten our civilization may be traced for the most part to the family. The root of the commonwealth is in the homes of the people. The social and civil life springs from the domestic life of mankind. The official life of a nation is ordinarily the reflex of the moral sense of the people. The morality of public administration is to be gauged by the moral standard of the family. The river does not rise above its source.

We are confronted by a number of great evils — Mormonism and divorce, which strike at the root of the family and society; an imperfect and vicious system of education, which undermines the religion of our youth; the desecration of the Christian sabbath, which tends to obliterate in our adult population the salutary fear of God and the homage we owe him; a fraudulent ballot; and an administration of justice pernicious in its dilatory character. Our insatiable greed for gain, the co-existence of colossal wealth with abject poverty, the extravagance of the rich, the discontent of the poor, our eager and impetuous rushing through life, and every other moral and social delinquency, may be traced to one or other of the radical vices above enumerated.

Every man that has the welfare of his country at heart, cannot fail to view with alarm the existence and the gradual development of Mormonism, which is a plague-spot on our civilization, a discredit to our government, a degradation of the female sex, and a standing menace to the sanctity of the marriage bond. The feeble and spasmodic attempts that have been made to repress this social evil, and the virtual immunity which it enjoys, have rendered its apostles bold and defiant. Formerly they were content with enlisting recruits from England, Wales, Sweden and other parts of Scandinavia; but now, emboldened by toleration, they send their emissaries throughout the country and obtain disciples from North Carolina, Georgia, and other States of the Union.

The reckless facility with which divorce is procured is an evil scarcely less deplorable than Mormonism; indeed, it is, in some respects, more dangerous than the latter; for divorce has the sanction of the civil law, which Mormonism has not. Is not the law of divorce a virtual toleration of Mormonism in a modified form? Mormonism consists in simultaneous polygamy, while the law of divorce practically leads to successive polygamy.

Each state has in its statutes a list of causes, or rather pretexts, which are recognized as sufficient ground for a divorce *a vinculo.* There are in all twenty-two or more causes, most of them of a very trifling character, and in some states, as in Illinois and Maine, the power of granting a divorce is left to the discretion of the judge.

The second evil that bodes mischief to our country, and endangers the stability of our government, arises from our mutilated and vicious system of public-school education. I am persuaded that the popular errors now existing in reference to education spring from an incorrect notion of that term. *To educate* means *to bring out,* to develop the intellectual, moral, and religious faculties of the soul. An education, therefore, that improves only the mind and the memory, to the neglect of moral and religious training, is at best but an imperfect and defective system. According to Webster's definition, to educate is to "instil into the mind principles of art, science, *morals*, *religion*, and behavior." "To educate," he says, "in the arts is important; in religion, indispensable."

It is, indeed, eminently useful that the intellect of our youth should be developed, and that they should be made familiar with those branches of knowledge which they are afterward likely to pursue. They can then go forth into the world, gifted with a well-furnished mind and armed with a lever by which they may elevate themselves in the social scale, and become valuable members of society. It is also most desirable that they should be made acquainted, in the course of their studies, with the history of our own country, with the origin and principles of its government, and with the eminent men who have served it by their statesmanship and defended it by their valor. This knowledge will instruct them in their civic duties and rights, and contribute to make them enlightened citizens and devoted patriots.

But it is not enough for children to have a secular education; they must receive a religious training. Indeed, religious knowledge is as far above human science as the soul is above the body, as heaven is above earth, as eternity is above time. The little child that is familiar with the Christian Catechism is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every rational mind than the most profound philosophers of Pagan antiquity, or even than many of the so-called philosophers of our own times. He has mastered the great problem of life. He knows his origin, his sublime destiny, and the means of attaining it — a knowledge which no human science can impart without the light of revelation.

We want our children to receive an education which will make them not only learned, but pious men. We want them to be not only polished members of society, but also conscientious Christians. We desire for them a training that will form their heart, as well as expand their mind. We wish them to be not only men of the world, but, above all, men of God.

A knowledge of history is most useful and important for the student. He should be acquainted with the lives of those illustrious heroes that founded empires — of those men of genius that enlightened the world by their wisdom and learning, and embellished it by their works of art.

But is it not more important to learn something of the King of kings, who created all these kingdoms, and by whom kings reign? Is it not more important to study that uncreated Wisdom, before whom all earthly wisdom is folly, and to admire the works of the Divine Artist who paints the lily and who gilds the cloud?

The religious and secular education of our children cannot be *divorced* from each other without inflicting a fatal wound upon the soul. The usual consequence of such a separation is to paralyze the moral faculties, and so foment a spirit of indifference in matters of faith. Education is to the soul what food is to the body. The milk with which the infant is nourished at its mother's breast, feeds not only its head, but permeates at the same time the heart and other bodily organs. In like manner the intellectual and moral growth of our children must go hand in hand; otherwise their education is shallow and fragmentary, and often proves a curse instead of a blessing.

Guizot, an eminent Protestant writer of France, expresses himself so clearly and forcibly on this point that we cannot forbear quoting his words: "In order," he says, "to make popular education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious. . . . It is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious expressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place or a certain hour; it is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our mind and our life."

The remedy for the defects of our system would be supplied, if the denominational plan, such as now obtains in Canada, were applied in our public schools.

The desecration of the Christian sabbath is another social danger against which it behooves us to set our face, and to take timely precautions before it assumes proportions too formidable to be easily eradicated.

The custom of observing religious holidays has prevailed both in ancient and modern times, and among nations practising a false system of worship, as well as among those that have professed the true religion. They have set apart one day in the week, or, at least, certain days in the month or year, for the public and solemn worship of their Creator, just as they have instituted national festivals to commemorate signal civic blessings obtained by their heroes and statesmen.

The Hebrew people were commanded by Almighty God to keep holy the sabbath day, or Saturday, because on that day God rested from His work; and we have warrant for asserting that the sabbatical observance was anterior to the promulgation of the Mosaic law, and derived from the primitive law given to Adam.

With what profound reverence, then, should we view an ordinance which was instituted to draw man closer to his Maker, and to inculcate on him humanity toward his fellow-being, and compassion for even the beast of burden; an ordinance whose observance was requited by temporal blessings, and whose violation was avenged by

grievous calamities: which is first proclaimed at the dawn of human life, re-echoed on Mount Sinai, and engraved by the finger of God on the Decalogue; which applies to all times and places, and is demanded by the very exigencies of our nature!

Sunday, or the Lord's Day, is consecrated to rest from servile work and to public worship by the Christian world, to commemorate the resurrection of our Saviour from the grave, by which He consummated the work of our redemption, and to foreshadow the glorious resurrection of the elect and the eternal rest which they will enjoy in the life to come. Most appropriately, indeed, has Sunday been chosen; for, if it was proper to solemnize the day on which God created the world, how much more meet to celebrate the day on which He redeemed it!

As the worship of our Creator is nourished and perpetuated by religious festivals, so does it languish where they are unobserved, and become paralyzed by their suppression. Whenever the enemies of God seek to destroy the religion of a people, they find no means so effectual for carrying out their impious designs as by the suppression of the sabbath. Thus, when Antiochus determined to abolish the sacred laws of the Hebrew people, and to compel them to conform to the practice of idolatry, he defiled the temples of Jerusalem and Garizim; he put an end to the Jewish sacrifices, and, above all, he forbade, under pain of death, the observance of *the sabbath and the other religious solemnities*, substituting in their stead his own birthday and the feast of Bacchus as days of sacrifice and licentious indulgence.

The leaders of the French Revolution, in 1793, adopted similar methods for the extirpation of the Lord's Day in France. The churches were profaned and dedicated to the Goddess of Reason, the priests were exiled or put to death, and the very name of Sunday, or Lord's Day, was abolished from the calendar, so that every hallowed tradition associated with that day might be obliterated from the minds of the people.

And it is a well-known fact that in our own times, the enemies of religion are the avowed opponents of the Christian Sabbath. I have seen the Sunday violated in Paris, in Brussels, and other capitals of Europe. And even in Rome I have seen government workmen engaged, on the Lord's Day, in excavating and in building houses. Who are they that profane the Sunday in those cities of Europe? They are men lost to all sense of religion, who glory in their impiety, and who aim at the utter extirpation of Christianity.

A close observer cannot fail to note the dangerous inroads which have been made on the Lord's Day within the last quarter of a century in our own country; and if these invasions are not checked in time the day may come when the religious quiet now happily reigning in Baltimore, and other well-ordered cities, will be changed into a day of noise and turbulence; when the sound of the bell will be drowned by the echo of the hammer and the dray; when the prayer-book and the Bible will be supplanted by the newspaper and the magazine; when the votaries of the theatre and the drinking saloon will outnumber the church worshippers; and the salutary thoughts of God, and of the soul, and of eternity, will be choked by the cares of business and by the pleasures and dissipations of the world.

We cannot but admire the wisdom of God and His intimate knowledge of the human heart in designating one day in the week on which public homage should be paid to Him. So engrossing are the cares and occupations of life, so absorbing its pleasures, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to direct the thoughts of mankind to the higher pursuits of virtue and religious worship, unless a special time is set apart for these spiritual exercises. We have certain hours assigned to the various functions of daily life. We have stated hours for retiring to rest at night, and for rising from sleep, for partaking of our meals, and attending to our regular avocations. If we discharged those ordinary functions only when the spirit would move us, and inclination would prompt us, our health would be impaired, and our temporal interests would suffer. And so would our spiritual nature grow torpid if there was no fixed day for renovating it by the exercise of divine praise and adoration. We might for a time worship God at irregular intervals, and would probably end by neglecting to commune with Him altogether.

The Christian sabbath is a living witness of revelation and an abiding guardian of Christianity. The religious services held in our churches each successive Sunday are the most effective means for keeping fresh in the minds and hearts of our people the sublime and salutary teachings of the Gospel. Our churches exercise on the truths of revelation an influence analogous to that exerted by our courts of justice in the civil law. The silence and solemnity of the court, the presence of the judge, the power with which he is clothed, the weight of his decisions, give an authority to our civil and criminal jurisprudence, and invest it with a sanction, which it could not have if our courts were closed.

In like manner, the religious decorum observed in our temples of worship, the holiness of the place, the sacred character of the officiating ministers, above all, the reading and exposition of the sacred Scriptures, inspire men with a reverence for the divine law, and cause it to exert a potent influence on the moral guidance of the community, and the summary closing of our civil tribunals would not entail a more disastrous injury on the laws of the land, than the closing of our churches would inflict on the Christian religion.

How many social blessings are obtained by the due observance of the Lord's Day? The institution of the Christian sabbath has contributed more to the peace and good order of nations than could be accomplished by standing armies and the best organized police force. The officers of the law are a terror, indeed, to evil-doers, and arrest them for overt acts, while the ministers of religion, by the lessons they inculcate, prevent crime by appealing to the conscience, and promote peace in the kingdom of the soul.

The cause of charity and mutual benevolence is greatly fostered by the sanctification of the Sunday. When we assemble at church on the Lord's Day we are admonished, by that very fact, that we are all members of the same social body, and that we should have for one another the same lively sympathy and spirit of coöperation which the members of the human body entertain towards each other. We are

reminded that we are all enlivened and sanctified by the same spirit. "There are diversities of graces," says the Apostle, "but the same spirit; and there are diversities of ministeries, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same God, Who worketh all in all." We have all divers pursuits and avocations; we occupy different grades of society: but in the house of God all these distinctions are levelled, and the same spirit that enters the heart of the most exalted citizen does not disdain to descend also into the soul of the humblest peasant.

If, indeed, the observance of the Sunday was irksome and difficult, there would be some excuse for neglecting this ordinance. But it is a duty which, so far from involving labor and self-denial, contributes to health of body as well as to contentment of mind. The Christian Sunday is not to be confounded with the Jewish or the old Puritan sabbath. It prescribes the golden mean between rigid sabbatarianism on the one hand, and lax indulgence on the other. There is little doubt that the revulsion in public sentiment from a rigorous to a loose observance of the Lord's Day can be ascribed to the sincere but misguided zeal of the Puritans, who confounded the Christian Sunday with the Jewish sabbath, and imposed restraints on the people which were repulsive to Christian freedom, and not warranted by the Gospel dispensation. The Lord's Day should always be regarded as a day of joy. We should be cheerful, without being dissipated; grave and religious, without being sad or melancholy. Christianity forbids, indeed, all unnecessary servile work on that day; but, as "the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath," she allows such work whenever charity or necessity may demand it. And as it is a day not only of religion, but also of relaxation of mind and body, she permits us to spend a portion of it in innocent recreation. In a word, the true conception of the Lord's Day is expressed in the words of the Psalmist: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein."

A word must be added on two other pregnant evils: the ballot is the expression of the will of a free people, and its purity should be guarded with the ut[illegible] that purity is to wound th[illegible]

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most part, with the general political machinery, into unreputable hands; and from these hands issue the election frauds which thicken in the great cities, and gravely endanger our institutions. The ballot is the ready and potent instrument which registers the will of a free people for their own government, and the violation of its purity leads directly to the point where there is either loss of liberty or revolution to restore it. We all remember what happened in 1876, when alleged tampering with election returns affected the Presidential succession, and a great cloud arose, and for weeks hung, dark and threatening, over the land. It was a tremendous crisis, and perhaps only the memories of recent war averted disastrous strife.

We hail it with satisfaction, that a more healthy public opinion in this quarter seems developing; that reputable citizens appear more disposed to bear an active part in practical politics; and that "reform," "a free ballot," "a fair count," are becoming, under the pressure, more and more party watchwords. It is a purifying tendency in a vital "direction.

Yet another crying evil is the wide interval that so often interposes between a criminal's conviction and the execution of the sentence, and the frequent defeat of justice by the delay. Human life is, indeed, sacred; but the laudable effort to guard it has gone beyond bounds. Of late years the difficulty to convict (in murder trials, especially) has greatly increased from the widened application of the pleas in bar — notably, that of insanity. When a conviction has been reached, innumerable delays generally stay the execution. The many grounds of exception allowed to counsel, the appeals from one court to another, with final application to the Governor, and the facility with which signatures for pardon are obtained, have combined to throw around culprits an extravagant protective system, and gone far to rob jury trial of its substance and efficacy. A prompt execution of the law's sentence, after a fair trial had, is that which strikes terror into evil-doers and satisfies the public conscience. The [illegible] of this among us has brought [illegible] given plausible grou[illegible]

What Catholics Should Read.

As for us who glory in being children of the Catholic Church, let us no longer patronize a press that is hostile to our faith, scoffs at our religion, and misrepresents the history and doctrines of our Holy Mother. Let us show that we are Catholics, not in name only, but also in deed, by reading good and useful books, periodicals and papers, which will elevate our minds and hearts above the degrading influences of the passions and material things. Experience proves that the best and most enlightened Catholics are undoubtedly those, who, banishing from their homes all that belittles their religion and their Church, are regular readers of Catholic books, periodicals and newspapers. Those Catholics are far better instructed in their religion, and have a more solid faith than those who do not patronize the Catholic press. Consequently it is my most fervent hope to see our educated Catholics subscribe for some Catholic periodical, and I most earnestly entreat every Catholic family in this country to become subscribers for some good Catholic newspaper. The regular reading of some good Catholic books and periodicals is the best means to keep up the faith among our Catholics, to afford them all the necessary information concerning the history and doctrines of the Church, and to enable them to know and prove conclusively that the Catholic Church is the greatest benefactor of the human race, for having constantly fostered learning and civilization, and being the greatest champion of true liberty.

How "Labor Day" was Fixed.

Labor Day is now a legal holiday, and the idea of having one day set apart for the enjoyment of the toilers came about in this manner: In 1882 the Central Labor Union appointed a committee to make arrangements for a festival, and among those on the committee was Matthew McGuire, of Local Assembly 1562 of Brooklyn, the first secretary of the Central Labor Union.

At the first meeting of the committee, McGuire said, that as the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor was to open its annual session in New York on Sept. 5th, which fell on Monday, it would be good policy to hold the festival on that day. This was agreed to, and Elm Park was engaged for that day, another organization being paid for the date. The picnic was held, and was a grand success. A number of delegates to the General Assembly reviewed the parade, and took part in the festivities.

The picnic in 1883 was held on the first Monday in September, at the same place, and in 1884, the Committee of Arrangements consisted of V. W. Woyteseck, of the Progresssive Cigar-makers; John J. McGuire, of the Unity Labor Club; Charles L. Miller, of the Clothing

Cutters' Union; L. P. Howe, of the Operative Painters; Frank A. Robinson, of the Hod Hoisting Engineers; John Devitt, of the Operative Painters, and George K. Lloyd, of the Tin and Sheet Iron Workers.

At a meeting of the committee, held at No. 63 Fourth Avenue, Lloyd moved that the committee recommend the Central Labor Union to declare the first Monday in September labor's annual holiday. The recommendation was adopted, and at the next meeting of the Central Labor Union the recommendation was acted upon and passed unanimously.

At the same meeting Delegate Lloyd moved that the corresponding secretary be instructed to communicate with the General Secretary of the Knights of Labor, and with all central labor unions throughout the country, asking them to follow the action of the New York body and coöperate with the Central Labor Union in observing the first Monday in September as labor's holiday. This motion was also adopted.

The secretary wrote to every central body throughout the country, and many favorable replies were received, among them being letters from General Secretary Turner, of the Knights of Labor, and the Central labor unions of Boston, Chicago, Buffalo and Baltimore, and festivals were held in many cities on Labor Day. Later on the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor indorsed the day as labor's holiday, and at the last session of the Legislature of this state it was made a legal holiday.

BOSSUET, in allusion to the Temporal Power, wrote thus: "Would to God that the Church, the common mother of all nations and kings, were undisputably established and recognized as independent of any earthly temporal sovereignty, and that the Holy See, to which all the faithful must look for the maintenance of religious unity, were, as seems so natural, in a position to rule, guide, protect, intervene, and judge between nations as best for their respective interests, and above their national and individual jealousies. Thus, the Church, independent, in the august person of its head, of temporal principality and power, would be free to exercise her beneficial influence for the general good. She would thus hold in an impartial rule of justice and peace the interest and freedom of states in her hands; and in this powerful unity of all members with the head, the equilibrium of the world would be firmly and happily maintained."

EXAMINE whether your heart pleases God? you must not do it; but whether His pleases you? yes, truly; for if you look at His heart, it cannot but please you, it is so sweet, so condescending, so loving towards frail creatures when they recognize their misery, so merciful to the miserable, so kind to the penitent.— *St. Francis de Sales.*

Coming Irish Parliament Foreshadowed.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY has contributed an important and thoughtful article to the *Contemporary Review* for September, embodying what, in his belief, would constitute an equitable constitution for Ireland. The experience gained in Australasia, no less than his intimate knowledge of the requirements and the wishes of his countrymen, peculiarly fitted him for his task. The introduction to the article is devoted to proving his contention that Irishmen are the proper persons to frame the system by which their country shall be governed. The following extracts contain the salient features of his proposals :

The Protection of the Minority — "A Perfect Guarantee."

The Protestant minority, many of them with great interest at stake, require commensurate securities before they entrust them to a native legislature ; and why should they not require them ? Parliamentary government is based on a system of securities ; the prerogatives of the Crown and the powers of the Lords and Commons respectively are exercised under restraints created to check their abuse. In all the Constitutions which have established free government in modern times there are special guarantees for interests liable to be unjustly impaired. Law itself is, in general, a precaution not so much against probable as against possible wrongs ; a ward is protected against the fraud or laches of his guardian, and an inheritor in remainder against that of his father, as strictly as a householder against a housebreaker. What the case calls for, therefore, is not a sentimental but a statutory warranty ; not appeals to the past conduct of Irish Catholics as forming sufficient security, however generous and magnanimous that conduct may have been, but guarantees, which will be recognized as solid and adequate, against the possibility of reprisal for past wrongs, or any exceptional legislation whatever.

The only method of protecting the minority hitherto proposed has been to limit the functions of the new legislature and executive ; either to retain them in leading-strings or to withhold from them the ordinary agents for executing their orders ; in short, to make them powerless to do much good in order that they may be able to do no wrong. This method was not acceptable to any one in Ireland. It did not satisfy the minority, and it would have exasperated the new legislature. Had it been adopted, the Constitution would have been degraded in the eyes of the people from the beginning, and new struggles for the rights withheld would have immediately commenced. A half-measure must inevitably share the fate of all the half-measures and quarter-measures which have preceded it. A wiser and safer method of proceeding, I humbly submit, would be to create a legislature and executive which from their character might be safely trusted to exercise all the powers which the Australian and Canadian Parliaments enjoy. If this can be done it would manifestly furnish a perfect, and perhaps the only perfect, guarantee. Commit your interests, not to an agent who is handcuffed, and under surveillance, but to one in whom you are able to place liberal confidence. Create a parliament and a government which you can trust, and trust them accordingly. The fundamental security for sober, ordered liberty must reside in the character of the legislature. It is idle to look for it anywhere else. And this safest and best method is also the simplest in form and probably the easiest to retain. The bulk of the nation would view with natural displeasure any sacrifice of their rights made to pamper the prejudice or personal caprice of English politicians, but they will be ready, I am persuaded, to make ample concessions to placate and content their own countrymen.

Work of a Native Parliament.

I will speak presently of the method by which such a parliament may be created ; but first let me glance for a moment at the duty it will have to undertake : for the nature of an instrument, or an institution, must be largely determined by the work it is designed to perform. For what work do we want a native parliament ? Is it not chiefly to restore social peace, and the prosperity

which can only flow from peace, to a distracted country? Ireland presents a spectacle without parallel among Christian nations: its population — larger when any man amongst us was born than it is to-day — has dwindled year by year for more than thirty years; its ancient manufactures have disappeared; its foreign commerce, once considerable, is almost annihilated; the bulk of the population is pauperized and demoralized by a constant struggle for existence against unjust laws and pitiless authority. The produce of the island is carried away by absentees, and by fiscal exactions which have constantly increased, while the wealth of the country diminished. The seed of the future — its young men and women—have been flying to foreign countries longer than the existing generation can remember, because they have no career or pursuit at home. We should be mad to make the parliament of such country a cockpit to fight out hereditary quarrels, or a platform for political gladiators to contend for the spoils of office. The task to which Irish statesmen must give their whole mind and heart is to guide the reawakened spirit of the country to the reproductive enterprises by which poor communities become prosperous, and to foster them by the security and confidence which spring from just laws justly administered. It will be their duty to reorganize the higher education, that it may teach the people practical truths more important to their interests than any to be found in Adam Smith or the Ready Reckoner; how nations prosper by integrity and mutual good-will; how wise it is to use power justly and moderately; and that politics and passions, natural in a time of conflict, would be shameful in a time of peace; how prosperity can only exist under the shelter of settled law; and that you would as vainly try to grow corn on a rock as commerce and manufactures in a country where credit was not strong — credit being the offspring of confidence in the security of property, whether it be derived from the earnings of the artisan or the capital of the manufacturer or the landowner.

Let us revert to the question how such a parliament ought to be constituted, that it may represent the entire nation in an adequate manner.

A Parliament with Two Chambers.

It is scarcely necessary to contend that it ought to consist of two chambers, for we have no experience, and no one has any experience, of any other method of conducting responsible government. The plan in Mr. Gladstone's Bill of the two houses, or orders, as they were named, sitting habitually together, with the power of separating and sitting apart in certain contingencies, was abandoned almost at the outset by the Attorney-General.* A single chamber has been pictured as a peculiarly democratic instrument. But there are three great democratic states in the world, and their record is, that two of them tried the unicameral system, and after a little abandoned it as dangerous and vicious, while the other would never consent to try it. A legislature of one chamber managed the affairs of the United States at the outset, but it proved so inconvenient that Washington and his associates hastened to replace it by a congress of two separate and independent houses. The first French Republic began in the same manner, and the Convention fell completely under the control of a jealous demagogue, who ruled it by sheer terror, till every head above or on a level with his own disappeared in the sawdust of the guillotine basket. Warned by its fate, Gambetta and the founders of the existing Republic created a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. These are warnings which we cannot afford to disregard, and we are left in no doubt as to the motive of the change from one to two chambers. The most eminent commentator on the American Constitution† says that the change was effected to create a check upon hasty or oppressive legislation, and upon the tendency of public bodies to accumulate all power and influence in their own hands ‡ And an ex-

* "With reference to the proposal for having two orders in the Irish parliament, I do not defend that as a very symmetrical or logical arrangement; but I look upon it as an arrangement not suggested by the judgment of the Prime Minister, but rather proposed as a concession to the fears, which I believe to be ill-founded, of non-members which have found expression in this house." — *Sir Charles Russell, Attorney-General, House of Commons*, May 28, 1885.

† Story.

‡ The same eminent commentator on the Constitution of the United States says:— "There are particular moments in public affairs when the people, stimulated by some irregular passion, or some illicit advantage, or misled by the artful misrepresentations of artful men, may call for measures which they themselves will afterwards be the most ready to lament and condemn. In those critical moments how salutary will be the interference of a body of respectable citizens, chosen without reference to the exciting cause, to check the misguided career of public opinion, and to suspend the blow until reason, justice, and truth can regain their authority over the public mind." If these reasons weighed with a people trained in local government,

perienced French statesman describes the evils which are inseparable from the experiment made under the First Republic. "If the interests of stability and conservation are committed wholly to the chances of the composition of a single elective chamber, invested with the sole and final decision of all questions, and to the chances of the discussions in that assembly, be assured that, sooner or later, after numerous oscillations between tyranny of different kinds, these interests will be sacrificed and lost."

It is needless to go back to the experiences of the Long Parliament in England — even Cromwell was obliged to replace it by two houses — or of the corrupt parliaments of Scotland; it is enough that the experiment has never been successful. It is true, I believe, that some adventurous English Radicals are not deterred by these grave warnings from desiring a single chamber in Westminster; but let them propound their scheme to their own country. Home Rule in Ireland is surrounded by too many difficulties already to embarrass it with hazardous experiment in speculative philosophy — if, indeed, there be any ground for speculation. For my part, in a long public life I have never met a man trained in the working of the parliamentary system who believed that a single chamber would secure habitual fair play to minorities, and therefore I am against the unicameral method.

The Lower House.

Starting from the postulate of two houses, the constitution of the popular chamber is the most critical question. The existing system of parliamentary government, as it has been thrice modified in the direction of democracy in the reign of Queen Victoria, makes the authority of that chamber supreme in the last resort. Whoever would establish a just constitution therefore must make sure that the entire nation is adequately represented in that chamber. Unless both majority and minority have the proportion of political power to which they are entitled, neither contentment nor fair play can be ensured. I know of no method by which this distribution can be made certain except by adopting the system known as the representation of minorities. The omission of that practice from the recent Reform Act has wrought injustice in so many English counties and cities that it will force itself on public attention anew. It ought not to be forgotten that its rejection was imposed on the Liberal party as an article of faith by Mr. Bright. Nothing was to be permitted to interfere with the divine right of the majority to rule. Eldon or Percival did not deny the claims of the majority of the nation to be fully represented in Parliament two generations ago more peremptorily than Mr. Bright denied the claims of the minority half-a-dozen years ago. Like Rosseau, who contended that if a community were divided into a party of five hundred thousand men plus one, and a party of five hundred thousand men minus one, the former were entitled to the unrestricted rule of the whole, Mr. Bright worships the majority. But it cannot have failed to shake the authority of his doctrine with thoughtful men that, when it was proposed to apply it to Ireland, he forgot the passive submission to majorities which he had taught before. He rebelled against the decisive majority of the Liberal party on the Irish question, and he declaims with great vehemence against the calamity of a majority ruling in Ireland to a certain prejudice, as he conceives, of the minority. I do not complain of his solicitude for the minority; he cannot desire to protect them more heartily than I do; but the principles of justice do not vary with latitude and longitude, nor can what is right in Middlesex become wrong in Munster. For myself, in Ireland thirty years ago, in Australia twenty-five ago, and at home when the last Reform Bill was under consideration, I equally contended for the direct representation of minorities as just and reasonable. The principle is so intrinsically fair that, apart from Mr. Bright, it has been resisted chiefly on the ground that it is too complicated for popular use. This objection may or may not be well-founded as against Mr. Hare's theorem; but it has no force against three-cornered constituencies. There the principle and practice are easily intelligible; they have been tried, and they secure as near an approximation to fair play as we can reasonably look for in sublunary affairs.

Number of Members.

Ireland may be divided into thirty-five constituencies, each electing three members on the present franchise, of whom no elector could vote for more than two. I need not stop to specify the constituences; they would necessarily be based

they are still more applicable to a people who have lost its practice and tradition by long disuse.

on population, and have their centre in the great towns as at present. Even Dublin University might be retained as one of them by enlarging the constituency to a number that would admit of three members. The graduates of the Royal University, all the members of the learned professions, wherever their diplomas were obtained, with engineers and classified teachers added, would furnish the necessary minimum. The five and thirty constituencies would give a House of one hundred and five members -- a convenient number for a working legislature. We are accustomed to regard three hundred as the proper number for a house of commons in Ireland, because it was the number of old. But that maximum was not selected for our convenience or advantage, but for the convenience of our rulers. James I., for example, added forty boroughs in one day, with the unconcealed purpose of swamping the representatives of the nation. I do not think we have any inducement to follow servilely the political geography of the "second Solomon;" and that we should rather consider what may be convenient and useful at present than what existed at any former period. The question of convenience cannot safely be disregarded. In addition to the legislative assembly or house of commons, we shall need to find senators, and probably one hundred and five members to send to Westminster, and these demands may easily exceed our supply. Under Mr. Gladstone's Bill, with the twenty-fourth clause omitted, they would amount to four hundred and ten. But if this difficulty did not exist, the limit of a hundred members has proved in practice more convenient for the transaction of business than two or three hundred.

Probable Division of Parties.

In such an assembly the section at present alarmed by Home Rule might, through the representation of minorities, count upon electing one-third of the members, the other two-thirds going to the Nationalists. But the National party, as Mr. Parnell reminded the House of Commons,* includes various sections, all of which would be represented in a native parliament. Some are moderate by character and habit of mind; many desire an Irish parliament, not to promote any party triumph, but to restore prosperity and tranquillity to the whole country. Nationalists of good sense and great experience, quite unfit to be members of a combative party in Westminster, will be of infinite use when we can return to the path of peace and social progress. It is not too much to expect that all Ireland would elect eighteen members of this disposition; and, if it did, a balance of parties would exist most favorable to the working of responsible government. The old Nationalists would be in a majority, and rightly so, but only so long as they acted with justice and prudence. A parliament so constituted would be best, not only for the interest of the minority but for the interest of the nation. It is impossible to work parliamentary government unless the difference of opinion which exists in every community be represented in the legislature, so that men in power may have reason to apprehend displacement if they violate their duty. The discipline fit for a time of war is generally wholly unfit for a time of peace. If the Irish parliament, to take an example familiar to us all, consisted, like the Irish party, of a number of men following one leader submissively, voting habitually together on all questions as the majority had previously determined, however upright their motives might be, parliamentary government — the most perfect system of liberty that exists in the world — would be at an end, for parliamentary government requires as the first condition of its existence a party in office and an alternative party prepared to take office, and not forbidden to obtain it. To weigh accurately there must be weight in both scales. The highest result an Irish patriot could desire in an Irish parliament is a state of parties where neither would be denied the opportunity of governing in turn. The main purpose for which a house of commons exists is to superintend and control the executive government.

Senate.

My proposal is that the Irish senate shall consist of fifty-four members selected fairly from the four provinces, and that to ensure our getting the best men at the outset they shall be nominated in the Constitution act. A list which has undergone the scrutiny of the people, the press, and the Irish members of the house of commons, and which, to answer its primary purpose, must content the judgment of the Irish nation, is likely to

* "Of course there are sections among Irish Nationalists as there are sections in the great Conservative party." (Speech on the second reading of the Government of Ireland Bill.)

be a better one than can be got by any other process. It will be canvassed over and over again by the whole nation before it is finally adopted.

Sources From Which Senators Would be Obtained.

To frame a list of senators which would command the confidence of the country, north and south, would not, I think be difficult; but I prefer to indicate the sources from which a competent senate might be obtained rather than to name individuals without their authority. In my opinion it should include two archbishops or bishops of the Catholic and Protestant Churches respectively, a Presbyterian minister, who has been Moderator of the General Assembly, the Provost of the Dublin University, the President of Maynooth College, a representative of the Royal University, and two or more judges of the Supreme Court in whose discretion and disposition the nation has confidence.* Among the Irish peerage there are more than a dozen who have either pronounced for the principle of Home Rule or are not hostile to it if a fair scheme be devised, and they have the first right to be senators. Men who have conducted industrial enterprises successfully, who have served in parliament with distinction, manufacturers from Belfast, merchants from Cork, and the pick of the legal, medical, and engineer professions would find a natural place there. And there are men who have none of these official claims, but who have moral claims, whose character and life fit them for the duty of being arbitrators between the majority and the minority. Those who understand Ireland *au fond* know that it would not be difficult to name exceptional men, not belonging to the higher, but to the middle class, who enjoy the confidence of large sections of the nation, and who might be counted on as confidently as the highest magnate in Church or state to resist injustice to any man or interest. To the popular chamber we send advocates; to the senate we ought to send umpires and judges. If it be constituted in the manner suggested, of men of acknowledged capacity, integrity, and services, who represent the sense and experience of the community, and possess its confidence, its decisions in all cases of difficulty would be received by the people in the same spirit that the household acknowledges the authority of the *paterfamilias*.

* The Catholic bishops refused to act in Australia, and would, perhaps, refuse to act here; but their aid would be invaluable.

To anticipate misapprehensions, I may note that calling ecclesiastics to legislative duties is far from being a novelty. In England the bishops of the National Church constitute one of the three estates of the realm. In Austria the prelates of the Catholic Church and the Greek Church sit side by side in the Upper Chamber of the Reichsrath, and in Hungary in the House of Magnates. In the Bavarian Senate there is a Catholic bishop and a Protestant clergyman selected by the King, and in Wurtemburg ministers of the two Churches are elected by their respective congregations, and in Saxony the heads of the chief collegiate institutions, Protestant and Catholic, are called to the Senate.

The Advantages and Disadvantages of an Upper Chamber.

The House of Lords is responsible for the antipathy to a second chamber which doubtless exists, and if we could only have a second chamber as arrogant and intractable as that body has proved on the chief Irish questions of the last half century, the antipathy would be well founded. But the senate of the United States is a more skilled and energetic public servant than the house of representatives, and in many European and Colonial states the Senate answers fairly well the purpose of a Court of Appeal on disputed questions, and is rarely an impediment to wise legislation. But I am far from desiring to leave a possible danger to a sentimental remedy. There was a clause in Mr. Gladstone's bill providing for cases of protracted difference between the two orders, by which it was directed that, when the disagreement lasted for three years the question should be submitted to the orders voting together, and adopted or rejected according to the decision of the majority so voting. This clause provided effectually against the possibility of a dead-lock, and it might be strengthened if an "absolute majority" of the united body, not merely a majority of those voting on the occasion, were required to decide the question in dispute. At the joint sitting of such a legislative assembly and senate as I propose one hundred and fifty-seven members could vote, of whom eighty would constitute an absolute majority. If eighty members of a legislature so constituted approved of a proposal, it may safely be assumed that it would be one which inflicted no injustice—if they rejected it, it would be only because there

were such solid objections either against the measure, or against its immediate adoption, as ought to prevail.

The Executive Government.

A statesman who had to form a cabinet entrusted with the task of inaugurating Home Rule in Ireland would not, if he were worthy of his position, constitute it merely of political gladiators or successful rhetoricians, as sometimes happens in England; but, having regard to the necessities of the case, he would select men skilled in the permanent interests of the country, and including all the races and classes which constitute the Irish nation. If Canada can do this, if Australia can do this, why is it forbidden to us?

The Permanent Staff.

The permanent staff must be in accord with national opinion. Nearly two hundred years ago Swift pronounced it to be an intolerable grievance that Englishmen should be employed almost exclusively in the public service of Ireland, and the intolerable grievance has not ceased to this day. But we ought to deal forbearingly with a long-rooted wrong. Some of the Irishmen in the public service in England might be willing to effect an exchange with Englishmen of the same rank in Ireland; a few might receive retiring allowances at once, for Ireland is greatly over-officered; and we could accept the remainder for the sake of the Drummonds and Hamiltons whom the class produced. Except in a few confidential offices no change would be absolutely essential. Where there are statesmen of strong will and definite purpose, the permanent staff is simply an instrument in their hands; it receives its impulse from above as unresistingly as the train from the engineer. I can say — for I have made the experiment — that a government may accept a staff appointed and trained by its adversaries and find it pliable as a glove. As respects future appointments and promotions, they might be advantageously removed from political influence. The Imperial government has relinquished the bulk of employments by substituting competitive examination for ministerial patronage, and the government of Victoria has placed the entire service under a Commission strictly enjoined by law to promote officers only for character, capacity, and service, never for private or political considerations. Public men will lose nothing by the change, for the most embarrassing, the most invidious, and the most thankless of their duties is to distribute offices and regulate promotion. "The implacable enemies of a government," an experienced statesman once said to me, "are not the candidates for office for whom we have done nothing, but those for whom we have done less than they expected."

The Schedules of the Constitution.

The Constitution statute might remove certain questions from controversy, as similar instruments have done in other communities, either by recognising them as fundamental conditions of the pact, or by settling them on a permanent basis. It might declare, for example—(I). That the Sovereign or Regent *de facto* of England shall be Sovereign or Regent of Ireland; (II). That complete religious equality shall exist among all citizens before the law, and that it shall not be lawful to submit to either house, or lawful for the Viceroy to assent to any proposal giving to any Church a concession which the other Churches do not equally enjoy.

III. A schedule of the statute might fix the number of Ministers and their salaries, but leave a power to the legislature to vary the offices at discretion, provided the sum granted for the service be not exceeded. It might fix the salaries of the president of the senate, the speaker of the house of assembly, the judges, and other high functionaries, as a permanent appropriation, removed from annual discussion; such fundamental principles and schedule not to be capable of repeal or modification, except by a majority of two-thirds of both houses. This has been done in the Australian Constitution.

IV. As a written statute will need to be interpreted in cases of difficulty, a court of three judges might be named in the act on whom this power would be conferred. It would not be impossible to name three whose fairness or fitness would not be called in question by any reasonable Irishman. The provision in Mr. Gladstone's Bill referring disputed questions to a Privy Council in which all parties are represented, is not satisfactory. It would not secure a judicial decision, but a party conflict and a party triumph.

V. The compensation of members of Parliament for the expenses incident to the office is the practice in nearly all free countries except England. It is pro-

vided for in the Constitutions of the United States, Belgium, and Canada, and ought to be provided for in ours. I have served in parliament under both systems, and I can confidently affirm that, to secure purity and public spirit, representatives must not be required to make inordinate sacrifices. All the expenses for election purposes, from the registration of votes to the taking of the poll, ought also to be defrayed by the state, as they are in many British Colonies. If men are invited to perform grave public duties, and expected to perform them uprightly, it is insensate to begin by imposing a tax which in effect is the purchase-money of the position. To compensate members of the Lower House on a moderate scale need not cost more than we pay for the single office of Viceroy; and the example of congress warns us to fix the amount in the Constitution and not leave it liable to be increased except by such a decided majority of both houses as may be required for other fundamental changes.

The Judiciary.

Under such a legislative and executive it would be impossible, I submit, to work any grave injustice; and if so, they ought to possess, and would be fit to exercise, all the power enjoyed by the parliaments and governments of the great colonies. I have sat in colonial cabinets which appointed judges, controlled the police, and advised the prerogatives of the Crown, and in a legislature which made laws "in and for the colony in all cases whatever," appropriated its revenues according to law, and distributed its patronage through Ministers possessing their confidence. I belonged to a minority of the population as small in proportion to the whole as the Protestant minority in Ireland; but representative men of the majority and minority found no difficulty in acting cordially together. The imperial army and navy, while an imperial army was maintained in the colonies, were at the orders of the government in London; but all the agencies for maintaining public order were necessarily under the control of the men responsible for it. That community would not have endured, and no community ought to endure, the creation of a judiciary placed above the laws of the country in which they live. If they were men of the most upright character it would be an intolerable oligarchy, and if they were not it might become an unendurable tyranny. I have lived too long away from Ireland to speak with complete knowledge of the existing bench; but thirty years ago many of the Irish judges were partisans scarcely less pronounced than the men who outraged law and decency in the interests of the Stuarts. Lord Beaconsfield, in his life of Lord George Bentinck, describes how they were sometimes appointed. Peel, he says (in substance), got rid of a parliamentary bore and bigot by sending him to the Irish Bench. This was Mr. Lefroy; and Messrs. Pennefather and Blackburne, men of much larger capacity, were as far removed from the ideal judge. An independent judiciary is an essential guarantee for personal and public liberty; but a judge in Ireland must exercise his great trust under the same conditions as in England. To maintain him in office, if he should incur the censure of both Houses of Parliament for a grave delinquency, would be an outrage on national feeling and public liberty. There is no man of the Irish race more willing and ready than I am to sign the conditions of a permanent peace; but I would rather face the twenty years of despotism foreshadowed with brutal plainness of late than see Irishmen accept, as a settlement of our claims, a judiciary which could defy the two houses of the Irish parliament.

If the two nations were agreed upon the functions and limitations of an Irish Constitution, there are three or four collateral questions which ought to be settled at the same time, and by the same authority, in order that the new legislature may be relieved from exasperating controversy. The most weighty and urgent of these questions is the fiscal one. Mr. Gladstone insists, as one of the fundamental conditions of Home Rule, that there shall be an equitable distribution of Imperial burthens, and it is a proviso of manifest justice. Unfortunately, the question is not only a very serious, but a very complicated one. I will not embarrass this project of a Constitution by a financial controversy; but it is necessary to state some of the points on which careful preliminary inquiry is essential to such a distribution of the imperial burthens as shall be fair and final.

Ireland's Contribution to the Imperial Exchequer.

Since the famine of 1846, when the working people lost sixteen millions sterling by the failure of the potato, there

has been a constant emigration, and while population and resources diminished, Imperial statesmen have steadily increased the burden of taxation. A single fact, which is perhaps the most marvellous in the marvellous history of Ireland, sums up the case: the population is less than half what it was when the famine commenced, and the taxation is more than double what it was at that period. A parliamentary return published in 1866 exhibits the constantly increasing burthen per head borne by the Irish people for the twenty years for which the account was furnished: —

	Population.	Taxation.	Taxation per head.
1841	8,196,597	£4,158,677	£0 10 1
1851	6,574,278	4,324,865	0 13 3
1861	5,798,967	6,790,606	1 3 5

"This," says a contemporary critic, "is the cube root of the Irish question." It may be supposed that the burthens of England increased in the same proportion, and that Ireland only bore her share in the partnership liability. But the fact was very different. The complaint of a prodigious inequality was constantly insisted upon and was pressed as strongly by Tories and Unionists as by Nationalists; the following incisive statement of it is the work of one of Lord Hartington's warmest supporters in the Liberal Union*: —

"The annual income of Great Britain, calculated by the best English authorities, is over eight hundred millions (£800,000,000). The annual income of Ireland, calculated in the same manner, is under forty-eight millions (£48,000,000). Ireland pays each year for Imperial taxes eight millions (£8,000,000), or three shillings and fourpence out of every pound of her income. Great Britain pays sixty-seven millions (£67,000,000), or one shilling and eight-pence out of every pound of her income. If Ireland contributed to the Imperial revenue in proportion to her relative ability, she would pay a very little more than four millions; she does pay more than eight."

The same writer, an experienced man of business, contends that in the thirty years ending in 1883 the national debt was reduced by a hundred millions, mainly to improve the securities in which wealthy Englishmen invest, and that ninety millions of this sum were extracted by undue taxation from Ireland. In one generation we paid, he insists, nearly half the indemnity imposed upon France by her German conqueror.

But the case does not rest on the testimony of Irish experts. The most eminent of English staticians, Mr. Griffen, Financial Secretary of the Board of Trade, has distinctly declared that in latter years Ireland has contributed *twice her proper share* to the Imperial Exchequer. "Ireland," he says, "while constituting only about a twentieth part of the United Kingdom in resources, nevertheless pays a tenth or eleventh of the taxes. Ireland ought to pay about £3,500,000; she pays nearly £7,000,000." Another financial critic declares that "Ireland, the poorest country in Europe, pays into the Imperial Exchequer one-sixth of her annual income, while Great Britain, the richest country in the world, pays just one twelfth."

It cannot be disputed that this is a case which demands inquiry. It is not a sentimental grievance, which may be dismissed with other forgotten wrongs belonging to the dead past, but a practical one, altogether outside of party, and which will largely determine the future fortune of the country. To borrow an illustration from the land question, the rent paid on an estate is the principal *datum* in determining the value of the freehold; if the rent be too high, the purchase of the property will be a bad and may be a ruinous bargain. In the same way the permanent contribution which Ireland must make to Imperial purposes (after the establishment of a separate parliament), will be determined on the basis of past contributions, and if they be accepted without inquiry we may be again loaded with a burthen beyond our strength. Finance is the life-blood of a state, and, under inordinate depletion, it bleeds to death. The wisest native government cannot make a country prosperous if it is bound to pay away its earnings to satisfy excessive claims. A Royal Commission of competent financiers must inquire and report on this subject. The profound confidence which the Irish people have in the good intentions of Mr. Gladstone persuaded them to accept his financial proposals without inquiry. But there is time for inquiry now, and the result may repay them for all the vexation which the delay of a settlement has imposed. The inquiry must be now or never. Whatever settlement we accept must be borne unflinchingly, on pain of Ireland being represented as a repudiator at the outset of her career. The disestablishment of

*Mr. Mitchell Henry, formerly member of Parliament for Galway, and more recently Unionist candidate for Glasgow.

the Irish Church furnishes a salutary warning. That settlement will necessarily and properly be protected from disturbance forever in the Irish constitution, and yet it is one which no Irish parliament would have made. It was resolved to establish religious equality in Ireland, but to propitiate British prejudice it was established by giving all the churches, all the glebes and glebe lands, and the bulk of the funds to the minority, to re-endow their church. One single ruined edifice which the minority never used nor claimed — the historic Rock of Cashel — a separate bill proposed to convey to the Catholics, and the house of lords indignantly rejected the proposal. A single settlement of account like this is enough for a century.*

The Land Question.

Next in importance after the fiscal crux comes the land question. There is a universal *consensus* that this angry controversy must not be cast like a firebrand into the midst of the new legislature, and no party now objects to the purchase of the proprietors' rights at a reasonable price. It is only the security for the necessary advance that is any longer in debate. Mr. Gladstone's original proposal was, to my thinking, substantially just; but leading men among his supporters and his opponents refuse to impose any liability on the British taxpayer. Their theory of public duty is not intelligible to me. They admit the claim for protection, which the landlords, whom they planted in Ireland by confiscating the rights of the native owners, have upon them, but they repudiate the corresponding responsibility. As the wrongs which must be remedied are confessedly of their creation, it is difficult to understand how they are justified in refusing to make any sacrifice towards righting them. It is not so that other nations have interpreted their duty. Austria and Russia, for example, turned their tenants into freeholders, and the state advanced the entire purchase money, and collected it by annual instalments from the occupiers. Whether this be done in Ireland is a question of slight importance to the landlord; for the interest saved by an Imperial guarantee would go to swell the purchase money, with great gain to the seller, and without the loss of a penny to the purchaser. I cordially wish it were done, and I am persuaded it could be done without injury to anybody. But if the Imperial parliament is determined to be bountiful *a bon marche*, there happily remains a valid security in the guarantee of such a government and legislature as I have prefigured. Their credit would probably be, and would certainly deserve to be, as good as that of any state in Europe, and the repayment might be made a first charge on the national revenue. But there is one device I trust we shall hear of no more: the method of putting in a receiver on behalf of the Imperial government is offensive and humiliating, and would bring the credit of the country at the outset into undeserved contempt. The record of the Irish farmers does not justify exceptional precautions; they have discharged their liabilities to the state with commendable punctuality. The loan fund in the latest report which has fallen under my notice had practically no arrears. The advances for the improvement of land were repaid in a slovenly manner by landlords, but with singular regularity by tenants. Their latest obligations are those incurred under the Purchase of Land Act, 1885, and I have inquired how that account stands. The answer furnishes very useful and significant evidence for our present controversy. Of 1,320 instalments of purchase money due in November, 1886, all but one were duly paid. Of 1,750 instalments for the current year, due in May last, 1,633 were paid up to July, and 117 were in course of collection.

What state in Europe can show a better balance-sheet than this? It is contended, indeed, that an unmanageable difficulty would arise when the state had to deal, not with a few hundred, but with many thousand debtors; but it is a difficulty which has been successfully encountered elsewhere. When it was my duty, as Minister of Public Lands, to frame a land system for the colony of Victoria, I desired to give the settlers the benefit of deferred payments, without which poor men could not become purchasers. I procured official information on kindred experiments in the United States, as well as in Canada and other British colonies, and the result was suffi-

* I trust this statement of facts will not be misunderstood as springing from any sentiment of bigotry. There could not possibly be a greater mistake. I saw the disestablishment of the Irish Church with exultation, because it removed a barrier which divided Irishmen on the national question; but I desired it to be accomplished, as far as practicable, without injury to a body of Irish gentlemen and their families, who had derived their position from settled law; and I have had the happiness of knowing, in many parts of the world, some of the manliest young men and most cultivated and charming young women, often passionate lovers of Ireland, who were born in Irish parsonages.

ciently disheartening. The colonial settlers were permitted to hold the land they selected at a quit-rent, and the quit-rent was never in any case successfully collected. In Canada, New Brunswick, and Trinidad, scarcely a shilling of the debt was paid. In the United States, in 1820, President Munroe reported that upwards of twenty-two millions of dollars were due to the treasury, and recommended some indulgence to the debtors. In the end congress abolished the credit system, and ordered lands to be sold at a low price, but for cash only; and it provided for the extinguishment of the existing debt, by enabling purchasers to receive a discharge on relinquishing a part of their lands proportionate to the debt to the state which remained unpaid. All these difficulties the government of Victoria evaded by adopting a new principle. They determined to enlist the self-respect and self-interest of the settlers on the side of the law, and instead of being exacted as an annual rent, the yearly payments were credited as instalments of the purchase money. But the settler was not permitted to exercise the most important power of a proprietor; to transfer or mortgage the land, for example, till the last instalment of the purchase money was paid. This system has been in operation nearly a quarter of a century; more land has passed and is passing under it than we shall have to sell in Ireland, and the annual payments have been made with wonderful punctuality. In fact, the farmers were more impatient to complete the purchase than the state, that they might become entitled to exercise the rights of proprietorship. Here is a case which can be tested by all concerned, as the statistics of Victoria are kept with remarkable accuracy, and I challenge inquiry. The population it dealt with was in a large proportion Irish, and the experiment has been completely successful. Some alarmists feared at the outset that the existence of a vast class of public creditors, who had votes, would tend to create a party in parliament pledged to reduce their burthen. Had the danger arisen it would have been met effectually by making the payment of the current annual instalment a condition of exercising the franchise, so that defaulters would have no representatives. But it did not arise. I represented several agricultural districts in succession, and I was not once asked to modify the terms of payment imposed upon selectors. The bargain was a fair and advantageous one, and the farmers performed their part of it better, I believe, than the clients of any merchant or manufacturer in England. Is there any reason why the same system applied to Ireland would not produce the same result? I know of none.

The Catholic bishops, with true statesmanship, recently declared that "the Irish people do not aim at the confiscation of any species of property," but its legitimate purchase, and I do not doubt that they would gladly see the necessary change made without wanton or avoidable injury to the existing proprietors. There is one considerable relief which the law could give, and I think right to give them. Family settlements should be subject *pro rata* to the reduction which rents and the general value of the freehold have undergone. Take the settlement of a single property as an illustration. A father entails his estate on his eldest son, and charges it with a jointure for his widow, and with capital sums, bearing four or five per cent interest, as portions for younger sons and daughters. When the heir comes into possession, the property is, perhaps, still liable for a mortgage by his grandfather to provide for his younger children, leaving about fifty per cent of the annual income to the present proprietor. The land court reduces the rental five and twenty per cent, and the fall of prices snatches away twenty per cent more. The cost of collection and management is at least five per cent, and by the operation of irresistible causes the entire income of the proprietor is sometimes snatched away, and he has nothing to bequeath to his heir. Can it be doubted that if the father and grandfather were still living, and had to make the settlements anew, they would reduce the provision for the younger children in proportion to the reduction of the gross income? Would it be contrary to public policy or private justice if the law made this settlement for them? The loss, it seems to me, should not fall on any one person exclusively, and he the principal person, but be fairly distributed over all the annuitants. The law of property in France steps in and settles family interests fairly and peremptorily, without regarding individual wishes, and I think it might be done in this case without violating the spirit of equity which is the essential basis of law.

Local Government.

Local government, which is the neces-

sary complement of central government, must, as far as details are concerned, be left to the Irish parliament; but the Constitution statute might, with great advantage, specify the powers reserved for county boards. In Belgium and Switzerland, the best governed countries in Europe, every duty which can be safely committed to local bodies is entrusted wholly to them. Not only is the humblest citizen actively associated with the state in public labors, and made a sharer in the sense of responsibility, which is the best element of public opinion, but the interests and feelings of cantons and departments, which often have little in common, are safeguarded by localizing authority. Much, I think, might be done towards satisfying Ulster by following this method; and I hope, on another occasion, to examine how far the Belgian or Swiss practice would help us.

Middle-Class Education.

The last of the burning questions, which it would be wise to withdraw from controversy, is middle-class education. I should be glad to see the property of Trinity College placed, like the Canadian educational endowments, under the protection of the Constitution; but it would be idle to hope and shameful to propose that a Protestant college should continue to enjoy £40.000 a year, derived chiefly from the confiscation of Catholic institutions, unless adequate provisions were made for the education of the majority. At present no Catholic college has a shilling of endowment. The two claims should be settled together in the constitutional statute, never more to be called a question *in secula seculorum.*

Some Minor Considerations.

I pause here, not because the topic is exhausted, but the space. I will ask leave to speak, on a future occasion, of certain collateral issues now postponed. Some Englishmen, for example, are alarmed at the risk of Ulster suffering injustice, and at the possibility of a separatist movement springing up, and I would gladly debate these apprehensions with perfect frankness. Whether the powers of the new legislature ought to be specified, or should extend to all questions not distinctly withdrawn from its cognizance, raises an interesting controversy. If the control of customs duties be retained by the Imperial parliament (as it must), it will be necessary to consider regulations to ensure a just distribution of the proceeds, and how any unfair exercise of treaty-making and tariff-making powers by the imperial authorities (from which we have hitherto suffered seriously) may be restrained. The larger question, whether we shall continue to send members to Westminster, will ultimately be settled by forces over which we have no control. I would rather not divert one competent man from the work to be done in Ireland; but, if it be a necessary concession to English opinion, it may be made without much reluctance, as it is certain to be temporary. It is past reasonable controversy that the system under which the colonies are liable in life and property for wars over which they have no more control than over the winds and waves, will not last, and that, on the other hand, prosperous communities in Africa, America, and Australasia cannot continue to be defended at the sole cost of the taxpayers at home. If the British Empire is to be held together there must be a federal union, in which taxation and representation will go together. A parliament of the Empire in which the popular chamber consisted of a convenient number of members — not much exceeding two hundred — allotted to the mother-country and the colonies in strict proportion to populations and resources, and an upper house of life peers selected on the same principle, would be a truly Imperial parliament. To such a legislature, I make no doubt, the colonies would grant the power of taxation for defence, and the other essential costs of empire, in proportions fixed from the outset by mutual agreement. If England and Wales sent one hundred and sixty-six members, and Scotland twenty-four, Ireland's proportion would be thirty-five, which we could supply without inordinate inconvenience. And when our own house is put in order, when the relations of Ireland to the empire are finally settled on a satisfactory basis, when the business at home is less urgent and exacting, it will become a reasonable ambition for Irishmen to share the aims and labors of the Imperial legislature.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

DURING the eight months ended the 31st of August last, 62,073 persons emigrated from Ireland, as against 45,875 for the same period in 1886. Of these as many as 55,621 went to the United States, 3,108 went to Canada, and 3,018 to Australia.

State of Public Feeling in England.

THE intelligent correspondent of the *Boston Daily Herald*, under date of Sept. 17, writes:

Parliament is up at last, and everybody is more or less glad; but, especially, the members of the government. They have been getting badly hit in all directions for the past few weeks, and in the matter of the proclamation of the Ennis meeting and the massacre at Mitchellstown they have been utterly discredited by the debates in the commons. It was only by the most enormous falsehoods that they made any sort of a defence of the Mitchellstown massacre; and now the statements they made on the authority of the very persons who committed the murders at Mitchellstown are being exposed one by one at the investigation which is taking place before the coroner. The result is, that public opinion in England is roused to an unwonted pitch, and that the agitation which the introduction of the coercion bill evoked, and which has been slumbering for a month or two, is being revived with an energy which surpasses anything ever known by the political managers of either party in Great Britain. To take one or two examples out of many. The Central Liberal Association of England has organized five hundred meetings for the next two months, two hundred of which are to be addressed by Irish members, and in the south-western counties of England there are a similar number to be held in denunciation of the government within the next month. A good many leading members of the Tory party itself confess openly in private conversation that, if an election were to take place now, they would be beaten hollow, and yet are so shameless as to avow, like Churchill, that, no matter how much public opinion may have changed since last July, they are determined to stave off a dissolution as long as they are permitted by the Constitution; but I have private information, on which I can rely, that the government, and a certain number of their supporters who are in the secrets of their policy, are making preparations for the worst, despite their ostensible confidence in their own strength. The rocks ahead are, first, the disorders which are certain to result from a rigorous administration of the coercion act, and which, if they come, will undermine utterly the Unionists' policy; and secondly, the land purchase proposals, which must be introduced at the beginning of next session, and which, whatever they may be, will almost necessarily split the Unionist party. The landlords now in convention in Dublin are demanding compensation for the deprivation of their privilege of rackrenting and capricious evictions, and the dilemma in which the government will be placed is, that if they yield to this demand, they at once sacrifice the Liberal Unionist vote in the British constituencies, while if they don't yield to it, they sacrifice a section of the Tory vote.

Coming to events in Ireland, I may say that the state of things there now is quite unprecedented. Just now, at least, the agitation for home rule is chiefly carried on by Englishmen and Scotchmen. As I write there are at least forty public men from the other side of St. George's channel speaking to large and enthusiastic audiences north and south, and I learn on the best authority that the fact is giving extreme annoyance to Chief Secretary Balfour, who, I further learn, resolved at the privy council meeting to-day to revenge himself by suppressing at once, or trying to suppress at once, all the branches of the league in Clare, Kerry, and two other counties in the south and west. That is the meaning of his interview yesterday at the castle with the stipendiary magistrates for those parts of the country. Of course, the step is a foolish one, and can result only in further disorder; but Balfour does not very much care for that, though some of his Liberal Unionist supporters do very much. As far as can be foreseen, the winter in Ireland will be a stormy one; and it will not surprise me, for one, if the result should be a dissolution early next year, in consequence, not of a land purchase bill, but of a proposal to establish something like martial law as the only thing except home rule, to keep Ireland quiet.

J. J. CLANCY.

THE amount collected for Catholic missionary purposes since 1882, when Propaganda Fide was established, is £8,000,000.

Festival of the Holy Cross.

THIS festival was appropriately celebrated at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, on Sunday, the 18th of September. The most Rev. Archbishop Williams preached on the occasion. His grace said:—

Upon this solemn occasion, the feast of the exaltation of the holy cross, I recommend you, dear brethren, to humbly thank Almighty God for the benefits and mercies which He has bestowed upon humanity throughout the world; pray for the Holy Father in Rome, the head of the church, and beseech the Almighty to strengthen his hands that he may be able to carry out the work of promoting the welfare of the church in every part of the world. Every ten years the bishop of each diocese presents his report to the Holy Father. This summer, for the third time, it was my privilege to present our report. That report contained the number of clergy and religious men and women, and an account of how peacefully and religiously the faithful are living with each other—all of which afforded great consolation to the Holy Father. Rome is the city of all cities. To the historian, the artist, and, especially, the Catholic, it is home. He arrives there with the feeling of one who has been absent from the family tree for many years, and rejoices to be at home once more. Except Calvary, everything of interest to the Catholic is to be found in Rome, and as Christ had the cross conveyed to Rome, it is the centre of the Christian world. There are to be seen the manger in which He first saw the light, the cross upon which He yielded up His life, the nails which pierced His flesh and the crown of thorns which lacerated His brow. All these are to seen in Rome. There also are the places where Peter and Paul were beheaded, and we see the representative of St. Peter in Leo XIII. He looks over two hundred million Catholics, and receives on the one hand prayers for aid, and on the other offers of assistance. I went to represent four hundred thousand good religious men and women—some lazy, sensual or intemperate, but none who are not filled with faith and the belief that some day Christ will come and take them into His fold. We have three hundred clergy and seven hundred religious women, all working for one end. Let us go on with our good work, strong in the blessing which the Holy Father has sent us; elevate the cross by the good of the cross, and at the end of the world that cross will come before Christ at the day of judgment. The virtues of the cross must remain in our hearts; let us seek what is right and cast away what is evil. Some men consider it unworthy to bow down before the law of God in the sacraments of the church; they are unwilling to give up their selfishness and sensualities and follow Jesus Christ. Take up the cross and follow the instructions which He gave from the cross. Pray for Him who sends us His special blessing; promise God to serve Him faithfully. Let us cry out, "Children of the cross we have been, children of the cross we will be for all eternity," when we are confronted by that holy cross at the day of judgment.

Women and Dogs in Germany.

THE industrial resources of Germany are supplemented in curious ways. According to the American Consul at Dresden, the assistance of dogs is an important factor in Teutonic labor. "I have heard it estimated," he says, "that women and dogs, harnessed toge her, do more hauling than the railroads and all other modes of conveyance of goods united. Hundreds of small wagons can be seen every day on all the roads leading to and from Dresden, each having a dog for the 'near horse,' harnessed, while the 'off-horse' is a woman, with left hand grasping the wagon-tongue to give it direction, and the right hand passed through a loop in a rope which is attached to the axle, binding her shoulder. Thus harnessed women and dog trudge along together, pulling miraculous loads in all sorts of weather." The vitality and indomitable endurance of the German race are most forcibly illustrated by these women-workers, who, adds Mr. Mason, "are the descendants of the matrons who bore the soldiers who fought under Arminians, and baffled, captured, and destroyed the Roman legions in the forests of Germany, and are, themselves, the mothers of the men who carried victory on their bayonets from the fields of Gravelotte, Metz, and Sedan."

Caustic Mr. Gladstone.

Ingram's "History of the Irish Union," Scathingly Criticised and Denounced.

MR. GLADSTONE has a critique in the *Nineteenth Century* on Ingram's history of the Irish union. He says that the work is not a history at all; that it offers no inquiry into the graver charges against the authors of the Union, and that it does not show even a rudimentary knowledge of the leading facts of Irish affairs. Continuing, Mr. Gladstone says that he himself, after long striving to obtain an acquaintance with the experience of unhappy Ireland, now knows just enough to be aware that his knowledge of it is imperfect, and to have an inkling of the magnitude and complexity of the task of the Thucydides of the Irish union who has not yet mounted above the horizon. An inquiry into the facts presents unusual difficulties. The records of the Irish government for over thirty years before the union are kept secret. Further, there has been something approaching systematic extinction of documents by individuals concerned. The inference is that the history of the union is so black that it must be hidden from the eyes of men.

Mr. Gladstone proceeds to show that the charges of corruption brought against Lord Cornwallis were true. Referring to the list of promises to supporters of the union which Lord Cornwallis sent to the Duke of Portland, he says: "The stench of this shameful record is too foul for the public even after two generations have passed away. Not only corruption, but flagrant intimidation and savage repression were used to obtain the union. Cornwallis declared in July, 1799, that the forces in Ireland sufficed to preserve the peace, but not to meet a foreign invasion. What a picture of an unhappy country! A force of 125,000 men necessary to keep peace among a disarmed people of 4,500,000.

He contends that the methods taken to promote the union stopped the tendency toward the growth of religious harmony, replaced the Protestant clique in power, arrested the good dispositions of the Irish parliament, and reversed the balance of strength of parties by transferring British and castle influence to the union side. In order to sustain this policy religious passions were let loose. Orangeism was founded to inflame those passions, and the party of United Irishmen was driven into disaffection and taught to depend upon foreign aid. Through the continuance of this system a reign of terror was established, and a portion of the people, previously distinguished for loyalty, was driven into rebellion under circumstances which warrant the belief that such rebellion was fostered by the government in order to promote a system of ferocious repression. After the rebellion was repressed a system of intimidation was actively upheld by robbery, devastation, rape, torture, and murder, which were practised continually, the government shielding the perpetrators. In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone argues that the Irish parliament was not constitutionally competent to surrender its powers; that the opposition of the country at the time, as shown by the petition of 700,000 Irishmen, was never invalidated by a subsequent change of national opinion.

Fear of the Dead.

THE great overruling superstitions of China are fear of the dead and the belief in Feng-Shui. The latter word means literally "wind and water," and seems to typify both the good and the baneful influences of physical phenomena. It is the existence of these two superstitions which really forms the barrier to progress in China. The fear of the dead leads to the most slavish form of ancestor worship, and the three first weeks of April are especially devoted to the services of the shades. At that time every one visits the graves of his relations with offerings, carried on trays or in baskets. The cost of these annual services and offerings to the dead is stated by Miss Gordon-Cumming to be not less than thirty-two millions sterling, all to propitiate the spirits of those whose graves cover the country, and who are believed to be powerful if neglected. The dead are even honored by the bestowal of new titles, as there is special reason for distinguishing them.

"WHOEVER knows how to pray well," says St. Augustine, "knows how to live well."

A Prayer for the Republic.

Offered by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons at the Centennial of the Adoption of the American Constitution, Philadelphia, Pa., September 17.

AT the time appointed for him to officiate His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, recited the following prayer:

"We pray Thee, O God of might, wisdom and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted, and judgment decreed, assist with Thy holy spirit of council and fortitude the President of these United States, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness and be eminently useful to Thy people over whom he presides, by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion, by a faithful execution of the laws in justice and mercy, and by restraining vice and immorality.

"Let the light of Thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, and shine forth in all their proceedings and laws framed for our rule and government so that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety and useful knowledge, and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.

"We pray Thee for all judges, magistrates and other officers who are appointed to guard our political welfare, that they may be enabled by Thy powerful protection to discharge the duties of their respective stations with honesty and ability.

"We pray Thee especially for the judges of our Supreme Court, that they interpret the laws with even-handed justice. May they ever be the faithful guardians of the temple of the Constitution, whose construction and solemn dedication to our country's liberties we commemorate to-day. May they stand as watchful and incorruptible sentinels at the portals of this temple, shielding it from profanation and hostile invasion.

"May this most glorious Charter of our civil rights be deeply imprinted on the hearts and memories of our people. May it foster in them a spirit of patriotism; may it weld together and assimilate in national brotherhood the diverse races that come to seek a home amongst us. May the reverence paid to it conduce to the promotion of social stability and order, and may it hold the ægis of its protection over us and generations yet unborn, so that the temporal blessings which we enjoy may be perpetuated.

"Grant, O Lord, that our Republic, unexampled in material prosperity and growth of population, may be also, under Thy overruling providence, a model to all nations in upholding liberty without license, and in wielding authority without despotism.

"Finally, we recommend to Thy unbounded mercy all our brethren and fellow-citizens throughout the United States, that they may be blessed in the knowledge and sanctified in the observance of Thy most holy law, that they be preserved in union and that peace which the world cannot give, and, after enjoying the blessings of this life, be admitted to those which are eternal.

"Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

"May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost descend upon our beloved country and upon all her people, and abide with them forever. Amen."

IN our October number we said:—"Possibly the two oldest priests in the world reside in Pennsylvania. They were both ordained in 1831."

In this we were led to overlook our venerable friend, the Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Milford, Mass., who was ordained the same year. A correspondent informs us that whilst the above was in type, the death was announced of the Very Rev. Michael Egan of Chatham, New Brunswick, whose ordination took place in 1829, and also, that the Rev. Father Baile, of Montreal, is yet hale and hearty, although ordained in 1827. Perhaps others may loom up to beat that yet.

His Golden Wedding.

Mgr. P. J. Donahoe to Celebrate His Fifty Years in the Priesthood, September 8

A PRIEST forever! and the youth goes forth,
Goes to the vineyard as the morning breaks
Over the hills — to "lift the watchman's voice,"
"To preach salvation;" manhood's prime o'ertakes
Him toiling in the field, with words of peace,
Planting the works of mercy, reaping souls,
Bearing true witness in the name of Christ,
While loud and long the echo upwards rolls: —
Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
Of him that brings good tidings, preaches peace.

The fifty years' rich crown of honor won,
The visions of the youth surpassed, — and lo!
His jubilee — true priest of God? Around
The people press — take up the golden hymn,
Which, when new years have won him added crowns,
Shall greet him from the choirs of cherubim: —
"Blessed upon the mountains are the feet
Of him that brings good tidings, preaches peace!"

The golden jubilee of this good Father will be celebrated at St. Mary's Hospital, Thursday, Sept. 8, where he has resided as chaplain the past seven years. His health is now quite feeble. Father Donahoe has ever been a devoted friend to the Sisters, since the foundation of the hospital, some thirty-five years ago. For many years this zealous and self-sacrificing priest walked from the Cathedral to the hospital several times each week, often through snow and sleet, with a lantern in hand, to say Mass for the Sisters and patients, and administer the sacraments to the sick and dying. The hospital for many years could not, on account of poverty, afford a horse and carriage; the poor priest owned nothing of the kind, and street cars were at that time unthought of in Milwaukee. After his duties at the hospital, he frequently visited his poor parishioners of the neighborhood, often walking miles around offering words of encouragement and consolation to all, administering the Holy Sacraments to the sick and infirm, and aiding materially those in need. The indigent sick were the special objects of the solicitude of Father Donahoe. He frequently sent them to the hospital for care and treatment, and supported them at his own expense, as far as his limited means permitted. The Sisters feel grateful to their good Father, and will strive to make the day of his golden jubilee as pleasant as possible for him. Solemn High Mass will be celebrated in the hospital chapel at 10 A. M. Right Rev. Mgr. Batz will officiate. Father Lalumiere, S. J., his oldest living associate amongst the clergy of the city, will preach. Most Rev. Archbishop Heiss will be present, together with the reverend pastors of the various churches of the city and their assistants. The Sisters expect and cordially invite all the friends of Father Donahoe of the Cathedral parish, and throughout the city and country, to visit him on that day (Sept 8). The doors of the hospital will be thrown open to all from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. At 12 M. dinner will be served in a large hall of the hospital, in honor of Father Donahoe. The Sisters expect and cordially invite the Rev. Clergy to visit this good Father and dine with him. The little Orphans of St. Rose's and St. Joseph's Asylums will have a picnic dinner and supper in the shady grove of the hospital grounds. At 1.30 P. M. the pupils of the kindergarten class will entertain the Clergy and other guests that may be present, with some interesting and amusing exercises.

Mgr. Patrick J. Donahoe was born in Kingstown, county Dublin, Ireland, in 1810. He commenced his studies for the priesthood in his native land, and finished them in this country at the seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, where he was ordained by Bishop Francis Kendrick. In 1852 he came to Milwaukee, and from that time up to July, 1880, officiated at St. John's Cathedral as parish priest under the late Archbishop Henni. On the death of Vicar-General Kundig he was appointed his successor; but owing to ill-health resigned the active duties of the office and retired to St. Mary's Hospital for rest. April 20, 1884, he was elevated to the dignity of Domestic Prelate to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. A large number of his friends met on a recent occasion in the Bishop's Hall to take action as to a proper testimonial to be presented to him on the occasion.

"IF thou hast a faithful servant," says the wise man, "let him be to thee as thy own soul; treat him as a brother."

"HEREDITARY bondsmen, know you not who would be free, THEMSELVES must strike the blow."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

LOOK at the cover of your MAGAZINE (immediately after your name), and you will see to what time you have paid. If you owe for the present year, please send a money order or postal note for the amount. Don't forget.

Suppressing Land League Branches.

THE *Dublin Gazette* publishes a proclamation suppressing the league and all its branches in county Clare, and baronies in Leitrim and Loughrea in Galway; Corkaguiney in Kerry; Condons, Clangibbon, Dunhollow and Muskerry in Cork, and Shelburne in Wexford. The proclamation is signed by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, commander of the forces in Ireland; Baron Ashbourne, lord chancellor of Ireland; A. J. Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland; Henry Bruen, justice of the peace; J. G. Gibson, attorney-general of Ireland, and Gen. Sir Redvers Buller. The *Gazette* announces that Gen. Sir Redvers Buller has been sworn in as a member of the privy council. The proclamation makes it criminal to convoke, hold or publish meetings, or do anything in connection with the league. The branches of the league were not prepared for the proclamation, not expecting it so soon. The Nationalist leaders are hurriedly consulting as to what measures shall be taken. The *Evening Telegraph* states that this decision of the government means that over two hundred of the branches of the Irish National League will be immediately prohibited from holding meetings. The *Freeman's Journal* says the localities in Ireland proclaimed by the government are those in which the most sweeping evictions have taken place, and argues that these localities have been selected because the landlords are losing the fight they alone wantonly provoked.

REV. J. A. MCCALLEN, S.S., for the last sixteen years professor at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and master of ceremonies at the Cathedral of the same city, has been appointed by the Superior General of St. Sulpice to be assistant Pastor to the venerable Father Dowd, S.S., rector of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, Canada. Father McCallen carries with him to his new field of labor the best wishes of a host of friends in Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Scapular of Mount Carmel.

ON April 30th, 1838, Pope Gregory XIII., by special Indult released all the faithful who receive the Scapular of Mount Carmel from the obligation of having their names inscribed in the Register of the Confraternity. The Procurator-General of the Discalced Franciscan Recollects has lately petitioned the Holy See to extend this same privilege to the recipients of the other scapulars. On a previous occasion (in 1868) the same favor had been asked for and refused. Now again the petition is rejected by the Fathers, who, moreover, ask the Holy Father to withdraw the privilege from the Scapular of Mount Carmel. On April 27th, 1887, accordingly, Pope Leo XIII. recalled the indult granted by Pope Gregory XIII.

THE *Trafalgar*, the largest iron-clad ever built, was successfully launched at Portsmouth, Eng. She is of 11,940 tons and 12,000 horse-power. She is to carry 12 guns, four of 67 tons and eight of 40 tons. Her side armor is 20 inches thick.

South America True to the Pope.

THE government of Columbia, South America, has passed a bill in the national legislative council, "authorizing the government to offer its homage to his Holiness, Leo XIII., on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee. For this end it has destined the sum of one hundred pesos in gold, taken from the public treasury. This is a testimony to the fact that the religion of which Leo III. is the supreme head on earth, constitutes a social bond and element."

MR. LABOUCHERE, editor *London Truth*, speaking of Brownrigg, the constable, immediately responsible for the murders at Mitchellstown, says: "I have seen Russians in Poland; I have seen Austrians in Lombardy; I have seen Prussians in France; but I never, in the course of my life, came across so offensive a specimen of an official with brute force at his back. He seemed to consider that it was almost treason for an orderly citizen to ask him a question. The business of the government in Ireland just now requires ugly tools."

RT. REV. BISHOP GALLAGHER of Galveston, Texas, recently ordained four Brothers of the Benedictine Order in the Pottowattomie nation. They are the first priests ordained in the Indian Territory. On the 22d the bishop received the vows of four Sisters of Mercy at the same place.

The Irish Constabulary.

AN English M. P. says: "I have often heard the Irish constabulary praised. A more ruffianly crew I never came across. They lord it over all. They bully and hector if addressed by a civilian. They are not even courageous unless when they are insulting the feeble, or when they are acting with arms against unarmed men. If their bludgeons are met with sticks, they run like hares to their barracks; and, to revenge their defeat, shoot right and left from the windows on the passers-by."

NEW SOUTH WALES is to be the next theatre of Irish missionary zeal. The government of that colony has conceded three hundred thousand acres of land to the religious society which would undertake the civilization of the aborigines who still remain. The Holy Father forthwith saw the grandeur and utility of accepting the task, and has confided it to the humble but masterful monks of La Trappe. Accordingly, we may be prepared to hear of a new Mount Melleray being established under the Southern Cross. These austere and meek but brave and untiring soldiers of the faith are the men above all others for a toil of love requiring abnegation, industry, and the flame of an unquenchable charity. They will not only humanize the natives, but teach them profitable trades, and coax the soil to its highest fertility.

WHEN Farragut's squadron was before New Orleans, one of the powder boys saw a shell drop dangerously near the magazine. The fuse was burning furiously, but the boy picked up the shell and threw it overboard. The boy was Oscar Peck. He lives in Bridgeport, Conn., and has just received in consideration of his bravery back pension money amounting to $4,220.

Brunner Recommends Prayer.

MR. BRUNNER, Liberal member of Parliament for Northwich, who recently gave five thousand dollars toward a fund for the relief of the distress prevalent in Ireland, urges that priests open the meeting of the National League at Bandon, with prayer.

A FINE HOSPITAL, entirely free, is to be erected in Manistee, Mich., chiefly for the use of the lumbermen of that region. Fifty thousand dollars have already been subscribed for this benevolent project and twenty acres of good land given for a site. The ladies of the town will furnish the institution; and, when all is ready, a deed of warranty will transfer the whole to the Sisters of Mercy. Thirty thousand dollars have been invested as a fund to support the hospital.

A Colossal Organ.

OF the many rich gifts to the Holy Father, undoubtedly the most remarkable is the colossal organ designed by the celebrated French organ-maker, M. Caville Coll, for St. Peter's at Rome hitherto wanting only, as some one said, a melodious voice to bring perfection. When he first proposed the building of an organ of sufficient power to fill the great Basilica many laughed at him and prophesied failure, as had been the fate of so many predecessors with similar plans. Now, however, a committee of the

Academie des Beaux Arts have examined the model and pronounced the problem solved. On the committee were such men as Ambrose Thomas, Gounod, Massenet, Saint-Saens and Leo Delibes. Architects as well known as Barrias and Cavalier are agreed also that the erection of an organ will not injure the aspect of the nave, as has been feared; and so by a French hand this winter the wondrous work of Berinn, Raphael and Michael Angelo will be completed.

REV. ISIDORE DAUBRESSE, S. J., celebrated his golden jubilee Sept. 11th, at St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York. Father Daubresse was confessor to the late Cardinal McCloskey, and is a profound theologian.

Beer and Castor Oil.

BEER as a good vehicle for administering castor oil should be kept in mind. For the last twenty-nine years a physician says he has been in the habit of using stout as a vehicle for castor and cod-liver oils. "I do not mix the oil with the vehicle, but merely seat the oil on the stout (which should have a head on it); thus the last taste experienced will be that of the vehicle, and not of the oil. This 'wrinkle,'" says the physician referred to, "was given to me many years ago by the late Dr. Halahan, of Harcourt Street, Dublin."

THE corner-stone of the St. Joseph's Hospital, which is to occupy the entire block bounded by One Hundred and Forty-Third and One Hundred and Forty-Fourth Streets and St. Ann's and Brooks Avenues, New York City, was laid on the afternoon of Sept. 14. It will contain 250 free beds and will be non-sectarian. The entire cost of the hospital will be $250,000.

ONE hundred years ago, there was no bishop in America; now there are 12 archbishops and 61 bishops, and a Catholic population of 8,000,000 against 50,000 a century ago. In the United States there are now 88 Catholic colleges, 593 academies and 2,697 schools. At the beginning of the century there was not one of these in the land.

THE ceremonies attending the Pope's Jubilee will begin Dec. 1; but long before that time many delegations will have arrived in Rome. The first pilgrims will be members of the French Workingmen's Association from Rheims, who, with Cardinal Langeneux at their head, will reach Rome about the middle of October.

New Bishop.

NEWS has reached Harrisburg, Pa., from Rome that the Rev. Father Thomas McGovern, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Danville, Pa., has been appointed to the See of Harrisburg, vacant through the death of Bishop Shanahan. Father McGovern was born in county Cavan, Ireland, in 1830. He studied for the priesthood in St. Charles Borromeo's Seminary, Philadelphia, and was ordained by the late Bishop Neumann. He is an accomplished scholar, and in his long connection of twenty years with the Danville mission has gained the esteem of all those he has been in contact with, whether of the clergy or of the laity. His selection assures a worthy successor to Bishop Shanahan.

A HEALTHFUL FRUIT. — A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortunes, and speaking with a friend on the latter's healthy appearance. "What do you do to make you so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered his friend! "What kind of fruit?"—"The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

The King of Fools.

THE King of Persia once ordered his vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The King asked him why, and he immediately answered, "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back." — "Ay, but suppose they come back?" — "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

THE lord mayor of Dublin has issued an appeal for funds to defend and sustain the large number of political prisoners it is expected will soon be in jail under the coercion act.

"WE must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy." — *Henry Grattan.*

Balfour.

IT would be impossible to imagine a character more dangerous to the state than that of Balfour. A Tory, who is also an Atheist, is exactly the sort of a person a Salisbury, inspired by Beelzebub, would select to persecute a God-fearing, liberty-loving people like the Irish. Such characters are notorious in the history of many nations; but we have the consolation of knowing how terribly all were punished, and how miserable was their end. Balfour will be no exception, prophesies the *Montreal True Witness*.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.— *Church Progress:*— This very interesting magazine maintains its high standing among the literary productions of our day, and being chiefly devoted to Irish topics, deserves the extended patronage of the Irish-American people.

The Entry Into Rome.

THE 17th anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome was celebrated on Sept. 20th. King Humbert, thanking the city, through the syndic, for the congratulations sent him on the occasion, refers to the Pope's Jubilee and says that he is convinced that the event will prove that Rome, while maintaining her character as the capital of a free and strong nation, is capable of offering safe and honorable hospitality to those who come to render homage to the Holy Father.

IT looks strange occasionally, when some lady or gentleman is drawing forth a handkerchief or a pencil, to see a bunch of beads and medals drop to the ground But it only proves the person to be a. Catholic who offers up, periodically, a certain number of petitions to the Blessed Mother of God — an example it would be well for us all to follow.

BENZIGER BROTHERS will remove, about October 1st, their business from St. Louis to Chicago, where they will open a large store at number 178 Monroe Street between La Salle Street and Fifth Avenue.

Condemnation from Gladstone.

MR. GLADSTONE has written a letter to a Glasgow Liberal, in which he deplores the grave acts of the Irish police against the people of Mitchellstown, and, what is still graver, the approval of those acts by the government. He continues: "I trust the country will not be slow to condemn that indecent approval, given without awaiting the result of the inquiry, and thereby discourage a repetition of proceedings it was eminently calculated to promote."

TO some it is strange, when riding in the street-cars, to see so many passengers doff their hats in front of every Catholic church. Every one should know that this is but a reverential acknowledgment of God's real presence in His Tabernacle.

Into Parliament He Shall Go.

MR. KILBRIDE, who accompanied Mr. William O'Brien to Canada and the United States, in his tour against the Marquis of Landsdowne, has been elected without opposition to represent South Kerry in the House of Commons. Mr. Kilbride was the Marquis of Lansdowne's principal tenant, paying $3,800 per annum for a farm valued by the government appraisers at but $2,100, and the emergency men who executed the eviction broke into the Kilbride house and threw the furniture out so violently that nearly all of it was broken in pieces.

IT sounds strange, in a large, busy city, to hear the Angelus bells ring out three times a day — but it is well known that these signals are to remind us of the great mystery of the Incarnation, that we may gratefully raise our hearts in thanksgiving therefor.

The Newspapers Not Afraid.

THE weekly Nationalist papers throughout Ireland publish the usual reports of the proceedings of the various local branches of the league, despite the fact that under the terms of the new crimes act, the editors are liable to imprisonment for publishing the reports, which teem with violent denunciations of the government.

Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

IN our issue of this month will be found an historical article on the signers. In our next we will give an account of the centenary of the Constitution recently celebrated in Philadelphia. These papers, by Mr. Collins, are invaluable. Let our

readers preserve them and hand them down to their children and children's children. Long live the Constitution!

Honoring a Pastor at Plymouth Rock.

REV. J. J. CHITTICK of St. Peter's Church, Plymouth, Mass., was given a grand reception, the evening of Sept. 28, by his parishioners in Odd Fellows' Hall, the occasion being his return from an extended European tour. The hall was tastefully decorated. At eight o'clock the Plymouth Rock band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and Rev. Fr. Clexton, who has filled Fr. Chittick's place during his absence, advanced up the aisle, escorting the returned traveller, accompanied by Rev. Frs. McNulty and Merritt of Boston, Murphy of Weymouth, Mahoney of Abington, and Cuff of Quincy. The entrance of the party was the signal for a tempest of applause, which drowned the music of the band. When the loud clapping had subsided, and the clerical party were seated, a fine concert programme was rendered by a quartet composed of Miss Ellen McLaughlin, soprano; Miss A. A. Martin, contralto; John Farley, tenor; Thomas Clifford, baritone; and J. T. Whelan, pianist. At the close of the concert, Fr. Clexton escorted Fr. Chittick to the stage, where he welcomed him home in the name of the parish. He presented Fr. Chittick with a purse of $1,600. Fr. Chittick advanced to the front of the stage and thanked the people for their generous gift. He said how glad he was to return to America and his home. When he was in Ireland, France, Switzerland, and Italy, Plymouth was not entirely forgotten. Men who were blinded by ambition or prejudice have thought that from the Vatican comes opposition to free thought and the liberties of the people. I can say this, that in the quiet of his home, his advice was simply to labor to enlighten men and advance them in the spirit of liberty and knowledge of the Lord. This was his command, and the only one. Describing Ireland, which subject was greeted with prolonged applause, he said that every foot of the land was cultivated in a way to delight the heart of the farmers. The people must surely be industrious; but yet they are impoverished. The trouble is with the landlord system and the infamous government of England. The floor was then cleared for dancing, James Mullins being the floor manager, and Lawrence White and Louis Lafayette, assistants. A bountiful supper was served in the banquet hall. The organist, Mr. J. T. Whelan, who severed his connection with the society last Sunday, was presented with a gold ring, in which was set a finely polished piece of Plymouth Rock. While in Rome, Fr. Chittick had a great honor accorded him of a private audience with the Pope. He was graciously received by His Holiness, and was given the apostolic blessing, which is usually allowed only to bishops and the higher church authorities.

Stealing their Thunder.

THE BALBRIGGAN frame-work knitters have given notice that they intend, for the protection of their hosiery, to prevent, as far as possible under the new Merchandise Act, the present system of stamping English hosiery with the name "Balbriggan." The statute provides that if any manufacturer continues to use the mark Balbriggan, the name of the place where the hosiery has been manufactured must be stamped also.

PETITIONS have been sent to Rome requesting that the privilege of saying three Masses every year on All Souls' Day be granted to the priests all over the world. The privilege is now enjoyed in several Catholic countries.

The Illustrated London News,

FOR the 17th of September, has a continuation of the "British Mission to Morocco;" also fine representations of the "Ruby Mines of Burmah," "The Roman Catholic Pilgrimage to Landisfarne," "Photographs in the King Country of New Zealand," besides many other finely illustrated pages, making a very interesting number this week. To be had from all newsdealers for 10 cents.

THE POPE has conferred the title of Monsignor upon Rev. Father Strain of St. Mary's Church in Lynn, Mass., and he has been assigned to the post of chaplain to His Holiness. Father Strain has been thirty-seven years in the priesthood, and already has the titles of permanent rector and missionary apostolic to the Holy See. This is the first appointment of a monsignor in New England.

The Orange Lambs.

SOME of the Orange brethren in the north of Ireland have just had an experience of an altogether unexpected character. The brethren at the recent July anniversaries were loud in their howls for coercion, and a number of them were on Monday at Portrush consigned to prison under the provisions of the Jubilee Coercion Act. On Sunday fortnight a murderous attack was made on an excursion of National Foresters at Portrush, and, it may be remembered, every effort was made to throw the blame of the disgraceful occurrence on the excursionists. A magisterial inquiry, extending over three days at Portrush, under two magistrates sitting specially under the Jubilee Coercion Act, has resulted as follows: Two "Loyalists" have been sent to prison for six months each, and several others of the same cult have been sentenced to three months each. A host of lodgemen on the plank bed under the Crimes Act was an event, we are certain, never dreamt of by the speakers who are perpetually contrasting the law and order behavior of the Orange lambs with the National leaguers.

THE appeal of the Republic of Liberia to the Pope to send missionaries to the emancipated American negroes has excited the indignation and ire of the American Board of Missions. The negroes are chiefly Protestants and the sects in Liberia are numerous. They find, however, that the religion they brought from America is a sham. It neglects the poor and the friendless, and leaves the sick to suffer and die without care. The Liberians have shown their good sense by asking the Pope to send them priests and nuns.

A Nice Place to Live.

Manchester, N. H., Union:— The social evil has had a terrible hold on Manchester for many years; whole blocks have been knowingly rented to prostitutes, and houses of ill-fame have been and are now boldly conducted without molestation. The moral people of the city have never attempted to combat the evil — some of the worst places are owned by church members who cannot be ignorant of the purpose to which they are put; and we doubt if there is a clergyman in Manchester who dares rise in his pulpit and handle the question now agitating the community in a bold and unsparing manner.

Boston is just as bad. There is scarcely a street in the city, that is not cursed with houses of ill-fame. The police tolerate the iniquity. A case in point: Complaint was made by a respectable citizen of one of these dens. But the "matron" remarked that she did not care for the man that made the complaint as she knew the captain of the station.

THE recent Synod of Albany decreed that "in a parish which has assistant rectors, the junior relatives of a pastor shall not be allowed to reside with them without the express consent of the Bishop."

THE NATIONALIST LEADERS assert that Tory tactics have aroused the passions of the Irish almost beyond their control. They greatly fear that unless some concessions are made and some relief offered in Mr. O'Brien's case, and in the cases of those who will, in all likelihood, follow him, the indignant people will break out in open revolution, and the government will be responsible for the crime that will, undoubtedly, be committed.

Catholicism in Norway.

IN Norway, before 1845, says the *Weekly Register*, Catholic priests were forbidden the country under pain of death. Twenty years ago there were only 130 Catholics; now there are over 800, with twenty priests; while Sisters of Charity have the management of two hospitals and eight schools. The sparseness of the population, and the great distances which separate one town from another, are, of course, unfavorable conditions for the propagation of religion in *Ultima Thule*.

A FRIEND of an English member, who was present at the Herbertstown evictions in Ireland was severely beaten by a police inspector, who apologized and said he had mistaken him for an Irish member. "They pay us out in the house of commons," he said, "and we mean to pay them out in Ireland."

Work of Benedictines.

RT. REV. ABBOT EDELBROCK, of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, is in Duluth, Minn. He is there to superintend the

erection of a new church, school, priest's house, and hospital, at Rice's Point. The site selected is an excellent one, and the buildings will be a great credit to the Catholics of Duluth. The bricks used in the construction of the buildings are all from St. John's Abbey. The work is being done by the Benedictine Brothers from the Abbey, and the hospital and school will be in charge of the Benedictine Sisters. The old school house is being used for a residence for the clergy at present. The new buildings will cost over $50,000. The designs for them were all the work of a Reverend Benedictine Father.

BISHOP HENNESSY, of Dubuque, administers the total abstinence pledge to all the children who receive their first communion. Bring up a child in the way he should go.

A Merited Decoration.

FATHER E. V. LEBRETON, in charge of St. Frances de Sales' Deaf Mute Catholic Mission, in Philadelphia, has had bestowed upon him the Cross of the Holy Sepulchre, by Patriach Bracco, of Jerusalem, for his successful work among deaf mutes. The rare and highly prized decoration is of gold, beautifully enamelled, each side being alike. The cross is only worn on special occasions, a small bow of corded silk ribbon, with cardinal edges and black centre, taking its place for general wear. The honor conferred upon Father Lebreton was entirely unexpected, and he keenly appreciates it, the more so, on account of the rarity of the gem, but one other priest in this country, Father Jollon, of Brooklyn, having been similarly rewarded.

THE ST. LOUIS *Catholic World* is copying from DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE the articles on the Scotch-Irish (?) and Irish in the Revolution. We admire the good judgment of our contemporary.

A GOOD SHOWING.—Four hundred and forty students at Notre Dame University so far this term.

The Papal Envoy.

AT the recent visit of the Papal envoy to Cork the Mayor and municipal authorities presented an address to Mgr. Persico. Alderman Dole, on behalf of the Protestants, read a resolution expressive of a desire to join the Catholics in welcoming Mgr. Persico. The latter replied that he was much pleased and he was sure the Pope would also be pleased at the evidence of such good feelings between people of different religious beliefs.

All the People Left.

WHEN the police took their usual seats in Aylesboro Chapel, near Mitchellstown, on Sunday, Sept. 18th, all the other people present left the building.

THE *Notre Dame Scholastic*, the college paper of the University, is among the very best of the papers of its class.

REV. THOMAS MCGOVERN, of Danville, Pa., has been selected as the successor of Bishop Shanahan, of Harrisburg.

Buffalo Bill's Irish Descent.

THE Charlottetown *Examiner* learns from a reliable source that Wm. F. Cody — better known as "Buffalo Bill"— is a native of Prince Edward Island. He was born at Hope River, and is a son of Patrick Cody. When the now celebrated William was yet young, the entire family emigrated to Ohio. After some years he entered the service of the American Government as a scout, in which capacity he soon acquired a world-wide reputation. A few years ago he left the service of the government and embarked in the show business, managing the circus known as "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Combination." After "doing" the principal cities of the United States he took his circus across the Atlantic. There he was eminently successful His tent was crowded. Her Majesty the Queen, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne and other scions of royalty attended his performances. He and the leading stars of the troupe have been presented to her Majesty. He is now among the wealthiest men of the day, and the cash is still rolling in. He has several relatives still residing at Hope River.

THE Catholics of St. Louis are making extensive preparations for the parade on the occasion of the Pope's Jubilee.

MR. SEXTON, M.P. will inaugurate his term of office as Lord Mayor of Dublin on New Year's Day with a banquet, to which Mr Gladstone and other prominent English supporters of Home Rule will be invited.

Foreshadowing of Home Rule.

WE direct particular attention to the article of Sir Charles G. Duffy in this issue of our MAGAZINE.

How to Make Money.

THE following statistics gathered from reliable sources are both interesting and instructive and may be turned into money, so to speak, by farmers and poultry raisers. The number of fowl has greatly increased in the United States during the last five years; but this increase has been larger in the New England and Middle States than in any other. Twenty-seven States report over one million each. Seventeen states report over two million each. Thirteen states report over three millions each, while the states of Illinois, Iowa, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania report over five millions each. In eighteen of the states the annual average product of eggs per hen is as follows:

Me.,	7.5	Doz.	Penn.,	5.2	Doz.	Ohio,	4.0 Doz.
Mass.,	7.2	"	N. Y.,	5.0	"	Ill.,	3.6 "
Conn.,	7.1	"	Ind.,	5.0	"	N. C.,	3.6 "
N. H.,	6.7	"	Tenn.,	4.7	"	Ala.,	3.2 "
R. I.,	6.4	"	Ky.,	4.4	"	S. C.,	3.1 "
Vt.,	5.9	"	Iowa.,	4.3	"	La.,	3.0 "

It will be noticed that the average number of eggs laid per hen per year ranges from three dozen to over seven dozen and that those states which reported the largest number of hens did not make the most money because, as the figures show, they only got an average of four to five dozen eggs per hen per year, while the New England States showed an average of from six to over seven dozen. The question arises then, why do hens in the New England States average more than seven dozen eggs per year per hen, while in Louisiana they only average three dozen? The reason must be found in the fact that in the New England States Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay is almost universally used, while in the West and South, it is not used much. Louisiana has not gone behind, but the Northern States have gone ahead. There is no doubt at all but what the extensive use of Sheridan's Powder to Make Hens Lay, and for the improvement of poultry, has boosted the poultry industry more than all other influences put together. The poultry industry of this country now amounts to between five and six hundred millions of dollars annually and the profits are said to be enormous. One man in Massachusetts near Boston has made twenty thousand dollars a year for last five years and many more have from five hundred to a thousand dollars, while thousands of women, children and invalids have earned a comfortable living. All who want to know just how to make money, keeping and tending poultry, should send to I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, for a copy of the Poultry Raising Guide, Price 25 cents.

REV. Charles J. O'REILLY, treasurer of the national league, replied to the toast of "the American soldier," at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, recently celebrated in Detroit, Mich.

Gov. Ames to Holy Cross College.

REV. SAMUEL CAHILL, S. J., president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., has received from Gov. Ames a registered bond for one thousand dollars, being the gift which he promised to make at commencement last June. Accompanying the gift is a letter in which Gov. Ames states it will be a source of unfailing pleasure to him that the income derived from the bond will be furnishing the means by which a scholar will be receiving that education which this college so carefully conducts. His Excellency closes with his best wishes for the success and prosperity of the college, and for the health and happiness of all who may be connected with it.

THE THISTLE is the sixth boat sent to this country to capture the cup. But none of them could take it.

Bishop Northrop's Narrow Escape.

MUCH anxiety has been felt concerning the welfare of Bishop Northrop, of Charleston, S. C., who had so narrow an escape from death a few days ago, which has given place to relief in the assurance that he is uninjured. When the rectory at Hickory, N. C., where he was visiting, was struck by lightning, the bishop had just left the piazza and entered the house. A second later the place where he had stood was shattered to fragments. Except a slight shock the Bishop was unhurt.

Boston Daily Record: — For a great nation, England can stoop to very small things — William O'Brien's nine by four cell, for example.

A Cure at Knock.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, in a letter addressed to Archdeacon Cavanagh, gives an account of a remarkable cure, which he attributes to the intercession of Our Lady of Knock. The subject of the marvel is one of the Christian Brothers—"An excellent young man, one of our best teachers, very pious, and devoted to his work." It seems he had become subject to epileptic fits, which, besides causing him great pain, deranged the community; for his place in the schools had frequently to be filled by one of the others. "He came to me some time ago," writes the Archbishop, "and, with great faith, asked me to cure him. I gave him a piece of the plaster of Knock to be put in water, some of which he should take three times a day, with pious invocations of the Holy Mother of God and other prayers. Since the first time he took the water he has not had a fit. The other day he came to me quite a changed man, of fine, healthy appearance, and full of gratitude to the Mother of God for his cure."

THE *Christian Advocate* truthfully asserts that "the obscene pictures that are paraded with cigarette selling in some parts of the country are a three-fold disgrace — a disgrace to the sellers, a disgrace to the buyers, a disgrace to the community that tolerates the indecency."

Centennial of the Constitution.

THE magnificent demonstration which took place at Philadelphia on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, in commemoration of the Centennial Anniversary of the adoption of the Federal Constitution was a great success. The occasion was rendered particularly conspicuous from the fact that it was graced by the presence of the chief executive of the nation, and many distinguished statesmen, judges and men of national, social, literary and commercial prominence. On the evening of the 15th a most brilliant reception was given to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons by the Catholic Club of Philadelphia. A number of distinguished prelates were present, and a pleasant evening was spent in presenting well-known guests to the Cardinal. Amongst the many notable persons present were President Cleveland and the Executive retinue. On the following day the grand procession took place, and was reviewed by the president. It has been estimated that over thirty thousand soldiers were in line. Immense enthusiasm prevaded the throngs that witnessed the parade. Cardinal Gibbons, by special invitation, took part in the literary exercises, which were of an interesting and thoroughly patriotic character. His Eminence occupied a position near Mrs. Cleveland and was the cynosure of all eyes. His part in the programme consisted in offering a prayer, which was listened to by those present with the most reverend attention. The prayer will be found in another part of our MAGAZINE.

MR. GLADSTONE writes: "It is difficult to overrate the effect which the government's acquittal of the police at Mitchellstown will produce in Ireland. If Englishmen approved such acquittal upon the case before them, they would be unworthy of their liberties."

Beer and Whiskey.

COMMISSIONER of Internal Revenue Miller is now preparing a statement which will show the fact that the tax on whiskey decreased from $69,092,266 in 1885–6 to $65,829,321 in 1886–7, while the tax on beer increased from $19,676,731 in 1885-6 to $21,922,187 in 1886–7. Commissioner Miller says it is his intention to have beer of all the leading breweries in the country analyzed by a competent chemist, and gives as his reason, the many complaints made in the press and to himself against the quality of many beers in the market. When asked whether he would call on breweries for samples he said no, as, if he were to, he would perhaps get very few samples of the article usually sold. He will have different brands procured from retailers in various parts of the country, and thinks in this way he will be able to show what people drink. It is said the whiskey men have urged the Commissioners to have beer analyzed, in the hope of inducing people to give up beer and return to whiskey for drinks.

A BAZAAR, in aid of the new House of the Good Shepherd, Boston Highlands, will open at Horticultural Hall on Easter Monday. Already several meetings have been held to forward the good work.

A CATHOLIC has been elected Lord Mayor of London. The first since the re(de)formation.

Republican Know-Nothing'sm.

Boston Daily Globe: The platform which the Massachusetts Republicans adopted at their Convention is remarkable for one very noteworthy omission.

The friends of human freedom may search it in vain for any word of sympathy with the heroic struggle which Gladstone, Parnell, and their followers, are making in the cause of oppressed Ireland. It is the only case this year, we believe, in which either of the two great parties, in any state, has omitted this plain duty of humanity.

This marked omission, taken in connection with the gratuitous defence of the public schools, which nobody assails, is significant. There have been this year efforts to resuscitate the Know-Nothing fanaticism, which perished miserably thirty years ago amid the execrations of all liberal-minded men. We would not so slander the rank and file of the Republican party as to impute to them, as a body, any sympathy with Know-Nothingism; but it seems plain that the manipulators of the Republican machine have determined to bid for the support of that pernicious faction, now being revived by men, strange to say, who themselves have yet to become naturalized citizens of the United States.

This Know-Nothingism of the platform was emphasized by the selection of Andrew J. Waterman for the only contested place on the ticket. He entered public life at thirty-two years ago as an office-holder under the Know-Nothings.

If the Republican managers expect to strengthen their ticket by thus covertly catering to narrow prejudice they will find themselves very much mistaken. Such tactics may prove effective, but not in the way the Republican manipulators desire.

Old Spain Coming to the Front.

SPAIN is far from being the unprogressive country it is generally thought to be. She started upon the road of progress later than the other countries of Western Europe, but she is advancing rapidly. Her population is increasing; and, as there is plenty of room in the country, is likely to increase, until she is again able to assert her right to rank with the leading nations. The population was barely 8,000,000 in the reign of Charles III., but is now 22,000,000. The agricultural population, which was only 3,615,000 eighty-five years ago, is now 9,328,000, and the area cultivated has increased from 53,000,000 acres to 193,000,000. The head of cattle have doubled since the commencement of the century, and the industrial population has trebled. Most of the great central plateau of Castile and Leon is capable of the closest cultivation, while the coast provinces are exuberantly fertile, as is the Ebro Valley. In 1860 the exports and imports together were only $125,488,000, whereas they are now $272,160,000. The wine, which two decades ago could not be brought into the world's market, since bullock-wagons were the sole means of transport, is now transported by 6,000 miles of railway, and the produce is reckoned at 461,256,000 gallons.

Michael Davitt in America.

MICHAEL DAVITT, before stepping on board the steamship *Britannic*, which sailed from Cork on the 20th of September, for New York, granted an interview to a correspondent of the Associated Press, in the course of which he said: "The doctors have ordered an ocean journey to brace me up. My present visit to America is of a strictly private nature, and I do not propose to make any public appearances while in the United States. I want as much rest as I can possibly get. Upon my return to Ireland I will have enough to face. The order for the suppression of the Irish National League will neither intimidate its members, nor in the least degree set back the popular movement. It is simply impossible now to crush the movement. That would mean to put in prison three-fourths of the people of Ireland.

"The immediate out-look is gloomy in the extreme. I look with anxiety upon the coming winter, believing, as I do, that the action of the government will provoke wide-spread disorder. If the people tamely submit to be deprived of the right of public meeting and freedom of speech, they will show themselves to be unworthy of Home Rule. We must fight. We must make sacrifices for the principle of self-government. I have already served nine years in prison. On returning to Ireland I have a good prospect of putting in more years in prison. I believe that every earnest Nationalist is ready to do the same. I never found a people readier to make sacrifices for a national cause. I never knew of any people in the world more resolute to carry on the fight. It would be infinitely more agreeable if we were enabled to continue the struggle in

a peaceful, constitutional manner. But the Tory government will not let us. A policy of deliberate exasperation has been determined upon by the Salisbury ministry. Upon them rests the responsibility for coming events.

"By far the worst feature of the present situation is the government's plan of resorting to the worst kind of coercion in the interests of the landlords. They admit that the present dual ownership ought to be abolished. They recognize that the existing system is a complete failure. Yet the movement of the Irish leaders to reform the land tenure is declared illegal, and they themselves are denounced as criminals."

Mr. Davitt reached New York, Sept. 30th. He states that his visit to this country has no political significance whatever; that he came over on strictly personal business, and also for the benefit of his health, which has been poor for some time. He expects to go to California on business, but will return in time to sail again for home about the middle of October. He says he will make no speeches while here. Before he sails for England a reception and banquet will be tendered him in New York.

In Memory of Father Stack.

THE Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College attended in a body the Requiem Mass which was given by them in memory of their late president and director, Rev. Thomas H. Stack, S. J., at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, on the morning of the 30th of September. The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Halpin, S. J. George E. Whiting presided at the organ.

MR. JOHN O'CONNOR, member for South Kerry, intends to resign his seat in the house of commons, and the statement is made upon authority that Mr. Parnell will name Mr. Denis Kilbride, who came into prominence as an evicted tenant from the estate of Lord Lansdowne, and the companion of William O'Brien on the occasion of his visit to Canada, as Mr. O'Connor's successor.

Banking in Ireland.

THERE are some satisfactory figures to be found in the registrar-general's report upon banking in Ireland. We learn from it that the deposits in the Post-Office Savings Banks have now reached a larger amount than at any previous period since their foundation. In June last the sum held by the Post-Office Banks was £2,802,000, an increase of £210,000, as compared with the previous record. This increase has been steady and almost uninterrupted. In the case of the Trustee Banks an increase of £36,000 was reported last June. The total amount in Savings Banks in Ireland was, at the same period, £4,832,000, as compared with £4,586,000 for the corresponding period in 1886, showing an increase of £246,000. There is also an increase in the amount of capital invested in Government and Indian Stocks, and this amounts to £295,000, or 1 per cent. The entire return is most interesting. It indicates the healthy growth of the principle of thrift among the people, and the largeness of the returns is a matter of sincere gratification.

Hard on the Reporters.

REPORTERS are not considered "respectable;" the Salvation Army has hope for all except reporters. A story is told to this effect. At one of the Salvation Army meetings a Mrs. Colonel Something asked a young man present if he had been converted. He replied laconically, "I'm a reporter," and she left him. This anecdote shows not only how desperately bad reporters are supposed to be, but how they regard themselves. Another story is repeated without any resentment by the gentleman at whose expense it is told. A criminal was on the scaffold, about to be executed. He said goodby to the minister and the prison governor and shook hands with the executioner. But to the reporters he merely nodded, saying, "I'll see you, gentlemen, later on."

OCTOBER is the month especially consecrated to the devotion of the Rosary of Our Lady—that beautiful chain of heaven-taught Paters and Aves, in the recital of which the Christian soul passes in review all the prominent phases of the life, passion and death of our Saviour and the participation of His Blessed Mother in them.

IT is believed that Prince Bismarck has submitted to the Vatican and Quirinal proposals regarding the Roman question which will shortly be carried into effect.

A SUCCESSFUL BOSTON FIRM.

A. Shuman & Co's Recent Addition to Their Establishment.

THERE are some laws that appear to be really universal in application, and the law that draws the small meteors to the big planets seems to obtain in some things more in the sphere of every-day life. In years past business was conducted in a small way in a good many different stores; nowadays consolidation is the rule, and the big stores, having a larger variety of goods, naturally offer most attractions to the buyer. The remarkable success of the establishment which bears the legend, "A. Shuman & Co." above its doors, is an excellent illustration of this growth of business. Slowly but steadily the house won its customers, and, finally, when it had made for itself a high position in the mercantile world, its business increased so rapidly that one enlargement of the store followed another, and still all the room acquired was needed to accommodate the growing circle of customers.

After the great fire, in which the Messrs. Shuman were burned out, they recognized the fact that a boys' clothing house was greatly needed, and accordingly established the retail department that has since grown to its present enormous dimensions, and made "Shuman's" a household word where boys' clothing is used.

They soon after became the leaders in young men's wear, having created a demand for fine and medium ready-made clothing that should combine all the qualities of made-to-order garments.

For some weeks past many thousands have noticed the workmen engaged in making alterations in the large sandstone building at the corner of Washington and Summer Streets, but probably few suspected that A. Shuman & Co. were making another addition to their extensive warerooms. Such was the fact, however, and now the improvements are practically completed.

On the Washington-Street floor the cashier's desks and the retail shipping department have been transferred to a more convenient location. The cashier's room, with its polished brass, is an ornament to the store. This entire floor is crowded with suits, overcoats and garments of every description for children and boys, either for dress or knockabout wear, in splendid variety.

The second story of the corner building has been fitted up for the firm, and is devoted exclusively to gentleman's fine ready-made clothing of every description. It is reached from the second story of the adjoining building — so long occupied by the firm — by six steps twenty-four feet wide, forming a most imposing entrance from the old quarters to the new. This gives a spacious suite of rooms extending from above the main entrance at No. 409 Washington Street to the corner of Summer Street, and down that thoroughfare to the entrance at No. 9.

The new salesroom is fitted with substantial counters, so arranged as to give ample space for examining the goods, while the abundance of light in the room is cause for surprise and delight. Originally the Summer-Street side was lighted by windows two feet apart; but in order to gain the best possible light, two of these windows have been thrown into one, making a superb effect, and admitting the brightness of day to all parts of the floor, while numerous mirrors give added lustre to the place. A large additional show window has also been added on the Washington-Street front, which is to be devoted entirely to the exhibition of fabrics, which can be cut and made to order in the gentleman's custom department. This great firm now occupy six stories on Washington Street and four bounded on Washington and Summer Streets. The record of this house commends it to everybody, and it is a credit to the city to have such a justly-celebrated clothing firm as Messrs. A. Shuman & Co. in its midst. The public are quick to recognize an establishment where their wants are so well attended to, and their tastes so well understood, and with increased facilities this progressive firm may look for such an increased patronage as to tax their energies to the utmost.

STATE ELECTION in Massachusetts — November 8th.

THE number of immigrants who arrived at New York in September was 32,939, against 30,187 for the same month last year. Since Jan. 1, the immigration foots up 300,703, against 228,594 for the corresponding period last year.

COLUMBUS did not discover America for the Know-Nothings, Anarchists, or Mormons.

Notices of Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

Peter F. Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NEW RACCOLTA; or, Collection of prayers and Good Works, to which the Sovereign Pontiffs have attached Holy Indulgences. Published by order of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. Translation authorized and approved by the Sacred Congregation of Holy Indulgences, to which is added an Appendix containing prayers for Mass and Vespers for Sundays.

Holy indulgences have been always dear to Christian piety, and with reason; for we are enabled by means of them, to pay in this life the debt of temporal punishment due to our sins, and to assist the suffering souls in Purgatory. It is not strange than that indulgences granted to this or that prayer, or work of piety, are mentioned in every book of devotion, or that private persons print sheets, pamphlets and books containing these indulgences. A great number of these works, however, are not reliable, because their editors have fallen into many errors through their inability to refer to the original documents, and study the conditions upon which the indulgences were conceded. The Congregation of Indulgences has removed this difficulty by printing *Raccoltas*, containing the prayers and pious works to which the Sovereign Pontiffs have attached holy indulgences, which all the faithful may gain.

These *Raccoltas* are authentic; that is, they contain the true and real grants made by the Roman Pontiffs, declared to be such by their supreme authority. Indulgences are granted according to the discretion and wisdom of the supreme authority of the Church. They can, therefore, be withdrawn, modified or increased, according to circumstances, and so the *Raccoltas*, which are catalogues of these Indulgences, must be reissued from time to time. The latest publication, of course, always does away with the preceding one. For example, the *Raccolta* published last year in Rome annuls the *Raccolta* issued in 1877.

There are many differences between these two editions. For instance, to point out the principal ones, the edition of 1886 has omitted some of the prayers and pious works contained in the issue of 1877, and they cannot any longer be considered as indulged.

Many more of the indulgences, attached to prayers and works of piety, have been extended or restricted. Finally eighty-nine prayers or pious works have been added, which have been indulged by Pius IX. or Leo XIII. since the year 1877, and are not therefore found in the *Raccolta* of that year. Owing to these three differences, the former American editions, even that of 1877, although revised, authorized and guaranteed to be faithful by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, are deficient and even dangerous. It has therefore become necessary to issue a new translation. This edition has been duly examined and *approved and declared authentic*, by the same Congregation in a Decree issued at Rome on April 21st, 1887. The text of this decree will be found at the head of the new edition. The publishers, on their part, have spared no pains to make this issue superior to the preceding one in every respect. To render the work more useful, they have placed at the end of the *Raccolta* an Appendix containing the Ordinary of the Mass in Latin and English, and a devout method of hearing Mass, together with the Vespers for Sunday. Thus the book is, in reality, the most complete prayer book which can be offered to the faithful. Price: fine English cloth, red edges, $1.00; roan, gilt edges, $1.50; turkey morocco, extra; red, brown, or gilt edges, $3.00; calf, extra; red, brown, or gilt edges, $3.50.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ia.

TALES FOR EVENTIDE: A collection of stories for young folks.

These pretty and interesting stories are reprinted from the *Ave Maria*, and are just the reading for our little ones during the long evenings. It is neatly bound, 248 pages, and sold for 60 cents.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

From White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "Cheer Up, Companions," Choral March, by V. E. Becker. "The Swing on the Old Elm-Tree," words by J. M. Stanyan, music by Annie Mabel Stanyan. "Memories of Boyhood," song, W. A. Springer. "An Old Garden,"

words by Helen M. Burnside, music by Hope Temple. "Down by the Rolling Waves," song, Julian Jordan. "Love is as Far as Ever," words by Walter Parker, music by W. M. Hutchinson. "Queen of Night," Aria for soprano, from "Magic Flute," by W. A. Mozart. "This is my Dream," words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by Milton Wellings.

Instrumental: "Victor Mazurka," (Banjo) Geo. C. Dobson. "The Cascade," by Scotson Clark. "La Madonna," by A. S. Sweet, arranged for Guitar by Geo. W. Persley. "Wanderings in Dreamland," C. D. Blake. "Boulanger's March," by Desormes, arranged for Banjo by Geo. C. Dobson. "In Happy Hour," by H. Lichner. "Reconciliation Waltz," and "Rusk's March," by H. Aubert "King's Hussar's March," by Rafael Leonard. "School Children's March," for four hands, by E. L. Sharf. "A Curious Story," by Stephen A. Heller. "Hymn of Nuns," for organ, by Lefebvre-Wely, "Au Bord Du Lac." Idylle, by G. Kuhe. "Pilgrims Song of Hope," for organ, by E. Batiste. "Swinging Waltz," by Edw. Silva. "Rippling Stream," by Snow, arranged for guitar by Geo. W. Persley.

BOOKS.

"Trowbridge's Mass in E with Latin and English Text, with Accompaniment for Organ or Piano-forte, by J. E. Trowbridge." An excellent and tuneful work.

Vocal gems from "The Marriage of the Marquis," Comic opera in three acts by P. Laecome, words by Clairville and Delacour.

"The Folio for September." Always good, an interesting number of this popular Journal.

Believes In Printers' Ink.

THE AYER MEDICAL COMPANY INVEST $1,000 A DAY—TALK WITH MR. LEWIS.

As a *Bee* was walking up Summit Street this morning, his eye was attracted by a dashing pair of gray horses attached to an elegant single-seated buggy. The horses were a pair that would attract attention anywhere for their stylish, well-bred appearance, and size.

On approaching nearer, it was discovered that this dashing turnout was the property of the J. C. Ayer Medical Company, of Lowell, Mass. The *Bee* engaged the driver in conversation, and found him to be Mr. W. A. Lewis, the representative of this company in this state.

"Do you have a turnout like this in every city?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, no, indeed," laughed Mr. Lewis; "this is one of the seventeen similar rigs owned by the Ayer Company, all located in different states. I drive all over the state of Ohio with this turnout for the purpose of advertising Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Hair Vigor, Pills, etc. This company spends more money advertising than any similar firm in the world."

"How much do they spend in advertising every day?"

"Over $1,000. Their annual bills run from $365,000 to $450,000, just for advertising."

"They must put out a quantity of advertising at that price?"

"Well, if you can find a single drug store in this country that has not some of our paper or goods, I'll make you a present."

The Ayer Company keeps these rigs on the road all the time, visiting every town in the state at least once in two years, doing nothing but advertising their well-known remedies.

"*Bee*," Toledo, O.

Aug. 25, 1887.

MR. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, M. P., Lord Mayor of Dublin, who is the proprietor of the *Nation* and the *Weekly News*, and Mr. William O'Brien, publisher of *United Ireland*, have been summoned to appear at the police court to answer to the charge of publishing reports of the doings of suppressed branches of the National League. A fitting answer has already been given in the announcement that *United Ireland* will be shortly issued as a daily.

CATARRH CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE *Boston Daily Globe* does not report the ravings of Fulton, which makes the aforesaid blatherskite very angry.

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

INTELLIGENCE from France announces the death at the Chateau Giron, in that country, of F. X. Leary, Catholic Archbishop of New Orleans. Archbishop Leary was born in Chateau Giron, Brittany, in 1825. In 1877 he was appointed Bishop of Natchioches, La., and two years afterward was called to New Orleans as coadjutor to the late Archbishop N. J. Perché, with right of succession and administrator of the temporalities of the diocese. He succeeded to the Archbishopric on the decease of Dr. Perché in 1883.

CLERGYMEN.

THE Rev. Michael Egan, V. A., died at St. Patrick's pastoral residence, Nelson, Miramichi, N. B., Aug. 28, in the eighty-first year of his age, the sixtieth of his priesthood, and the fifty-fourth of his pastorate of the Catholic congregation at Nelson. Father Egan was for many years after his arrival in 1833 a very prominent figure in Miramichi. Born in Kilkenny, Ireland, on the 21st of December, 1805, after his preparatory studies in his native country, he was sent for his theological course and clerical training to Portugal, where, on June 13th, 1829, he was ordained priest.

IN Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 16th of September, Rev. Francis Joseph Rowan, of the Order of St. Augustine, passed to his eternal reward. Father Rowan has, for some time past, been in delicate health; but his condition was not sufficiently precarious to cause any considerable alarm. He left Waterford, N. Y., a few days before, on his way to the Adirondacks, where he intended resting for a time; but his distress became so much greater that it was thought best that he should come on to Brooklyn, where his sister resides. Here he rapidly grew worse, and the end was visibly approaching. All that medical skill could do was done for him, but without avail. Father Rowan was about thirty-five years of age, being born at Stranorlar, county Donegal, Ireland, in 1852. He entered upon his ecclesiastical studies in 1873 at Villanova College, Pennsylvania, and was ordained to the priesthood, in 1877, by the late Right Rev. Bishop Shanahan, of the diocese of Harrisburg, Pa. He was stationed in Lawrence, and Methuen, Mass., at one time.

LAY PEOPLE.

ANOTHER of Boston's old Catholic residents has passed away, full of years and virtues. Mr. Patrick Harkins died at his residence in Boston, on the 29th of September, at the advanced age of seventy-seven years and six months. He had been an invalid for several years, but kept about until within a few weeks of his death. The deceased came to Boston from Innishowen, county Donegal, Ireland, in 1830. He was attached to his church and native land with true devotion. He educated one of his sons for the priesthood, who is now bishop of Providence, R. I. The funeral took place on the 1st of October, from the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. The Mass was said by Rev. Fr. Boland, with Rev. Fr. Doherty of Haverhill as deacon, and Rev. Fr. O'Brien of St. James, as sub-deacon, with Rev. Fr. Bodfish as master of ceremonies. Rev. Fr. Metcalf preached. Besides Bishop Harkins, there were some fifty-two clergymen present. Among them, Very Rev. Fr. Byrne, V. G., and Very Rev. Fr. McCabe, V. G., of Woonsocket, R. I. The services, including the singing, were very impressive. The pall bearers were Dr. J. B. Moran, W. S. McGowan, Thos. Power, Patrick F. Sullivan, Jos. Walker and Patrick Donahoe. We have seldom witnessed so large and respectable a congregation assembled to take part in the solemn services for the dead. There are very few left of the Catholics who worshipped at old Holy Cross, some sixty years ago. Mr. Harkins was president of the Charitable Irish Society in 1864. Mr. Harkins leaves a wife and three sons, including the bishop, to mourn his loss. May his soul rest in peace!

IN MEMORIAM.— Mary Ellen, daughter of William Canning, of Millville, Mass., has recently succumbed to pneumonia. Rarely has the angel of death plucked a fairer flower from its stem. She was a bright, intelligent, and interesting girl of thirteen. She was a favorite in the public as well as Sunday school, and generally headed her class. She was a subscriber

to the MAGAZINE of which she was very fond, and occasionally read aloud for the edification of her parents and little brothers and sisters. She is deeply lamented. R. I. P.

Adieu, poor Mary Ellen, we ne'er shall see you more!
We hope your soul's with angels and saints galore,
In that land of matchless glory created for the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

JAMES O'REILLY.

THE death is announced, at the age of eighty-five years, at the village of Burleus, Gironde, France, of the Count de Montalembert, the last representative of the older branch of the illustrious family of Montalembert.

Our Lady of the Rosary.

RT. REV. BISHOP O'REILLY dedicated the new church of Our Lady of the Rosary, in Spencer, Mass., on Sunday, 2d of October. There was a large attendance of the clergy from Worcester and the surrounding towns. The bishop participated, and the sermon was delivered by Rev. Fr. Burke, of Worcester, and at Vespers Rev. Fr. McKenna, of Marlboro, preached. The church could not contain the crowds wishing to gain admittance. The church is Gothic in style, containing all the excellencies of the Byzantine, the Lombard and the Norman styles, and the result is a magnificent combination. The building is in the shape of a cross. The spire is a beautiful piece of work. The beauty of the interior of the church probably surpasses that of all other churches in New England outside of Boston. Rev. T. D. Beaven is the rector of the church, whose history dates from Rosary Sunday, 1853, and which was the first in New England, if not in the United States, to be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the title of "Our Lady of the Rosary." The following is the cost of the construction: Brick work, above water table, $8,700; wood work and slating $17,430; stone trimmings, $5,300; interior woodwork, $8,400: plastering, $4,800; interior decoration, $2,000; heating, $2.000; total $48,630.

A GENEROUS alumnus of Georgetown College, who has fallen heir to a fortune, has donated the sum of ten thousand dollars to his *alma mater*. This munificent gift has been augmented by the donation of a similar amount from three other members of the gentleman's family, swelling the sum received by the college to the handsome figure of forty thousand dollars. We would like to publish the names of these benefactors of Catholic education.

CAPT. JOHN M. TOBIN, who served in the war of the Rebellion in the old Massachusetts Ninth Volunteers, has been appointed a revenue agent. Gen. Fitz John Porter says of the captain: — "I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the good record of Capt. John M. Tobin, of the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, while under my command, especially to his brave, gallant, and almost incalculable services in the battles of Gaines Mills and Malvern Hill." Capt. Tobin's duties will be confidential with the commissioner, and his compensation equivalent to $3,500. The captain has been a contributor to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE from its start. We congratulate him on his good luck.

WE direct the attention of politicians of all parties to the article signed by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in this issue of our MAGAZINE, from the *North American Review*. Cardinal Gibbons is doing for the United States what Cardinal Manning is doing for Great Britain and Ireland.

EDITOR O'BRIEN found guilty and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Mr. O'Brien is out on bail, and as active as ever in the cause.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A SCIENTIFIC FACT.

"Royal" the Only Baking Powder Free from Lime and Absolutely Pure.

Lime is the serious defect found in most of the cream of tartar baking powders. As a matter of fact, chemical analysis has found it in all such powders except the "Royal." Its presence is caused by the use of adulterated cream of tartar in the effort to reduce their cost of production.

Lime adds to the weight, while it detracts from the strength of the baking powder. It also renders the food less wholesome, giving rise to dyspepsia and kindred ailments. Baking powders containing lime produce less leavening gas, and therefore in use are more expensive than a first-class pure article.

The Royal Baking Powder is made from cream of tartar that is first specially refined and made chemically pure. No tartrate of lime, or other impurity, can find its way into the "Royal;" and to this fact its great superiority in strength, wholesomeness, and keeping quality is due.

All this adds greatly to the cost of manufacturing the Royal Baking Powder; but as all its ingredients are selected and prepared with the same precise care and regardless of labor or expense, an article is produced that is free from every extraneous substance, "absolutely pure." Nor does it contain any ingredients except those necessary to make a pure, wholesome, and perfect baking powder.

Prof. McMurtrie, late chemist in chief to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, after analyzing the cream of tartar used by the various baking powders of the market, reported as follows:

"I have examined the cream of tartar manufactured for and used by the Royal Baking Powder Company in their baking powder, and find it to be perfectly pure and free from lime in any form."

Prof. Love, who made the analyses of baking powders for the N. Y. State Board of Health, as well as for the Government, certifies to the purity and wholesomeness of the Royal.

Dr. E. H. Bartley, chemist of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Department of Health, says: "I have recently analyzed samples of the Royal Baking Powder purchased by myself in the stores of this city, and find it free from lime in any form."

Bread, cake, biscuits, etc., prepared with Royal Baking Powder will be lighter, sweeter and more wholesome than if made with any other baking powder or leavening agent.

Arrival of the Distinguished Irishmen in New York.

SIR THOMAS GRATTON ESMONDE, M. P. for St. Patrick's division, Dublin, and Arthur O'Connor, M. P. for East Donegal, arrived by the steamship *Arizona* at New York, morning of Oct. 3. The distinguished visitors were met at the pier by many of the officers of the various Irish societies. Mr. O'Connor, on being asked the object of their mission, said: 'We come to thank you for your help, and to let you know how matters stand. Although things look gloomy at present, they are so filled with hope that we are justified in asking for a continuance of the support given to us in the past by America. The Irish people will stay in the fight until they win." Mr. O'Connor further said that he and Mr. Esmonde had no programme for this country; that they were entirely in the hands of the officers of the Irish National League. Mr. Esmonde thinks that the court of appeals would sustain William O'Brien's conviction, and that the patriot would have to go to prison. The committee escorted the M. P.'s to the Hoffman House, where they will remain while in the city. A grand reception was tendered to them at the Cooper Union on the evening of 5th of October, when they made addresses. Neither of the gentlemen has visited America before.

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, JR., inventor of the air brake, is worth $7,000,000. The *Atlanta Constitution* says: — "This is the largest fortune ever made on wind."

THE MONTGOMERY LIGHT GUARD VETERAN ASSOCIATION celebrated its annual festival by a parade in this city, and embarked for Worcester in a special train, where they were met by the Emmet Guards, Capt. Regan, and escorted to Quinsigamond Park, where the day was observed with speech, song, and dancing. On the return, the procession marched to Horticultural Hall, where a banquet was in waiting for the soldiers and their guests. Col. Doherty presided with his usual ability. Speeches were made by several gentlemen. At ten o'clock the corps formed in line and proceeded to the cars which conveyed home, much pleased with the festivities of the day. The reception in Worcester was particularly pleasing. The Mayor and many of the principal citizens participated in the celebration. It was remarked that a finer body of citizen soldiers never visited Worcester.

IT is very likely that Bishop Fitzgerald of Little Rock, Ark., will be transferred to New Orleans. He was asked by the Propaganda some time ago if, in the event of Archbishop Leray's resignation, then regarded as imminent, he would accept the See. He is preëminently the man for the place, says the *Western Watchman.*

The O'Briens in Politics.

WHAT with Attorney-General O'Brien, Corporation Counsel Morgan J. O'Brien, of New York; ex-Sheriff James O'Brien, of the same city, now said to be largely in charge of the George party; Johnny O'Brien, the Republican leader of the boys, also of New York; John O'Brien, a former head of the Democratic State Committee and a present influential member, and Smith O' Brien, the prevailing Republican boss in Albany County, the state is fairly supplied with the O'Brien contingent, while Mayor O'Brien, of Boston, and Editor O'Brien, of Dublin, show the family eminence in foreign parts. It is a great year for the O'Briens.

T. J. HUGHES & BROS. These enterprising young men deserve the patronage of the public. They are practical tailors, and know how to make up garments. We recommend them to the patronage of the public.

THE Holy Father has approved the decision of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to erect the Vicariate Apostolic of Colorado, United States, into a diocese to be known as the see of Denver, of which the present Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Machoebuf, will be the first Bishop, with Mgr. Nicholas Matz as Coadjutor, *cum jure.*

PATRICK HIGGINS & CO.—This firm has one of the finest stores in Boston. It is centrally situated, and easy of access from any part of the city. Their goods are of the best quality, and are sold on the most liberal terms. We refer to their advertisement in another part of our MAGAZINE.

THE GREATEST BLOOD REMEDY OF THE DAY!

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THE WORKING BOYS' HOME. — The Working Boys' Home has long been known as one of the most worthy institutions of Boston. Here poor, homeless boys, who are obliged to work for a mere trifle, can find a comfortable home and such entertainment as will keep them from bad habits and evil company. They are required only to pay two-thirds of their earnings, no matter how small they may be, towards the support of the home. Money is needed to carry on this good work, as the amount received from the boys is, of course, far below the actual expense of providing for them, and the public are earnestly requested to aid this movement to keep boys from the evil associations of the streets. Any amount will be gratefully received by the Rev. D. H. Roche, P. O. box 2935, Boston. Acknowledgments of subscriptions will be made in *The Pilot*, the *Republic*, and the *Working Boy*.

The British Army.

Irish-American: — The annual statistical return of the British army, which has just been issued, is instructive. There were last year in the army 32,153 Irishmen, 16,446 Scotchmen, and 146,141 Englishmen; and what a curious contrast these figures bear to those of twenty years ago, when the British army consisted of 55,588 Irishmen, 17,011 Scotchmen, and 106,810 Englishmen. In twenty years the number of Irish soldiers has diminished by 23,000. In 1867 the proportion of Irishmen in the army was 308 per thousand. It has been steadily falling ever since, until now it is but 163 per thousand — the lowest proportion it has ever reached. Yet twenty years ago the population of Ireland was only half a million greater than it is at the present day, and the recruiting officers are quite as zealous now as they were then.

MICHAEL DAVITT arrived in Minneapolis on the 5th of October where he addressed the convention of the Knights of Labor assembled in that city.

Doctor: — "I guess it yaint so serious, aunty; wid a little care I reckon de ole man 'll pull through all right." *Aunty:* — "Tank heaben, doctor! I was awful skeered, 'kase dar war'nt a cent in de house to buy enny mournin' wif."

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Kurr's Celebrated LIQUID HOOF OINTMENT.
Cures Contracted Hoofs, Quarter Cracks, Corns, Thrush, Soreness, Scratches, and Grows the Feet.

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OUR DUMB ANIMAL'S FRIEND.
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The time has come when scientific truth must cease to be the property of the few — when it must be woven into the common life of the world." — PROF. AGASSIZ.

THE GERMAN

ANTI-RHEUMATIC RING

HAS proved superior to anything yet discovered for the cure of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, PARALYSIS, EPILEPSY, DYSPEPSIA, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS AND SICK HEADACHE; SPINAL, LIVER and KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, and, in fact, ALL NERVOUS and CHRONIC DISEASES are at once benefited by its use.

It will last for years. It gives no shock, and but a mild and pleasant sensation in wearing it. No waiting a long time for results. It acts quickly, generally the first week, more frequently the first day; and often even during the first hour its wonderful curative powers are felt.

The following testimonials will be sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its great value. They are from well-known and reliable citizens, and in most cases are known, either personally or by reputation, to the publishers of this MAGAZINE.

Capt. W. H. CUNDY, 31 Milk Street, Boston, ex-Commander Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, writes: "My trouble was in the left arm, extending up to and into the shoulder, and relief came within 48 hours after putting on the ring."

Mr. W. T. Park, proprietor Park House, Bosworth Street, writes: "I will say that I would not take $1000 for the Anti-Rheumatic Ring, if I could not replace it."

Mr. D. H. Cooney, policeman, Watertown, Mass, says: "I have used one of your rings for more than two years. It certainly cured me."

Mr. L. T. Crowley, 300 Medford Street, Charlestown, Mass., writes: — "I had been a victim of Rheumatism for years, and nothing did me any good until I got one of your rings."

Mr. A. D. Swan, Armorer for Boston Lancers, says: "The Ring has certainly been of great benefit to me."

Miss L. Wilkins, State Auditor's office, Boston, writes: "I really have had less headache during the time I have worn the Ring."

Mr. C. H. Pickering, Conductor, Old Colony Railroad, says: "My sister has been an invalid for several years, but since she has worn the Ring we have not paid one cent for doctors' bills or medicines. Myself and wife have also been greatly benefited by its use."

Dr. Kenison, 18 Temple Place, Boston, says: "I consider it a great blessing, and advise all who suffer to get one of them."

Mr. Wm. O. Lynde, 4, 6, and 8 Clinton Market, writes: "I must confess I had no faith in it, but I soon experienced relief, and steadily improved until I was cured."

Remember it is a finger ring, not unattractive in appearance, to be worn on a finger of the left hand. As soon as it comes in contact with the heat and moisture of the finger the electric action begins, and a *mild, continuous current* is the result.

Price $2.00. Sent to any address post-paid Send a strip of paper cut the proper length to go around the finger. Address

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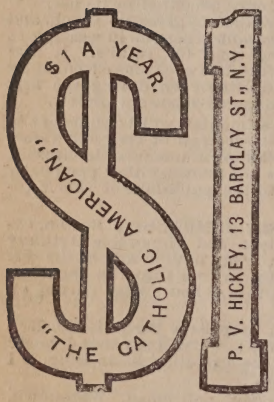
Your Attentive Perusal is Requested.



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absolutely first-class in every respect; equal in size, mechanical execution, and secular news to the best weekly secular papers of New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, besides containing all the Catholic news and the most necessary and popular features of a first-class Catholic weekly.

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SECULAR.—It contains the secular news of the day that is of interest to Catholics, as well as to all others living in the world.

CATHOLIC.—It has the cream of the week's Catholic news and opinion, from all parts of the world, prepared by the Staff of *The Catholic Review*, and, in addition, special articles by eminent writers, on questions of popular Catholic interest.

DOMESTIC.—It has a first-class FAMILY DEPARTMENT, including SERIAL and SHORT STORIES, ITEMS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD, NOTES FOR WOMEN, a SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT—in a word, something for everybody, so that *if a family can afford but one dollar a year for one paper*, it need not be without one that is perfectly safe, Catholic, and conducted by first-class talent.

This new publication, at once cheap, enterprising, and Catholic, enables all interested to carry out the wishes of the Holy Father Leo XIII., and the instructions of the Plenary Council. It is already one year old, and has received the AUTOGRAPH blessing of Pope Leo XIII., and the official commendation of the Archbishop of New York, and the Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y.

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IRELAND
$1.00 Anti-Coercion Fund
This Certifies that ONE DOLLAR has been paid to the Municipal Council of the Irish National League of Boston, and vicinity to aid the ANTI-COERCION Campaign for Ireland.
P. Cavanagh. TREAS.
T. M. Brady. PREST.
ONE DOLLAR ONE DOLLAR ONE DOLLAR ONE DOLLAR ONE DOLLAR ONE DOLLAR ONE DOLLAR ONE DOLLAR

ABOVE is a fac-simile of the new $1 anti-coercion certificates issued by the municipal council of the Irish National League. They are now ready for distribution to the various organizations, and are having a rapid sale. They are beautifully engraved, having been executed under the personal supervision of J. P. Murphy. They are bound in books of twenty-five each, and every person who purchases one has his or her name recorded on the stub and afterwards transferred to the books of the organization. The municipal council has opened its headquarters at 339 Washington Street, room 8, and is now prepared to issue these certificates to all branches of the league, divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and all other Irish-American organizations in good standing that desire to lend a hand in making this anti-coercion fund not only a grand success, but such a wide-spread, emphatic protest against the atrocious measure now in force in Ireland as the gravity of the situation at the present moment demands.

In order to throw every safeguard around the distribution and sale of these certificates, the council has elected the following gentlemen as an executive committee to supervise the whole matter: John J. Teevans of South Boston, president of the Irish-American Club; Thomas M. Brady of South Boston, president of the Council; Martin Dowling, Harrison Avenue; Dominick Toy of Roxbury, president of the Central branch of Boston, and Daniel P. Sullivan of Dorchester, president of the Dorchester and Milton branch.

The following mode of procedure was also adopted: All certificates are to be received through the president of the Council, T. M. Brady, and placed in the hands of the treasurer, Terence Cavanagh. The treasurer places them in the hands of Edward Fitzwilliam, the financial secretary, and he delivers them to the president of each organization, or on his written order to any member of such organization. All others who do not belong to any organization, and who desire to lend a hand in disposing of these certificates, may hand in their names to the secretary, and if approved of by the council, books will be given them. Any person who chooses to pay cash for a book or books can have them of the secretary at any time, and to persons living at a distance, this would be far the better way. There is no fear that any one who takes a book cannot sell it, and the risk of paying cash down is very small.

By complying with the above regulations the organizations that intend taking hold in this noble work will greatly facilitate matters. A card of further instructions is in course of preparation and will be sent with each order.

EDWARD FITZWILLIAM.

Financial Secretary. 339 Washington Street, Room 8.

The headquarters of the council at the above address will be open daily from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and meetings of the council will be held every Friday evening until further notice.

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DONAHOE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TOWER HALL.

Vol. XVIII. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1887. No. 6.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

ON St. Patrick's Day, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, a number of Irishmen met in John Marshall's tavern, in New York City, to do honor to the patron Saint of their country. A public dinner was given, at which the health of King George was drank with all the honors, for these Irishmen were Protestants and devoted to the English Crown. Many of them were military men, officers of the Sixteenth and Forty-Seventh British regiments then stationed in New York. Before separating they formed themselves into a society called the "Friendly Brothers of St. Patrick." This society was modelled after one founded in Dublin, in 1740, and, like it, its objects were benevolent and social. Many of the military men, then with their regiments in New York, had belonged to this Dublin society, and hence it was modelled after it. Its members certainly entertained a love for the land that bore them; but the leading idea that pervaded and animated them was, distinctly and emphatically, loyalty to the king and throne. New York was then a town of about twelve thousand inhabitants, and only extended from the Battery to Reade Street. There were numbers of Irish families in the town, who had emigrated from Ulster and other provinces of Ireland, many of whom became identified with the Friendly Brothers, and were as warm and ardent in their attachment to the Crown as the soldiers with whom they associated.

From its inception, until the breaking out of the Revolution, the Friendly Brothers met every 17th of March, and, in their own way, celebrated the national festival of Ireland. The first toast on their list was "the King," and until 1776 these annual meetings were held. Of all cities in the thirteen colonies none were so loyal as New York. While Boston and Philadelphia were chafing and fretting at the uneasy yoke which the English had imposed upon them, and the southern colonies had become rebellious, New York remained true to the king. When war at length came, the Friendly Brothers, and other Irish loyalists, raised a regiment for Lord Rawden, which numbered six hundred men. They participated in the southern campaigns, and were defeated by Greene and Morgan. Not one of the

New York Friendly Brothers ever rose to distinction; their names are utterly unknown to the present generation, and are not found in the records of American history.

In Philadelphia, then a larger and more populous city, thousands of Irishmen resided. It was then the great immigrant port of America, and was thronged with Irish exiles. At that time the city of Penn traded extensively with Ireland. Every week saw ships depart to, or return from, Ireland. Many of the richest and most influential merchants of Philadelphia were Irish. These men, loving the country of their adoption, and not having the fear of King George before their eyes, started a society in Philadelphia, in opposition to the Friendly Brothers in New York, and called it the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick." It was composed of Irishmen of Irish birth, or descent, who were loyal to America, and antagonistic to the English government. Every member was a patriot, who, when the time of trial came, proved his worth in the ranks of the Continental Army.

They were all Irish, or Irish-Americans. No man, unless Irish blood flowed in his veins, could become a member. The only exception made to this rule was in the case of George Washington, and a few others, who became honorary members of the Friendly Sons, and adopted Irishmen, in 1781. Washington knew their worth. They stood side by side with him in every battle of the Revolution in which he participated, and when beaten and hunted from Brooklyn and New York, followed in his footsteps, gave him courage by their presence and bravery on the retreat through the Jerseys, and were instrumental in securing the victory at Trenton.

No society has a brighter record than this. They gave soldiers to fight out the Revolution, money to maintain it, and statesmen to form a nation. They risked all, sacrificed all, for the interest and integrity of the United States, and were one of the most important factors in the Revolution.

Previous to 1776, we are told by Bagenal, in his history of the Irish in America, that there had been formed by the Irish settlers in Philadelphia, "The Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick." It was founded during the most interesting time of colonial history; composed of the most active and influential men; and meeting in Philadelphia, the focus at that period of all political and national movements, and the capital of the people when independence was declared; all these circumstances give additional interest to its memoirs. Many of the Friendly Sons were excellent fox-hunters, and inherited the sport-loving characteristics of their countrymen. Ten years before the Declaration of Independence the Fox-Hunter's Club was instituted. From it and the St. Patrick's Society was formed the first troop of Pennsylvania Cavalry, whose valor at Trenton and Princeton received the thanks of Washington. He said on the occasion referred to, "Though composed of gentlemen of fortune, they have shown a noble example of discipline and subordination; and in several actions have shown a spirit and bravery, which will ever do honor to them, and will ever be greatly remembered by me." Until the flames of war broke out the objects of the society were purely social and convivial. They met and dined

and sang and joked, as Irishmen have been wont to do from time immemorial, and many a time Washington was present at their festivities.

Gen. Moylan, "the Murat of the Revolution," the best cavalry leader in the Continental Army, was the first president of the Friendly Sons. He was a brother of the Catholic Bishop of Cork. Besides him were many others who afterwards distinguished themselves in the Revolution. John Barry, of Wexford, who first raised the stars and stripes on the sea, and who taught Paul Jones to resist British tyranny, was also a member. And there was Mease, afterwards purser of Jones' ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, who manned the guns off Whitehaven when the Yankee gunners were stricken down; Anthony Wayne, the hero of Stony Point, with warm Tipperary blood in his veins; Walter Stewart, of Derry, who was a colonel at twenty-nine and a general at thirty; William Thompson of Derry, who tramped with Montgomery through Canada, and afterwards became a general; Major-Gen. Henry Knox, who commanded the artillery at the sieges of Boston and Yorktown, and was Secretary of War and Navy under Washington in 1794; Gen. William Irvine, a native of Ireland, who raised, equipped, and commanded the famous "Pennsylvania Line," and who was entrusted with the defence of the northeastern frontier: Gen. Edward Hand, one of the most distinguished officers of the Revolutionary army, who was so high in the confidence of Washington as to become adjutant-general, and was considered one of his greatest favorites; Col. Richard Butler, and his two brothers, all born in Ireland, who distinguished themselves at the charge on Stony Point and the surrender at Saratoga of Burgoyne. Richard became major-general. He was killed by an Indian chief at the battle of St. Clair in 1791.

These are a few names of the Convivial Friendly Irishmen who composed the society previous to the Declaration of Independence. Besides these there were many merchants of Irish birth and blood, who swelled its roster, and who, while their brothers were fighting in the field, backed them up with their fortunes to keep them there. While holding their convivial meetings, and indulging in all the fun and frolic which Irishmen are capable of, they were not unmindful of the events occurring in the colonies. Rumors of rebellion and war were wafted to their ears from Virginia and Massachusetts, and the hatred between the Colonists and the followers of King George was apparently becoming more intensified, and daily gathering strength, and was noted by the Friendly Sons. Being a social organization, not a political one, the British government did not fear nor disband them. But within that social circle were men whose hatred of that government was only equalled by the valor they afterwards displayed for America. While others were forwarding petitions to the king, couched in the most slavish expressions of loyalty, the Friendly Sons remained quiet and allowed events to take their course. They did not interfere with politics; but when America promulgated her great Declaration, and called upon her sons to endorse it, the Friendly Sons abandoned fox-hunting and the wine cup, and rallied to the side of Washington. Their names illuminate the pages of American history to-day, and their patriotism is acknowledged by Washington himself in a letter to the

president of the society, wherein he describes the society as "distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked." An American writer says: "The members as a society, and as individuals, were conspicuous for self-denial, sacrifice of time, blood, money, and life. The loftiest patriotism could ask no more."

Speaking of the Friendly Sons another American writer says: — "Some, like Barry, exchanged the festivities of the society for the ocean revels of the tempest and the battle. Many, like Wayne, led the van in many a well-fought field of the Revolutionary War, or patiently endured the hardships of Valley Forge; and none were more efficient in executing daring and confidential services than the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick who fought in the First Troop of Pennsylvania Cavalry. Other members of the society, who, by mercantile enterprise and industry, had accumulated wealth, freely poured it into the coffers of the national treasury, or patiently submitted to its destruction by the wantonness of Hessian mercenaries." The country seat of John Nixon was burned by British troops.

The history of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick has yet to be written. Many documents relating to the formation of the organization, and containing the names of the men who founded it and preserved it during the Revolution, are still extant in Philadelphia, but have never been brought out in book form. Many private families, both in New York and Philadelphia, have in their possession manuscripts which would throw a light on this subject, and be interesting to every true American; but they are preserved as heirlooms, and as such are inaccessible to any but the owners. We know enough, however, to state that never in any land, as far as history shows, was a more patriotic body of men organized in the cause of liberty than the Irish Friendly Sons.

The men who composed it were of all Christian creeds. Liberal in their ideas, devoted to the principles which they espoused and advocated, they did not shrink, when tyranny burst down on them, to stand by those principles and seal their devotion with their blood. On their muster roll were Catholics, Presbyterians, Quakers, and Episcopalians; they were a band of brothers, whose equal the world has never witnessed.

To illustrate the principles and patriotism of these men, we shall cite an incident which is mentioned in the records of one of their meetings in December, 1775. Among the members present was one Capt. Thomas Batt, who expressed his loyalty to the king and his detestation of the American rebels. As he ceased speaking a motion was made, seconded, and unanimously carried, that Batt be expelled from the society. He was accordingly driven from the room, and his name erased from the books of the Friendly Sons. Soon afterwards the war broke out, and these brilliant Irishmen were in the field.

The first meeting of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick appears, from the minutes, to have been held at Burns' Tavern, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, Sept. 17, 1771, when fifteen regular and two honorary members were present. There appear to have been twenty-four original members, besides seven honorary members.

The minutes of the society come down regularly to the meeting of June 17, 1776. From that until Sept. 17, 1778, there is only one entry, namely: "The state of Pennsylvania having been invaded, and the city of Philadelphia taken by the British army under the command of General Sir William Howe, in September, 1777, the society had no meeting until September, 1778; the minutes of the meetings of September and December, 1776, and March and June, 1777, are, unfortunately, lost." The meetings from September, 1778, until the end of the war were regularly held, and though those who were in the army and navy are generally noted as absent, yet we find many of them snatching occasional moments of enjoyment, amid the hardships of war, at a re-union at the festivals of the society. "*Absent in camp*," "*Absent at sea*," are frequent entries opposite the names of members, and at the meeting of the 17th of June, 1779, it was "agreed that such members of the society as are officers in the army, shall not be subject to fines for absence while in service in the field." Gen. Wayne was present at this meeting, as were several members of the First Troop — Col. Walter Stewart, John Patton, Com. Barry, and Mr. John Dunlap, afterwards captain of the First Troop. The case of members absent at sea had already been provided for in one of their rules.

In 1775, men's passions were aflame in the thirteen colonies, or dependencies, as they were sometimes called. In Philadelphia loyalty was rampant among the native Americans of Scotch and English descent. The majority of the aristocratic and wealthy families sided with the British king and government, and remained so to both to the end. Regnault, a chaplain, who came with the French army to America, states that many influential Philadelphians were bribed by the French Commander, and received thousands of French crowns for joining the American cause. Many streets in Philadelphia are called after these men to-day, and their descendants boast of the patriotism of their Revolutionary fathers (?). How different with the Irish Friendly Sons. They risked all for the independence of America.

While the English army occupied Philadelphia the Scotch and English inhabitants fawned upon them. They applauded their drills and parades, were proud to be invited to their parties and balls, and, as far as they were able, gave aid and comfort to the enemy. In such desperate straits were Washington and his army, when encamped at Valley Forge, that the British General Howe declared the rebellion crushed, and made preparations to return to England. Previous to his departure he gave a grand ball and tournament, at which hundreds of the loyal citizens of Philadelphia, with their wives and daughters, were present. While these were shouting hosannas to the king, the American army, ragged, barefooted, and starving, were camped in the snow thirty miles from Philadelphia. It was the darkest hour of the war. Hope seemed to have fled from the hearts of the patriots. Hunger and cold were thinning their ranks. Many died of these, and many driven desperate by despair deserted to the enemy. In this dreadful state of affairs the members of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, who were not in the field, joined hands with other patriots and subscribed funds for the preservation of the army. On the 17th of June,

1780, the following paper was signed by twenty-seven members of the Friendly Sons:—

"Whereas, in the present situation of public affairs in the United States, the greatest and most vigorous exertions are required for the management of the just and necessary war in which they are engaged with Great Britain, we, the subscribers, deeply impressed with the sentiments that should, on such an occasion, govern us in the prosecution of a war, on the event of which our own freedom and that of our posterity, and the freedom and independence of the United States, are all involved, hereby severally pledge our property and credit for the several sums specified and mentioned after our names, in order to support the credit of a bank to be established for furnishing a supply of provisions for the armies of the United States; and do hereby severally promise and engage to execute to the directors of the said bank, bonds of the form hereunto annexed. Witness our hand, this seventeenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1780."

Ninety-three names were signed to this document, of whom twenty-seven were members of the Friendly Sons. The subscriptions of these twenty-seven Irishmen amounted to $442,500. This generous aid, so timely given, saved the army from dissolution, raised Washington and his men from the darkness of despair to the sunlight of hope. Without this aid it would have been impossible to have kept the army from falling to pieces.

When spring came, Washington's army, with hope and courage again restored, struck their tents and entered New Jersey. They were met at Monmouth by the flower of the English army. The result is known. The man who led the charge against Moncton and his brigade was a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and the leader of the cavalry was another, and was first president of the society. And so it was in every engagement that occurred until the surrender of Yorktown. Their blood was shed on every field of the Revolution, and their dust mingles in the same grave with their Puritan brothers. The services rendered to the country by Moylan, Wayne, Barry, Shee, Nixon, Stewart, Blaine, Dunlap, Fitzsimmons, and others, can never be repaid by America. No man was more instrumental in framing the Constitution of the United States than Thomas Fitzsimmons. Besides his, other names of members of the Friendly Sons appear on that document, whose recent centenary was so gloriously celebrated in Philadelphia.

In December, 1781, Gen. Washington became an honorary member of the society. Immediately after, a committee waited on him and presented him with the following address:

May it please your Excellency:—

"The Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, of this city, ambitious to testify, with all possible respect, the high sense they entertain of your Excellency's public and private virtues, have taken the liberty to adopt your Excellency a member.

"Although they have not the clothing of any civil establishment, nor the splendor of temporal power to dignify their election, yet they flatter themselves, that, as it is the genuine offspring of hearts filled with the warmest attachments, this mark of esteem and regard will not be wholly unacceptable to your Excellency.

"Impressed with these pleasing hopes, they have directed me to present to your Excellency a gold medal, the ensign of this fraternal society, which, that you may be pleased to accept, and long live to wear, is the warmest wish of your Excellency's most humble and respectful servant. By order, and in behalf of the society.

GEORGE CAMPBELL, *President.*"

To His Excellency Gen. Washington, commander-in-chief of the Allied armies.

Gen. Washington warmly greeted the committee, and returned to them the following answer :

"Sir, I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick in this city, a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked,

"Give me leave to assure you, sir, that I shall never cast my eyes upon the badge, with which I am honored, but with a grateful remembrance of the polite and affectionate manner in which it was presented.

"I am, with respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

To George Campbell, Esq., President of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

On New Year's Day, 1782, the society gave Washington and his suite a banquet at the city tavern. Washington and many distinguished persons were present, among others the Minister of France, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, Count de la Touche and Count Dillon, and all the general officers then in the city.

Again we read : —

"That at a meeting at George Evans's, in 1782, the following gentlemen were present: — His Excellency Gen. Washington Generals Lincoln, Steuben, Moultrie, Knox, Hand, McIntosh, Their Excellencies M. Luzerne, M. Rendon, M. Hanson, William Moore, Mr. Muhlenbergh, Col. French Tilghman, Col. Smith, Major Washington, Count Dillon, Count de la Touche, M. Marbois, M. Otto, and M. Holker."

In the account of this meeting some of the names of the members of the society present are given : —

"George Campbell, President; Mr. Thomas Fitzsimmons, Vice-President; William West, Matthew Mease, John Mitchell, J. M. Nesbitt, John Nixon, Samuel Caldwell, Andrew Campbell, Mr. James Mease, Sharp Delaney, Esq., Mr. D. H. Conyngham, Mr. George Henry, Mr. Blair McClenachan, Mr. Alexander Nesbitt, Mr. John Donaldson, Mr. John Barclay, Mr. James Crawford, Mr. John Patton, Mr. James Caldwell, Mr. John Dunlap, Mr. Hugh Sheill, Mr. George Hughes, Mr. M. M. O'Brien, Jasper Moylan, Esq., Cols. Ephraim Blaine, Charles Stewart, Walter Stewart, Francis Johnson, Dr. John Cochran, Mr. William Constable, Henry Hill, Esq., Robert Morris, Esq., Samuel Meredith."

There were also present many members of the First Troop, who were also members of the society. Morris Meredith and Hill were honorary members.

The following are the names of the presidents of the society from 1771 to 1798 : —

Stephen Moylan, from 1771 to June 17, 1773; J. M. Nesbitt, from June, 1773, to June, 1774; William West, from June, 1774, to June, 1776; Benjamin Fuller, from June, 1776, to June, 1779; Thomas Barclay, from June, 1779, to June, 1781; George Campbell, from June, 1781, to 1782; J. M. Nesbitt, from June, 1782, to March, 1796— thirteen years and nine months; Stephen Moylan, from March, 1796, to 1798. The Secretaries and Treasurers were — Wm. Mitchell, 1771; Benjamin Fuller, March, 1775; Samuel Caldwell, September, 1775; John Brown, 1792.

Of the Friendly Sons it may be said, in the words of Teeling, "They may sleep in the silent tomb; but the remembrance of their virtues will be cherished while liberty is dear to the American heart."

A few years after the Revolution the Friendly Sons ceased to exist. As we have said their history has not been written, and we are, therefore, at this distant date, unable to give a faithful account of their disbandment. But of this we are certain, that a society to protect destitute Irish emigrants on landing in Philadelphia was formed by many benevolent persons in that city of Irish birth, or extraction, and was called the "Hibernian Society." In the charter of this society the names of seventeen members of the Friendly Sons are found, namely:—Brigadier-Gen. W. Stewart, John Leany, Patrick Moore, Sharp Delaney, James Crawford, John Brown, Michael Morgan O'Brien, Oliver Pollock, Thomas Lea, John Maxwell Nesbitt, George Hughes, Jasper Moylan, George Meade, James Campbell, Robert Rainey, Hugh Holmes, Charles Heately. On the roll of the new society are found the following names of Friendly Sons: Richard Bache, James Caldwell, Francis Johnson, George Latimer, and John Patterson.

These members placed at their head the Hon. Thomas M'Kean, the Chief Justice, afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania. In conjunction with others they formed themselves into a charitable association under the name of "The Hibernian Society for the Relief of Emigrants from Ireland," with, as the charter states, "the laudable view and intent to aid and assist poor and oppressed persons emigrating from Ireland into Pennsylvania." The object appears to have met the cordial approbation of the authorities, and a charter of incorporation was granted to the society, on April 27, 1792, and signed by Gov. Mifflin. The preamble recites that "it is highly proper to promote the designs of the said society, inasmuch as they may greatly contribute to the strength and prosperity of this state and of the United States by encouraging emigration from Ireland."

The Hibernians were the successors of the Friendly Sons. They are the only men in the United States who represent them to-day. This society took a prominent part in the recent Centenary of the American Constitution, which was recently celebrated in Philadelphia, on which occasion President Cleveland was their guest.

There is a society, at present existing in New York, entitled "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," which claims to have been instituted in 1784, one year after the independence of America was recognized by the powers. In the preamble to the by-laws of this society, it is stated that "it was for the purpose of assisting the poor and distressed natives of Ireland that the Society of the Friendly Sons was organized. It was instituted in the year 1784, the venerable and respected Daniel McCormick, Esq., being its praiseworthy founder, and for many years its president." Judge Daily, in a speech at New York on the one hundredth anniversary of the society said: "After the Revolution, some members of the Friendly Sons of Philadelphia, together with some members of the Friendly Brothers here, who had given in their adhesion to the American government, reorganized the New York Society under the name, which it now bears, of "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick." We do not know where the learned judge got his information, as the records of the society were (as stated by himself) destroyed by the great fire in New York, 1835.

It is believed as a fact, however, that at one time in New York a

great many Orangemen belonged to it. They were, perhaps, the descendants of the Friendly Brothers who were loyal to King George during the Revolution, and afterwards when beaten, "gave in their adhesion to the American government." This old leaven of admiration for the British has sometimes cropped out at their banquets. When Bull Run Russell, as war correspondent of the *London Times*, arrived in this country during the early days of the Rebellion, he was banqueted by the Friendly Sons of New York, and during a speech said that, though born in Ireland, he considered himself an Englishman, and loyal to the British Crown. This sentiment was applauded by the New York Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and gave rise to considerable comment in the newspapers of the time. Again, at their anniversary banquet, after the inauguration of President Lincoln, his name was omitted from their list of toasts. These circumstances rendered the society unpopular with many; but to-day it ranks among its members some of the most prominent and patriotic Irishmen and Irish-Americans in the Empire City. But they are not the successors of the Revolutionary Philadelphia Friendly Sons.

After the War of the Revolution, though the thirteen states of North America had entered into treaties with foreign powers, none of those nations recognized the existence of a new nation; but the independency and sovereignty of thirteen colonies, each by name, were separately acknowledged. "Each state had its own army," says Beadle, "its own currency and banking system; its own commercial marine; its own system of administration; and, above all, its own systems of customs duties, one state tariffing against another. In short, each state held in itself the complete power of the sword and the purse, and only obeyed the mandates of the Confederation Congress so far and at such time as the state chose. The adverse vote of one state could defeat an important law. The plan was in imitation of that of the United Provinces of the Netherlands in the preceding century; a very poor model indeed, and very badly imitated. The system almost ruined the United Provinces, and was utterly unsuited to a confederation in which the area of a single state was greater than that of the Netherlands."

Down to 1787 there was no Federal Union. The soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution, who had promulgated and defended the Declaration of Independence, and who had brought the war which that Declaration caused to a successful issue, determined to form a Federal Union, which would bind the states in bonds of amity "with hooks of steel." Accordingly, these men met in Philadelphia, and, after days of grave deliberation, gave to their countrymen one of the grandest instruments that was ever identified with liberty, — the American Constitution!

That Constitution was framed at a time when the rest of the world was ruled by aristocratic despotism; when liberty was trampled down and kings, by "divine right" (*sic*) made millions of human beings their slaves. But the men who framed the American Constitution proclaimed that the *people*, not *kings*, were the visible source of all civil power. They brought the isolated states into a federal combination, and guaranteed to every state a republican form of government. They

declared that *slavery* should not exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction; and, furthermore, that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, respectively, or by the people." That constitution cemented all the states together, and made a NATION.

It has stood the test of a century, and is as potent to-day as when first given to the world. Its genius breasted the war of 1812-15, and wrested victory in our Civil War from those who dared to trample on it. No men ever devised a greater guarantee of freedom to the world than its framers. Their Constitution has been translated into every civilized language, and has won the admiration of every thinking man, and the homage of every freeman. It stands side by side with the Declaration of Independence. These two documents are the bulwarks of our liberties. They are the rocks on which our freedom is built. Among those who were instrumental in framing this document were many distinguished Revolutionary Irishmen, — men who had been members of the Philadelphia Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. As they had served their adopted country in war, they did not hesitate, when called on, to serve her in peace. In the list of names attached to the Constitution none is more distinguished than that of Thomas Fitzsimmons. His was the acting spirit of the promulgation of the American Constitution. True, his countrymen, William Paterson, James Wilson, George Read, James McHenry, Daniel Carroll, John Ruteledge, Pierce Butler, and the two Pickneys, went hand in hand with him in carrying the great measure; but Thomas Fitzsimmons was the guiding light.

He was an Irishman by birth; but what spot of Ireland has the honor of his birth, we are unable to determine. Suffice to say that he was an Irishman; and in the exciting times in which he lived, when British bigotry and tyranny were rampant, he bore a prominent part in the counsels of the patriots, and when the time came to take up arms for his adopted country, he was found at the head of his company in the field. With this company he marched from Philadelphia to aid and assist Washington in capturing the Hessians at Trenton. He was indefatigable in his efforts for independence. He was a merchant, a soldier, a counsellor, a statesman, a financier, and was one of the most gifted men of the Revolution. A practical Catholic, a hater of tyranny in any shape, a philosopher, and a patriot, such was the character of Thomas Fitzsimmons, who was instrumental in bringing into being the Constitution of the United States. Though one of the most prominent men of his day, the grave of this Friendly Son is unknown; but millions yet unborn will revere his memory, and pay homage to him as one of the greatest benefactors of America.

As this ends the series of articles concerning the Irish in America previous to, and during the Revolution, we wish to call the attention of two scribblers to the historical facts which they contain. They were called forth by a bigoted writer in the *Boston Transcript*, who was too cowardly to give his name, but who maligned the Irish under the *nom de plume* of "Anglo-Saxon," and one Osborne, who followed in his wake, in the columns of the *North American Review*, with the same

object. Let them digest the facts set forth in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and challenge us to their accuracy, if they think fit. We can adduce hundreds more, and are ready to do it, if called upon; but we don't believe they will, for, in the words of Burns, —

"Facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' cannot be disputed."

New York. WILLIAM COLLINS.

Rothschild's Maxims.

BARON ROTHSCHILD had the following maxims framed and hung up n his banking-house:

Attend carefully to the details of your business;
Be prompt in all things;
Consider well, then decide positively;
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong;
Endure trials patiently;
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully;
Go not into the society of the vicious;
Hold integrity sacred;
Injure not another's reputation or business;
Join hands only with the virtuous;
Keep your mind from evil thoughts;
Lie not for any consideration;
Make few acquaintances;
Never try to appear what you are not;
Observe good manners;
Pay your debts promptly;
Question not the veracity of a friend;
Respect the counsel of your parents;
Sacrifice money rather than principle;
Touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicating drinks;
Use your leisure time for improvement;
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong;
Watch carefully over your passions;
Extend to every one a kindly salutation;
Yield not to discouragements;
Zealously labor for the right;
And success is yours.

OUR Lord revealed to Blessed Angela that there is no good so pleasing to Him as that which is done by force; that is, the good which a resolute will effects and offers Him by working against the weight of the flesh, and the repugnances in the inferior part of the soul, and in spite of sadness, aridity, and interior desolation.

Our Nation's Glory.

AN ode composed for the celebration of the Constitutional celebration by the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia.

UNFURL the banner of the free, the glorious Stripes and Stars,
The triple hues of Liberty emblazoned on its bars, —
Shake forth its folds, — lift up its staff, — and set it, firm and fair,
Upon the heights where Freedom lights her fires of grateful prayer:
For lo! the voices of the winds have borne the winds abroad,
The blessed tidings of a day belov'd of man and God,
When roar of cannon, clang of bells, proclaim unto the earth
That old Columbia proudly hails her CONSTITUTION'S birth,
And keeps, to-night, high festival, in all her halls aglow,
Because of that glad natal day, one hundred years ago!

Fling wide the portals of the Past; — let in the light and breeze
Into the magic store-house of immortal memories!
From out the ashes and the dust of dim, historic days,
The shade of many a hero blest, in living glory, raise, —
And call from out each mould'ring vault, each sunny, grassy grave,
Those giants of a by-gone age, soldiers and sages brave,
Who nobly struggled to secure, to millions yet to be,
The sweetest boon a land can crave, — UNION and LIBERTY!

Pater Patriæ, — bid *him* rise, — illustrious WASHINGTON, —
Franklin and Morris, — Ingersoll, — Randolph and Madison,
Sherman and Ellsworth, — Hamilton, — the Pinkneys of the South,
And last, not least, in council strong, prudent and wise of mouth,
Those loyal sons of Mother Church, those patriots true and grand,
FITZSIMMONS of our Keystone State, — CARROLL of Maryland!
Lo! as they answer to the call — the roll-call of Renown
(While round each brow COLUMBIA twines her amaranth crown),
Their spirit-voices seem to say, beyond Time's murk and mist,
"'Mercy and truth have met' to-day; 'justice and peace have kissed!'"

Blessed be God! The golden seed those gallant heroes cast,
Deep in our country's virgin soil, a hundred summers past,
The smallest of all seeds — the mustard-seed of Liberty, —
Hath taken root and sprouted forth, and grown into a tree,
A tree so vast, its branches spread o'er mountain, hill and plain:
The rustle of its countless leaves makes music o'er the main:
The humblest creature of the field beneath its shade may browse;
And all the nations of the earth take refuge 'neath its boughs!

Here may the exile pitch his tent, — here may the world's oppress'd
Far from the clank of tyrants' chains, in peace and freedom rest:
And north and south, and east and west, by river, lake, and bay, —
In the great cities of our land, — its prairies far away,
There's room for all, there's work for all, — there's honor, wealth, and
fame,

For every honest freeman who would carve himself a name!
Then glory be to God on high, who hath these marvels wrought,
Who, in the councils of the brave, hath blessed each word and thought,
And made our Nation's freedom, type of *that* liberty
Wherewith our Saviour, Christ the Lord, hath made all people free.

High from the censers of our hearts, upon this day of days,
Let the pure incense of our prayers ascend in love and praise —
The perfumes of our grateful souls rise up before the throne
To waft their fragrance through the courts of God's Eternal Son:
And from His sacred, glowing Heart, like heavenly dew, distil
Sweet peace on earth to ev'ry man of good and perfect will!
O ripe September! mellow month: first gem in autumn's crown!
Bright nymph with rounded, laughing face and tresses golden-brown,
Thy 'witching haze is on our streets, — thy fingers, pure and pale,
Around the ancient State House spread thy fleecy, violet veil;
And, as the sunlight of thy smile illumes its hallowed halls,
We seem to see (sweet memory!), within the storied walls,
That conclave of heroic men — the immortal Thirty-Nine.
Who gave our CONSTITUTION birth in the blessed *Auld Lang Syne!*

The open parchment on the desk; the iron standish near;
The ink yet wet upon the quill; no trace of doubt or fear
Upon the noble faces bent in grave and earnest thought
Above the instrument whereby our Nation's life was bought, —
Who, seeing these, shall dare dispute the power of the Lord?
The statesman's pen is mightier than the warrior's blood-stained sword:
And peace may reap from battle plain her harvest's golden yield,
When Cincinnatus swings the scythe across the fertile field!
Long may the genius of our Land within her heart enshrine
The sacred scroll whereon is writ, in characters divine,
The record of her dearest rights, the glorious legacy
Bequeathed her by our valiant sires — UNION and LIBERTY!

Fitzsimmons, Carroll, — love-embalm'd, ah! bid their ashes blest,
Like Egypt's kings, in pyramids of deathless glory rest!
Crowned with the fadeless laurels of a glad and grateful land
Cloth'd with the radiant panoply of fame's immortal band —
Beneath the aloes' flow'ring bloom, beneath our banner bright,
"*The Memory of the Mighty Dead!*" must be our toast to-night;
And, while their virtues and their deeds, heroic and sublime, —
Live in renascent splendor, in the statesmen of our time,
Oh! may their mantle, fluttering down, as did the Saint's of yore,
Fall on COLUMBIA'S gallant sons now and forevermore!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

CATHOLICISM in Spain is not merely the religion of the people; it is their life. — *Lady Herbert.*

True Poetic Feeling Religious.

THE study of nature has been intimately associated with religion in every age of the world. It was a misdirected love of God's beautiful creation which, in great measure, gave birth to the paganism of antiquity; for modern philologists have abundantly proved that the whole scheme of ancient mythology resulted from the personification and idealization of natural phenomena. The gods of Greece and Rome, as well as of the North and the far East, can all be identified in the powers of visible nature; and their marvellous achievements, which have been woven by the poets into such exquisite legends, can all be recognized in the action of day and night, the dawn and the gloaming, and the varied operations of the elements and the seasons. And turning from what is merely human to that which is divine, we find that Sacred Scripture, itself, abounds in passages which associate the majesty and beauty of the created world with the unseen glory of Him who "walketh on the wings of the winds," and "speaketh in the voice of the thunder."

If, to all this, we add the witness of our own emotional impressions when we ourselves are brought into the presence of the great mysteries of nature, — the fierce thunder-storm, or the mighty ocean, or the solemn midnight, — we are forced to acknowledge that between nature and religion there is some strong, connecting tie.

Turn to whatever age or whatever school of poetry we will, the attitude of the poets towards nature is always found to be the reflex of their religious system, and intimately connected with their religious feelings; and in proportion as they are wanting in religious feeling, they are wanting also in the love of nature. All poets are more or less susceptible of the impressions of the natural world. For there never was, and there never could be, a poet who could look with mere indifference on the beauty and majesty of the visible creation, with its ever-shifting scenery of rain and storm and sunshine, and its strange, emotional influences over the human heart.

Not every poet has made nature the theme of his song, for there are other sources of Castalian waters; but still some appreciation of nature has, of necessity, found a place in the heart of all true poets, and a true ear can catch the faint melody of its inspiration running in an undertone through the most martial of their music. But this appreciation of nature, though common to all poets, differs most widely both in degree and in kind. The love, or the admiration, or the reverence, or the sympathy, with which nature is regarded by different poets and different schools of poetry, is as diverse as the hues of her flowers, or the tints of her rainbow. But how it comes to pass that the appreciation of nature by the poets has been so varied, and the attitude of their minds towards the same creation so utterly contradictory, can never be understood unless we take religion into account.

If we trace the many-sided sympathies of man with nature to their true source, we shall find that they all spring originally from religious sentiment, whether true or false; and consequently, to try and sever the poets' study of nature from religious aspirations, is some-

thing like an attempt to sever light from the sun or heat from fire. The whole history of poetry bears abundant testimony to the inseparable union to which we have alluded. Look, in the first instance, at the attitude which is displayed towards nature by the old pagan poets of Greece and Rome. In trying to appreciate this, we must bear in mind that these poets were nurtured in a school whose influences it is difficult at this distance of time to realize. Not only had they scant and erroneous ideas of the physical world and its phenomena, but they were imbued with a religious system in which the beauties and wonders of nature were interwoven with ethical and metaphysical doctrines. No wonder, then, if the prevailing sentiment which colored their poetry, when nature displayed its mysteries before them, appears to have been at first one of almost child-like awe. The early poets were giants in their way; but when they first stood in the awful presence of nature, they seemed like children, awe-struck and bewildered.

Sunrise and sunset, the storm and the thunder, the grandeur of the ocean, and the magic of the moonlit sky, the moaning of the forest, and the murmurs of the mountain stream — all these things passed before them like a gorgeous panorama which they gazed upon and marvelled at, but failed to comprehend. And the result was what might have been expected. Either they fell down and worshipped, idealizing the powers of nature, and imagining "the fire, or the wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the great water, or the sun and moon, to be the gods that rule the world," or else they fell into the opposite extreme, and seeing nothing in nature that was intelligible to them, they gradually degraded it into a mere background for their pictures. The earliest pagan poets,— those, who, so to speak, founded mythology, must evidently have taken the first view; they were *nature worshippers*. But the great classic poets, who lived in more civilized and more critical times, took the second view. Nature was to them beautiful, but unintelligible, and so they restricted themselves to one single source of inspiration, viz., *Man*,— his god-like heroism, his virtue, his weakness, his suffering. The very gods of classic poetry became mere men. Of this Cicero complains: "*Fingebat hæc Homerus, et humana ad deos transferebat, mallem divina ad nos.*" And meanwhile, nature, which they had the privilege of seeing in all its charms, and watching in all its marvellous transfigurations in sunnier climes than ours, became, in their eyes, only a grand theatre on which men and women played out the tragedy of life. The mountain and the forest and the broad ocean were to them nothing but an imposing stage; and the storm and the rain and the sunshine, which chased each other in succession overhead, were but the stage machinery of this awful theatre, guided by dextrous but invisible agency. This is so apparent, that, both in Homer and Virgil, almost every allusion to nature reads like a mere stage direction, elegantly worded perhaps, but only thrown in as a parenthesis. And these two extremes in the attitude of the old pagans towards nature — the extreme of *worship* and the extreme of what we will term in the absence of a better name, *landscape-love*,— is strangely but very accurately reproduced in such of our modern poets as inherit not the mere mannerisms, but the sympathies also of the

ancients. These are sometimes styled the "*neo*-classic poets," but it would be equally correct to term them "*neo* pagans."

Take up Milton for instance. If there ever was a poet who boldly carried the ideas, the sentiments, and we must add the beauties of pagan thought into the sanctuary of Christianity, and robed the sacred figures of angels and archangels, and the very Persons of the Blessed Trinity in garments borrowed from the wardrobe of Olympus, that poet was John Milton. Milton, no doubt, was a "religious-minded man;" but so was Homer, and no impartial reader can fail to see that the religious sympathies of "Paradise Lost" are far more of a piece with those of the "Iliad" than those of the Gospel. His "Eternal Father" is only another Zeus; his "Messiah," in his chariot of flame, with his bow and quiver, flashes on us like another Apollo; his "Satan" is another Prometheus, conquered but not subdued, and his "Archangels ruined" are only the Titans over again under new names. This much by way of apology, if apology be needed, for ranking Milton among pagan poets. And that Milton inherited one of the two pagan views of nature and enlisted it in his service as a mere background for his pictures, is not merely acknowledged by his greatest admirers, but even paraded as one of his leading merits. And if Milton and his followers represent one pagan school, the *landscape-school*, in their attitude towards God's mysterious creation, we have not far to seek for representatives of those more primitive poets, who, as they studied nature, felt a strange spell creep over them at the wonders of the vast universe, and in the words of Scripture, "with their beauty being delighted, took them to be gods." Among the number of these nature worshippers is the brilliant and passionate Shelley. In his poem of "Alastor," he has poured out his tribute of worship to nature with something of the inspiration of a sibyl.

How far Lord Byron and other modern poets belong to the same school as Shelley, we do not stop to inquire. As for Byron himself, all through his poetry he is a brilliant inconsistency,—"all things by turn and nothing long." At times he writes like an utter pagan; at others, by an apparent recoil from his own extravagance, he gives utterance to the highest and purest aspirations of Christianity. But we imagine that any reader who should try to form a consistent opinion of him from the predominant spirit of his poetry without any extraneous aid of biography would set him down as a *giaour* or *corsair*.

Between the two extremes of Milton's mere *landscape-love* and Shelley's *worship*, there is a middle attitude of mind towards the glorious universe around us, which is the result of a just knowledge of the relationship of visible nature to God, on the one hand, and to man, on the other.

Nature is not without mysteries. To some men, indeed, nothing is probable unless it appeals to their own trumpery experience. Yet there are more things on earth and in heaven than are dreamt of in most men's philosophy. And if this is true of the physical side of nature, it is no less so of the æsthetic side. To rank nature as a divinity is a gross falsehood; yet there are no falsehoods in the world that do not cover up and usurp the place of some truths which the

resemble; and it may be laid down as an axiom, that though an error may be crushed, it can never be genuinely confuted without uncovering the sacred truth which lies hidden at its centre. If men, therefore, have been found to worship nature, depend upon it, there is something more mysterious in "earth, ocean, air, — beloved brotherhood," than matter-of fact men may choose to believe. A chain of reasoning which has resulted in a false conclusion, may yet have started from a true principle; and its total failure may be due to ignorance or misconception, which has introduced one false link somewhere in the chain. And this will abundantly account for the false conclusion, whereby, from the mystery and grandeur of nature, it has come to be worshipped as God. To the old Greeks and Romans, nature was necessarily a beautiful enigma. Its origin, its plan, its destiny, were as obscure as the processes of its action, or the laws of its motion.

The winds obeyed one master, and the ocean another, while the thunderbolt was the prerogative of a third. Thus there was no unity in creation. The fixed stars, changeless in their relative positions, and the planets that moved among them "in mystic dance," were self-existent and eternal fires, or deities that presided over man, or the mysterious fountains of human life. That nature was, in some sense, at war with man, that it lacked something which was needed for its perfection, was evident at a glance. Poets sighed for a better age, in which nature should be reconciled to man. But this derangement of nature, this discord in the universal harmony of things, was only another mystery to them. And as it had no explanation, so it had no meaning. Thus nature was to them a sealed book, of which they saw the bare outside, the mere binding so to speak, and it was beautiful; but to open it, and to turn its pages, and to study it, and to love it with a sympathizing love because they felt the meaning of its teaching, was beyond them. But Christianity has poured a flood of light upon all things. It has opened out to view new fields of knowledge, lit up the dark windings of many labyrinths, and shed its clear light on the dark side of many mysteries. And one of the mysteries on which this light has fallen is nature. What the learning of Egypt, and the patient watchfulness of the Chaldean, and the keen intelligence of the Greek failed to fathom, this new light had made manifest to the world. We know now certain truths connected with the visible creation, which, to the ages of pagan antiquity, were thoroughly unknown and unsuspected; and these truths, when once known, explain abundantly the strange charm which its beauties work upon the mind of man. That there is some strange charm which needs explanation, we must all confess.

We must all have been conscious at times of that strange mixture of sadness and awe which steals upon us in the presence of the calm ocean, or the still midnight, or the summer twilight, like "the unspoken language of another world," — which makes us feel an actual sympathy with the great universe which surrounds us, and yet we know not how, nor why. Let us see what Christianity has taught us about nature to solve this world-old riddle. Christianity has taught us *two* truths. It has taught us in the first instance that the visible world is a mirror in which faintly, it is true, but faithfully — is reflected the image of the

Creator, — His unity, His immensity, His beauty. And Christianity has told us further that the visible creation has been linked into a strangely intimate union with man by Him who created both; so intimate, indeed, that nature has even participated in the fall of man. Moreover, visible nature still participates in the mysterious punishment of man's transgression, and is waiting to be transfigured, and to regain its perfection, when regenerated man shall regain his.

St. Paul, who has left so few points of Christian doctrine unhandled, has clearly touched upon each of these two mysteries. That the visible creation is, in some sort, a mirror of God's majesty, he tells us in so many words. For, speaking of the Almighty's manifestation of Himself to man, he has these words: "His eternal power and Godhead, though they be invisible, yet are seen ever since the world was made, being understood by His works, that they [His enemies] might have no excuse." And on the second and more startling doctrine, — that of the union of nature with man in a brotherhood of punishment, of hope, and of future restoration, a union which unconsciously weaves the tenderest ties of sympathy between sinful man and suffering nature, St. Paul is equally explicit. "The longing of the creation," he says, "looks eagerly for the time when the glory of the sons of God shall be revealed. For the creation also was made subject to decay, not by its own will, but because of Him who subjected it thereto in hope: for the creation itself also shall be delivered from its slavery unto death, and shall gain the freedom of the sons of God when they are glorified. For we know that the whole creation is groaning together, and suffering the pangs of labor which have not yet brought forth the birth."

On this remarkable passage, St. Chrysostom comments as follows: "What is meant by this, 'The creature is made subject to vanity'? It means that it has become corruptible. And why? On account of thee, O man! for thou hast assumed a body subject to death and pain, and the earth has received a curse and brought forth briers. But you may exclaim, 'What? Is the earth cursed and rendered corruptible on my account?' Yes, truly; yet for all that it is not [permanently] injured, for on thy account also it shall hereafter be rendered incorruptible once more. This is the meaning of those words 'in hope.'" Here then we see laid bare before us by Christianity the two secret springs of that solemn influence which nature exerts over man, and which causes the true poet's heart, "ever to beat in mystic sympathy with nature's ebb and flow." The true poet is not a mere "builder of lofty rhyme," one skilled to enchant the ear with the "linked sweetness" of harmonious words, or to weave strange legends into harmonious verse. Nor is he a mere word-painter of physical nature. He has an office and a mission far higher and more sublime. The true poet is one whose thoughts are deeper than his fellow-men's, and the yearnings and aspirations of whose heart are keener and more divine; one, too, who can force into human words, an echo, at least, of *some* of the deep harmonies which make music in the depths of his own soul. We say of *some*, for *all* thoughts have not words corresponding to them; many of them in our imperfectly developed nature can never express themselves in acts,

but must lie, appreciable by God only, like the silent melodies of a musician's heart, never to roll forth from harp or organ. The poets, in the words of an earnest writer, are a kindred race with the prophets, "whose lips the cherubim have touched with fire from the altar."

If this is not a true description; if the poet is a mere teller of quaint tales and dreamer of strange dreams; if he is really and truly nothing better than the "idle singer of an empty day," then away with him! Let Plato's advice be followed, and banish him from our republic. But, in reality, every age has seen the connection between poetry and religion, and has recognized the sacred office of the poets. Cicero, after Ennius, calls them *holy*, and says that they are among men as the special gift of the gods. In a late publication, an Oxford professor of poetry has done full justice to the high source of their inspiration. "Different," he says, "as are the forms which, at different times, poetry has put on, they seem, for the most part, to be derived from one single source, — that dissatisfaction, I mean, with what is present and close at hand, which is one of nature's silent promises to the heart, one *stimulus* to the advancement of our race, one evidence of the abiding greatness of man. Even when the poet plunges headlong into lower elements, and profanes his genius by investing frivolous or forbidden pleasures with his draperies of beauty and grace, it is but an angry recoil from the pressure of the Infinite, — the 'desire of the moth for the star,' driven back upon itself, and maddened by its bitter disappointment." Naturally, therefore, we connect poetry with religion. And when we take into account the two great revelations which the Christian religion has made to us concerning the visible world, we naturally expect to find that the attitude of Christian poetry towards nature may be summed up in two words, — reverence and sympathy: — reverence, because in nature, the God of nature is dimly visible; and sympathy, because there are such intimate bonds of fellowship between nature and ourselves. And we venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that *a priori* expectation is fully realized in those poets whom neither the influences of an extinct paganism, nor the still stronger influences of an existing infidelity, have carried aside out of the grand high-road of truth. Nay, even in some of the songs of paganism, we fancy that we can catch the low tones of instinctive sympathy and reverence, faintly heard amid the loud and sometimes discordant notes of wilder music. We might point, perhaps, to that beautiful passage in Homer, in which the fall of the autumn leaves forces on the poet the thought of that decay which is common to ourselves and them; or, to those many passages in which Horace's sensitive mind broods sadly over the same thoughts. But in these poets such passages are the exception; in Christian poets, the rule. And the office of the Christian poet in his relation to nature does not stop here; it extends even further still. For all men, in fact, when gazing on the beauties and terrors of nature, are sensible, at times, of those deep emotions which Christianity enables us to recognize as instinctive reverence and instinctive sympathy. The true Christian poet has a sublime mission. He is the prophet of nature. He stands between nature and his fellow-men as of old the heaven-sent prophets stood between God and His people. The true

Christian poet has received the mystic power to decipher the characters which the divine hand of God has inscribed upon His beautiful universe. It is the mission of the true Christian poet to teach his fellow-men "to look through nature up to nature's God."

Burlington, N. J. Ad. by Rev. P. A. Treacy.

A Grand Celebration.

The shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, about twenty-six miles below Quebec, Canada, on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, was recently the scene of an imposing and very remarkable demonstration. According to previous announcement, Cardinal Taschereau, in accordance with an authorization from the Sovereign Pontiff, solemnly crowned the new statue of St. Anne. A number of sick and afflicted people, for the most part helpless little boys, had thrown themselves, or been carried in the way of the statue, and implored the saint for relief. The scene was a touching one to all who witnessed it, the eagerness and longing displayed on the countenances of the earnest applicants moving many to tears, even amongst the members of the clergy. There were probably no fewer than ten thousand people present at the ceremony. Several boats with pilgrims left the city at an early hour, and the steamer *Canada* brought down an immense number from Montreal. The steamer *Bienvenue*, upon which the cardinal and bishops took passage, was handsomely decorated, and so was the landing place at Ste. Anne, while the road to the church was spanned with arches, etc. Besides Cardinal Taschereau there were present the Archbishop of Ottawa, the Bishops of Rimouski, Sherbrooke, Chicoutimi, St. Hyacinthe, Nicolet and Pontiac, Mgr. Bosse, Mgr. Letourneau, Mgr. Legare, Mgr. Tetu, Mgr. Marois, Grand-Vicars Langevin, of Rimouski, Marechal, of Montreal, Gelinas, of Nicolet, and some two hundred members of the clergy. The large church was crowded to suffocation, and was yet unable to contain anything like the whole of those who sought admission. Sermons were preached, in English, by Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, and, in French, by Bishop Racine, of Sherbrooke. At the conclusion of the Mass the ceremony of the coronation of the statue took place, and, in consequence of the inability of the church to hold anything like the entire congregation, was performed on a raised platform erected for the purpose outside the entrance. The golden crowns were then presented to his Eminence, who in the observance of due precedence, took first the smaller one and laid it upon the head of the juvenile Virgin Mary, immediately thereafter laying the larger crown upon the head of St. Anne. As the act of coronation was performed by Cardinal Taschereau, guns were fired, bells were rung, and the brass bands clanged out their most joyous music. Then a solemn "Te Deum" was sung in the open air, in which most of the vast assemblage joined.

The Terrible Crime of Self-Destruction.

SUICIDE is one of those crimes which seem to be gaining victims more rapidly in recent years than in former ages of the world, when mankind was more religious, even though what we call "civilization" was not as much "advanced," as men claim it is in this latter end of the nineteenth century. Nor is the commission of this horrible crime against God confined to non-Catholics as in former times; but the epidemic of suicide seems to have ensnared for its victims even some unfortunate creatures who call themselves Catholics, but whose crime of self-murder not only gives the lie to all their religious professions, but also cuts them off from the Church, her Sacraments, her burial rites, and her prayers for the faithful departed.

Long before the advent of Christianity, suicide was condemned by the voice of some of the most erudite men among the Pagan philosophers, and by them it was asserted that the self-murderer was consigned to a special place of punishment after death, where his eternal torments were to be extraordinarily severe. Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, Pythagoras, and their disciples, condemned suicide and taught that this life is only the introductory era to an eternal existence, and that the man who thus took his life was a coward.

One of the Commandments given by Almighty God to Moses on Mount Sinai plainly says: "*Thou shalt not kill.*" Commenting on this command, Lactantious asks: "If he who kills a man is a villain and a wretch because he takes away the life of a man, how can he who takes away his own life be innocent, since it is a man that he puts to death? His crime, on the contrary, is so much the greater, as he escapes from human law. As it was not by our own will we came into this world, so we ought not to leave it but by order of God, Who placed us in it."

Debreyne, an eminent member of the Faculty of Paris, and a priest of the Order of La Trappe, published a work some thirty years ago on suicide in which he declares it to be "*the greatest of crimes*," in consequence of the enormity which it demonstrates by usurping the special prerogative of Divine Providence, and bringing to an end a life that God gave for his own wise purposes. The self-murderer thus oversteps the bounds which a wise Creator has ordained from the beginning, and thus he treats with contempt the Supreme Author of life and of death. Moreover, the unfortunate suicide rebels directly against God by refusing to accept the Eternal Will in his regard. To all the days of man's life God has allotted duties which every Christian conscience is instructed to respect. Hence, the man who shortens his days, thereby personally defeats the designs of Almighty God's wisdom and mercy in his behalf, and thus perpetrates a crime which cries to Heaven for vengeance!

Together with being a crime against God, against religion, and against nature, suicide is also a crime against society. Man owes not only duties to God and himself, but he also owes certain duties to his fellow-man and the world. "The suicide," says the celebrated French

savant, Flotté, "deprives society of a member who would otherwise be useful through a proper employment of his God-given existence."

But it is not writers in the Christian Church alone, who have condemned suicide since the days of our Blessed Redeemer. Even the impious J. J. Rousseau, with all atheistic principles, denounced suicide with this forcible illustration: "You would wish to be done with life," says this modern philosopher; "but I should like to know whether you have begun it. What! were you placed on the earth to do nothing? Does Heaven not impose with life a tax to be fulfilled? If you have finished your appointed portion, rest for the remainder of the day — you may do so; but let us see your work. What answer have you ready for the Supreme Judge, Who will call you to account for your time? Wretch! find me the just man who has boasted of having lived long enough, and I will teach him how he should have borne his life to have a right to lay it down.

"You are weary of life, and say life is an evil. Sooner or later you shall be comforted, and shall say, life is good. You will speak more truthfully, but you will not have reasoned more correctly, for nothing will have changed but yourself. Change then from to-day, and since it is in the perverse disposition of your soul that everything is an evil, correct your irregular affections, and do not burn your house to save yourself the trouble of putting it in order.

"Suicide is a shameful and clandestine death. It is a theft from the human race. Before you leave men, repay them for what they have done for you. 'But I care for nothing, I am useless to the world.' One day's philosophy! Are you not aware that you cannot make a single step on the earth without finding some duty to fulfil, and that every man is useful to humanity by the very fact that he exists?

"Senseless youth! if there is yet left in your heart the least sentiment of virtue, come and I will show you how to love life. Every time that you are tempted to quit it, say within yourself, *I must do one good action more before I die.* Then look about for some needy person to help, some unhappy person to console, some injured person to defend. If this consideration holds you back to-day, it will hold you back to-morrow, the day after to-morrow, your whole life. If it does not hold you back — then die, for you are a monster!"

All the modern laws of Europe, and even the Koran, condemn suicide. The laws of Athens ordained that the hand of a suicide should be separated from the body and burned separately. At Thebes the body was burned with infamy, and the ashes scattered to the winds, so as to wipe out all recollection of the shameful cowardice of the suicide.

The unfortunate self-slayer closes forever against his own soul the gates of God's mercy. Even a murderer may, by some special grace or providential circumstance, be granted time to repent of his sin and make his peace with an offended Judge. But there is no such reservation of mercy for the suicide, whose soul rushes into the presence of its Creator reeking with the blood of self-murder upon it. For him there is no redemption. He has lowered himself beneath the beast of the field, and he has brought upon himself the heaviest penalties that can be inflicted by an outraged and offended God!

Finally all Catholics should constantly and earnestly pray against *temptation* every day. The devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and when the enemy of man's soul discovers an individual whom temporal losses, affliction, sickness, or any of the trials of life, have engulfed in *despair*, then it is that the fiend whispers into the ear of the despairing mortal the self-destroying word — "suicide." Catholics should also bear in mind that we are placed on earth by Almighty God to carry our Cross up Calvary's heights with Him, so that as we are with Him at the holocaust of Good Friday, so also we may be with Him in His resurrection. As His sentinels it is both cowardice and treason to quit our post without an order from the Godhead General Who has placed us at it. Prayer, therefore, is one of the most potent preservations man can use against just such *temptations* as Satan presents to all who are in sin, and who seek to end their earthly career by commencing an eternity of excruciating torment. As the poet well says:

> "It is better to bear the ills we have
> Than fly to those we know not of."

No man who lived up to his Catholic faith, and retained his senses, ever yet committed suicide. Many such victims are partially insane, and in such cases, of course, the avenging sword of God's wrath does not cut the chain of his mercy. But when men in their senses commit this horrid sin, there should be no palliation for their crime; there should be no respect shown for their remains; but they should be treated with that contumely which they bring upon themselves by flying in the face of God and giving bad example to their neighbors. Those who know God's laws, and knowingly disobey them, become the willing tools of Satan, and he uses them in order to increase the number of subjects with which sin has filled the dark dungeons of his infernal dominions.

The Monitor, San Francisco, Cal.

Feminine Purity.

THE *Boston Herald* administers a timely rebuke to a speaker, a woman, who said at a suffrage meeting that few girls would be found able to withstand temptation when they saw other girls promoted in business, well dressed and provided for, as the wages of sin. "All this talk," says the *Herald*, "about the impossibility of feminine purity of soul holding its own against the fascinations of superior bonnets, etc., is absolutely pernicious," adding: — "Bonnets and gowns never introduced the idea of chastity into the world, and never secured any new recruits for it. The chastest women on the face of this globe are the poor Irish women in their island home — women living on potatoes, and who go bareheaded all their lives. Chastity is a sacred sentiment with them. It is the pearl of great price, it is salvation, it is that the loss of which is worse than death to them. They love it as the soldier loves his regimental flag, and when it is threatened, every loyal force within their nature leaps to the defence, eager to the defence, eager to die for it rather than let it be trailed in the dust."

A Christmas Incident.

"O power of life and death
In the tongue! as the preacher saith."

MR. BASIL ANDREW paused in writing and held his pen suspended, his breath also slightly in suspense, as he contemplated his subject anew. He had been reviewing a theological work just published; but his thoughts had developed as he dwelt on them, and were no longer a plan, but the torso of a plan.

He sat like one in a trance while the new idea grew; grew slowly, almost painfully, seeming to find scant room in his brain, albeit his brows were wide. Touches from the utmost limits of his nature and his experience shaped and modified it: the swell of feeling with the ray of intellect that ruled its tide; vague emotions, and vaguer speculations, in whose mists sparks of truth were dissipated, from whose sudden meeting had sometimes sprung the electric flash of intelligence; aspirations that had climbed their Jacob's ladder, reason fixing the rounds till the climbers took wings, and dazzled her with their transfigured faces; fragments of knowledge hard and sharp-edged; stray conclusions finding their premises, and stray premises their conclusions (mallet and handle for blows), all working the shape, till there it stood in his brain, the perfect form of truth.

One instant he contemplated it with rapture, while it glowed alive under his gaze; the next, he looked outward and perceived its relations with the world. As he did so, a wave of color swept over his face; and, heart failing, that form was no longer to him a living truth, but the statue of a truth.

"I might have known," he muttered, flinging his pen aside; "for me, at least, 'all roads lead to Rome.'"

With that flush still upon his face, he rolled up the unfinished manuscript, and deliberately laid it on the coals that burned redly in the grate, where it quivered like a sentient thing. One might fancy that the thoughts just warm from his brain still retained some clinging sensation, telling where their rest had been, as, stepping ashore, for awhile, we continue to hear the motion of the sea on which we have been tossing. Then the edges of the leaves blackened, slender fingers of flame stole over them, opened them out, drew rustling leaf from leaf, scorching them, till one sentence started out vivid as lightning on a cloud, that sentence on which he paused, finding it not a conclusion, but an indication. Then a strong draught caught the yet quivering cinders and carried them up the chimney.

"There they go in a swirl, like Dante's ghosts," he thought; and turned away to look out into the north-eastern storm, that, having brushed the bloom from a crimson sunrising, was now, at afternoon, rushing in power over the city. The air was thick with snow, through which, far aloft, dark objects occasionally sailed with the wind, — witches probably. Passers struggled in wind and drift, and the houses seemed not sure of their footing, and had a forlorn and smothered

aspect. But Mr. Andrew perceived with satisfaction that the house in which he dwelt maintained its dignified dowager port, and that, if ever a feathery drift presumed to alight on the doorsteps, an obsequious little flirt of wind skurried round a corner and whisked it off.

While he stood there, the door of the room opened for the first time in three hours, and Miss Madeleine, Mrs. Hayward's niece, came in with a book in her hand. He watched her as she crossed the room without noticing him, and when she had seated herself at another window, he breathed out, "How sweet is solitude!" speaking in one of those cloudy, golden voices, such a voice as might have swept over the chords of David's harp when David sang.

The lady looked up, brightening for an instant as though shone upon. Then she opened her book, and Mr. Andrew returned to his table and read also. And there was silence for another hour.

Mr. Basil Andrew was in person rather superb, tall till he bent slightly with a languid grace, which also hung about his motions and his speech. But when he was excited, these mists were scorched up. Then he grew erect as a palm-tree, the not large but beautifully shaped eyes flashed out their crystalline blue, and delicate lines trembled or hardened in mouth and nostril. Then, too, it appeared that those tones of his could ring as well as melt. If it be true that

"Soul is the form, and doth the body make,"

the philosophical reader may be able to guess the shape of his nose and chin. Lavater would have pronounced favorably concerning his intellect from seeing only that significant inch across the brows. In color he was white and flaxen-haired, but had some indefinable glow about him, like a pale object seen in a warm light.

Mr. Andrew, at thirty-five years of age, found himself in that pause of life, which, in natures too well poised for violent reaction, comes between the disgust of unsatisfying pursuit and the adoption of higher aims, or the disdainful and half-despairing resumption of the former life. He awaited the inspiring circumstance which should waft him hither or thither, or perhaps for his soul to gather itself and make its own will the mind's will, whichever might be more potential. Pending this afflatus, interior or exterior, he rested upon life

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Madeleine was a well enough young woman, baptized into the Church, but from an early age subjected to Protestant influences, oscillating between the two, never very conspicuously Catholic, except when the faith was assailed, then "*plus Arabe que l'Arabie;*" at other times following out Protestantism to its ultimate pantheism. She had a dimly remembered father and mother somewhere in church suffering or triumphant, and occasionally, when life seemed to her unstable, she sent out a little prayer for or to them, a prayer too weak to find olive-leaves. This young woman was not without power; but it escaped in reverie and dreaming; what she meant to do was so vividly imagined

that she rested th re as on accomplished work. Too impetuous and flimsily ambitious to think with profit, her mind was encumbered with fragments of thought, often with a sparkle in them, like the broken snow-crystals she now dropped her book to watch. In fine, her outer life was a purposeless stupor, her inner life one of Carlyle's "enchanted nightmares" in miniature.

As the clock struck four, Mr. Andrew closed his book and approached his companion.

"I have been reading Thoreau's description of autumn woods," she said, "and I feel all colored. I am steeped in crimson and purple and amber and rich tawny browns. My eyes are violet, and my hair is golden."

"Your hair is brown, and your eyes are gray," was the matter-of-fact reply, it being Mr. Andrew's opinion that the girl's mind needed ballast.

"What book have you there?" she asked, settling into place.

"Oh," just aware he still held it, "it is Father de Ravignan's *Society and Institute of the Jesuits* — very good if one desires information on the subject. Moreover, one is charmed to learn that Père de Ravignan, himself a Jesuit, has been a magistrate and a man of his time; also, that he is still a man, and, *par excellence*, a Frenchman. The good Father becomes a little Hugoish and staccato when he refers to himself."

Since she still waited, watching him with eager, imperative eyes, he went on: "You know the story of the Florentine and Genoese, who wished to compliment each other: 'If I were not a Genoese, I should wish to be a Florentine,' said one. 'And I,' said the other, 'if I were not a Florentine, should wish to be —' 'A Genoese' suggested the other. 'No, a Florentine!' So, if I were not a free thinker, I should wish to be —"

"A Catholic!" the girl broke in. "Don't deny. You already tire of your Theodore Parker, whose intellect was to him what astronomers call a crown of aberration. You have but to look at the church, and faith is easy! 'How beautiful are thy steps, O prince's daughter!'"

"Very pretty, but not very conclusive," was the cool comment. "You once said to me, 'Epithets are not arguments.' Allow me to retort that apostrophes are not arguments. By the way, how impossible it is to calculate on where you may be found, except that it is sure to be in *issimo*. The arc of your motion takes in both poles."

Madeleine relapsed again immediately, and with a somewhat weary expression. At the same moment the door opened wide, and Mrs. Hayward entered, producing the effect of being preceded by a band of music. This lady of fifty was ample, rustling, and complacent, and being lymphatic, was called dignified. If, on being left a widow in straitened circumstances, and finding herself obliged to take a few boarders, Mrs. Hayward had felt any sense of diminishing social lustre, no one had perceived it. "They pay my housekeeping expenses," she said, serenely; and immediately that seemed the end of their being.

There is something imposing in the suave conceit of such persons. Possessing themselves so completely, they also possess those who ap-

proach them, abashing larger and more slowly ripening natures. Names respectfully pronounced by them become at once names of consequence, and trivial incidents by them related swell into significant events. If they are something, then I am nothing, is the thought with which we approach them; and the fact that they are something seems so clear, the mortifying conclusion becomes inevitable.

After this lady followed Mrs. Blake, obviously the wife of Mr. Blake, also the mother of an uproarious boy of six years who accompanied her, and who was, at this moment, quieted by the possession of an enormous cake he was devouring.

"Oh, the cherub!" cried Miss Madeleine, wickedly. "That child has genius. See, he eats his cake in the epical manner, beginning in the middle. Little pocket edition of his papa! Only," in an aside to her aunt, "I hope they haven't stereotyped him. And here comes his papa now."

A bang of the street-door, and enter Mr. Blake, rubbing his hands, and quoting,

> "'It is not that my lot is low,
> That bids the silent tear to flow,'

it is the cold. No, my son; no kiss now. Sydney Smith says that there is no affection beyond seventy or below twenty degrees Fahrenheit. Wait till I rise to the paternal temperature."

Mr. Blake was assistant editor of a second-class magazine, considered himself literary, and had a way of saying "we scibblers" to Mr. Andrew, which made that gentleman stiffen slightly. While the one entertained the ladies with an account of the immense amount of literary labor performed by him since breakfast, the other looked from the window and absently watched the wild wind curb itself to edge off the crest of a drift, curling it over like the petal of a tuberose, but more thinly hanging wavering flake to flake, daintily and airily touching the frail crystals.

"Oh, there's to be a great Christmas at your cathedral to-morrow!" Mr. Blake said to Madeleine, as they went out to dinner. "Bassoon's going to sing, and Kohn's orchestra to play. It will be worth seeing and hearing, especially at five o'clock. I mean to go if I can wake. And you?"

"Yes," Madeleine said, glancing at Mr. Andrew, who nodded acquiescence.

"'*Similia similibus curantur*,'" he thought. "I'll go and get cured."

"They really do things of that sort well at the cathedral," said Mrs. Hayward, patronizingly, seeming to pat a personified cathedral on the head, as she softly touched the table with her plump white hand.

Madeleine groaned inwardly. "Mr. Andrew," she said, "what should put me in mind of the frog that tried to swell to the size of an ox?" Mr. Andrew found himself unable to guess.

"But wouldn't it have been odd," she pursued, with the air of a philosophical child, "if the frog had succeeded, and had swelled to the

size of an ox?" Mr. Andrew admitted that it would have been a phenomenon.

"But," she concluded, with an air of infantile *naïveté*, "it wouldn't have been anything but a great frog, would it?"

"My dear, what are you talking about?" said her aunt. "Pray eat your dinner."

"Christmas Eve is a fast day of obligation," says Madeleine.

A little raising of three pairs of eyebrows fanned the flame. This young woman had a tongue of her own, and while the others dined she entertained them with a theological discourse, which, if not always logical, had some telling points, and which certainly did not assist the digestion of her hearers. They sat with very red faces, choking a little, but trying to appear indifferent.

"Do people take bitters with their dinner?" asked Mr. Andrew, at length. "I should think it would spoil the taste."

"I must say, Madeleine," Mrs. Hayward interposed, "that, considering you address Protestants, and that we are all friends of yours, you show very little regard for our feelings."

The best thing that could have been said. Madeleine melted at once.

"Oh, auntie," she cried penitently, "it is not that I love Cæsar less, but Rome more! I own that it is you who have shown the Christian spirit; and reminded me that centuries ago to-night, the angels sang, 'Peace on earth!' I'm going to banish myself in disgrace to the drawing-room. Rest you merry!"

Going, she saw that all out-doors was suffused with a soft rose-color, a blush so tender and evanescent that it seemed everywhere but where the eye rested. "The sky side of this storm is all a sea of fire," she thought, throwing up the window, and drawing in a delicious breath of mingled sunshine, west wind, and frost. "How the clouds melt!

> "'And the winds and sunbeams,
> With their convex gleams,
> Build up the blue dome of the air.'"

Coming in later, the others found her sitting at the piano in the amethystine twilight, and singing a faint and far-away sounding *Gloria*. "Hush!" said Mr. Blake, pausing on the threshold, "the evening stars have begun, that the morning stars may know. See them all of a tremor on that sky!"

Listening to those strains of threaded silver, Mr. Andrew sat looking into the twilight through which the grander constellations burned with outlines unblurred by the lesser stars. There was Orion, erect, with his girdle of worlds; Taurus, with starred horns lowered; Canis Major, witnessed to by the liquid brilliance of Sirius, matchless in shifting hue; Leo, just coming out of the East, his great paw resting on the ecliptic; —all those hieroglyphs of fire in which God has written his autograph upon the heavens.

"What a pretty myth it was," he thought, "that of the morning stars singing together; and that other of the star of Bethlehem!" He half wished he could believe those things, they saved so much weary thought,

so much maddening speculation. Sometimes, while straining to grasp at extraordinary knowledge, he had felt as though falling from a giddy height into outer darkness, and had drawn back shuddering, eager to catch at some homely fact for support. He smiled now mockingly to himself. "Perhaps the stars did sing. Like a child, I'm going to make believe they did, and that one 'hand-maid lamp' did attend the birth of Jesus." It was easier to believe anything while he listened to that *Gloria.* For, disregarded as Madeleine might be at other times, when she sang she was regnant. Her voice was magnetic enough to draw the links from any man's logic.

Ceasing, she called Mr. and Mrs. Blake to the piano, and the three sang Milton's Hymn on the Nativity. It is astonishing how magnificently some small-souled persons do contrive to sing, expressing sentiments which they must be totally incapable of experiencing. Mrs. Blake sung a superb contralto, and the three perfect voices struck fire from one listener's heart as they beat the emphatic rhythm of that majestical measure.

All but Miss Madeleine went to bed early. She kept vigil, and was to call them. They seemed scarcely to have slept when they heard her voice ring up the stairs in the muezzin-call which she christianized for the occasion, being in no mood to call Mohammed a prophet:

> "Great is the Lord! Great is the Lord!
> I bear witness that there is no God but the Lord!
> I bear witness that *Jesus* is the *Son* of God!
> Come unto prayer — come unto happiness —
> Great is the Lord! Great is the Lord!
> There is no God but the Lord!
> Prayer is better than sleep — prayer is better than sleep!"

As the last word died upon the air, every foot touched the floor, and in half an hour the party had gathered as wild as witches. Mr. Andrew came down grumbling. "Cannot we hear music and see candles without getting out of bed for the purpose at such unearthly hours? I had just gone to sleep, and was in Elysium. Miss Madeleine, why should you say that prayer is better than sleep? We are not going to pray; we are going to hear demi-semi-quavers, and Mr. Bassoon's C in the deeps. I'll go to bed again."

"Possibly we may pray, Mr. Andrew," she said in a low tone. "I have been thinking to-night, and it seems to me that God had a Son, and that he will come down this morning and stand in the midst of the candles."

A Catholic, unless a convert, can scarcely understand the emotions of a stranger who enters a church for the first time on one of our great festivals. That "cool, silver shock" must be taken from another element. Our party stepped from the dim and frosty starlight into an illumination more dazzling than daylight, into a warmth that was fragrant with flowers, into a crowd where every face had a smile dissolved in it. And over all waved a sparkling tissue of violin music from the orchestra.

"By George!" was Mr. Blake's only audible comment.

"It is like the Arabian Nights!" exclaimed his wife.

"Turns up the mastodon strata in them," whispered Mr. Andrew to the lady on his arm.

They were shown to seats, and sat watching the steadily increasing crowd, and the altar that was a pyramid of fire. The worshippers were, of course, various: ragged Irishwomen, whose faith invested them with better than cloth of gold: rich ladies, sweeping in velvets and sables, but with thoughts of better things in their faces; ambitious working girls, finer than their mistresses. A pretty young w man came into the bench in front of our party, her face beautifully arranged to represent modesty and sweetness. She cast a glance behind at her audience, than sank upon her knees and beat her breast with one hand, while she arranged her bonnet-strings with the other. This performance at an end, she faced about and closely scanned the gallery, turning again and again till those behind her began to feel annoyed.

"I do wish he'd come!" said Madeleine impatiently.

"He has come," whispered Mr. Andrew, as the young woman suddenly turned towards the altar, and began a series of languishing attitudes and prostrations, all her *répertoire* of theatrical devotion.

A grand-looking man next attracted their attention, walking past with the unmistakable sailor roll. His head was erect, and his massive shoulders looked fit for Atlas burdens; but the clear, blue eyes were gentle, and his face was full of a beautiful solemnity and reverence. As he walked, the long, tawny beard flowing down his breast waved slightly.

Madeleine gave Mr. Andrew's arm a delighted squeeze, and whispered,—

"'With many a tempest had his beard been shake.'

Fancy him on the ship's deck, in mid-ocean, in darkness and storm, beaten by the wind, drenched with spray, lightnings blazing and thunders crashing about him, shouting to the men to cut the mast away!"

Here the organ and choir broke forth in glad acclaim, and the procession came winding in from the sacristy. Cloth of gold and cloth of silver, lace and fine linen and crimson and purple all combined, gave the effect of a many jewelled band coiled about the sanctuary.

Attending alternately to the altar and the choir, Mr. Andrew tried to believe it all a vain pageant; but thoughts will enter, though the doors be shut. What a stupendous thing, he thought, if the Real Presence were true; if, as this girl said, God had a Son, and He should come down this morning and stand in the midst of the candles! For one instant he was dazzled and confounded by the possibility; and next, he recoiled from it.

"*Gloria in excelsis*," sang the choir with organ and orchestra in many an involved and thrilling strain, a pure melody springing up here and there from the midst, voice and instrument meeting and parting, catching the tone from each other, swelling till the vaulted roof of the cathedral rang, fading again, drooping away one after another, till there was left but a many-toned sigh of instruments, and one voice hanging far aloft, with a silvery flutter, upon a trill, like a humming-bird, sucking

the sweetness from that flower of sound. A pause of palpitating silence, then an amen that set swinging the myrtle vines hanging over the St. Cecilia in front of the organ, and made the pennons of blue and scarlet, that hung about the altar, wave on their standards.

Contrary to custom, there was to be a sermon at that Mass, and, as the preacher ascended the pulpit, Mr. Andrew said to himself: "If Christ was the son of God, He is on that altar; and if He is there, I wish He would speak to me by this man." He hoped to hear an argument to prove the Divinity of Christ, not aware that his reason had already been pampered with such, until it had grown insolent. The speaker, however, handled his subject quite otherwise. Assuming that Divinity, he took for his theme, "What thoughts should fill the mind, what sentiments dilate the heart," on the Feast of the Nativity? Calling up before them, then, in a few words, a picture of that scene at once so humble and so marvellous, and pointing to the mysterious Babe, he boldly announced on the threshold of his discourse the difficulties connected with the dogma for which he demanded their homage:

"This Babe is a creature like you and me: this Babe is the Creator of all contingent being. This Babe is just born; this Babe is from all eternity. This Babe is contained in the manger; this Babe pervades all space. It suffers: hear its cries! It enjoys bliss beyond power of augmentation. It is poor: see the swaddling clothes! To it belong the treasures of the universe. Here present are husband and wife; yet I am required to believe that the Holy Spirit overshadowed her, a virgin conceived, a virgin bore a Son." Not Ulysses' arrow flew through the rings with surer, swifter aim, than these words through the winding doubts that had bound that listener's heart. It was too sublime not to be true! Almost the triumphant paradox — I believe because it is impossible — broke from his lips. The human mind was incapable of inventing a falsity so glorious.

In that tumult of feeling he lost what came next; but, listening again, heard: "If I must bow down and worship, I elect Him as the object of my adoration Whose dwelling is in light inaccessible, Who is inscrutable in His nature, and incomprehensible in His works."

"Amen!" said Basil Andrew.

"A virgin conceived, a virgin bore a Son," repeated itself again and again in his thoughts. All the singing of voices and the playing of instruments were because of that; all the splendor of the Festival, the gathering of the crowd in the midst of the winter night, were for that. "O sweetest and most glorious mother in all the universe!" he thought, bowing where it is, perhaps, most difficult for a convert to render homage.

Clouds are unsubstantial things for anything but rainbows to stand on, and even they find but vanishing foothold. Had this delight warmed Basil Andrew's imagination only, it would have faded with the moment; but thought and study had done their part, and this uprising of the heart was Pygmalion's kiss to his statue. The feeling with which he turned to leave the cathedral was one of thankful content with perfected work.

Pausing in the porch for the crowd to pass, he looked back with a tender fear toward the altar.

Poor Madeleine's religion was iris and the cloud. She had known well what was going on in her companion's mind, and, as she stood waiting with him, a text went sighing through her memory like a sighing wind. "*I say unto you that the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation yielding the fruits thereof.*" While she, a child of the Church, had given it a fitful obedience more insulting than consistent disregard, this man had toiled every step of the way from a far-off heresy, and, passing by her as she loitered outside, had walked into the very penetralia.

She stood looking gloomily out into the morning that was one cloudless glow of pale gold.

"The air has crystallized since we came in," she said, "and we are shut inside a great gem, like flies in amber. We will have to stay here forever."

He bent a smiling face toward her as they went out into the morning, and said softly: "How beautiful are thy steps, O Prince's daughter! You were right, Madeleine!"

M. A. TINCKER, in *Merry England.*

The Rich Glutton and Lazarus.

"THERE was a certain rich man, who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and feasted sumptuously every day." (Luke xvi. 19.) Observe the vices which follow in the train of riches, pride in dress, riot in feasting, and contempt of the poor. Divest yourself then of every desire of riches; "for they who would become rich fall into temptation and into the snare of the Devil." (1 Tim. vi. 9.)

"The rich man died, and was buried in hell." How wretched a termination of a life so agreeable! Such, however, is the general case of those whose riches are only employed in procuring pleasures. "They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment they go down to hell." (Job xxi. 13.) Ponder the torments of this once rich man; instead of purple and silk, he is invested with flames; instead of delicious fare, he is tormented with intolerable thirst; he who contemned the poor man is now, in his turn, contemned by him; he who denied the crumbs of his table, is now refused a drop of water. Thus God's punishments are proportionate to our offences. "The mighty," says the Wise Man, "shall be mightily tormented." (Wis. vi. 7.)

Consider the just judgments of God. The rich man is not heard in his torments, because he refused to be merciful to the poor during the short day of his prosperity. Therefore, when he begged for a drop of cold water, he was answered: "Remember that thou didst receive good things in thy lifetime." As if it were unlawful to receive good things here and there too. And so it is, "for they who will live piously in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." (2 Tim. iii. 12.) Do not, therefore, be too fond of prosperity in this life, lest you lose eternal happiness in the next. "For through many tribulations, we must enter into the kingdom of God." (Acts xiv. 21.)

Monument to the Memory of Father Mathew.

GRAND MORAL DEMONSTRATION:—FATHER CONATY'S ORATION.

OCTOBER 10 was a memorable day in the city of Salem. Never in its history has it seen such a demonstration. Work of nearly every kind was suspended and crowds thronged the streets. The laborer left his work and donned his Sunday clothes. His wife forgot that it was washing day, and the scrub-board and tub remained in their accustomed places. The baby was not forgotten. It appeared dressed in its spotless white raiment, with a still whiter cap adorning its little head. The pretty girls of Salem bedecked themselves in their silks and satins, and made of the day a grand event, only such as the "girls" are capable of making. They turned out in numbers that would be hard to estimate.

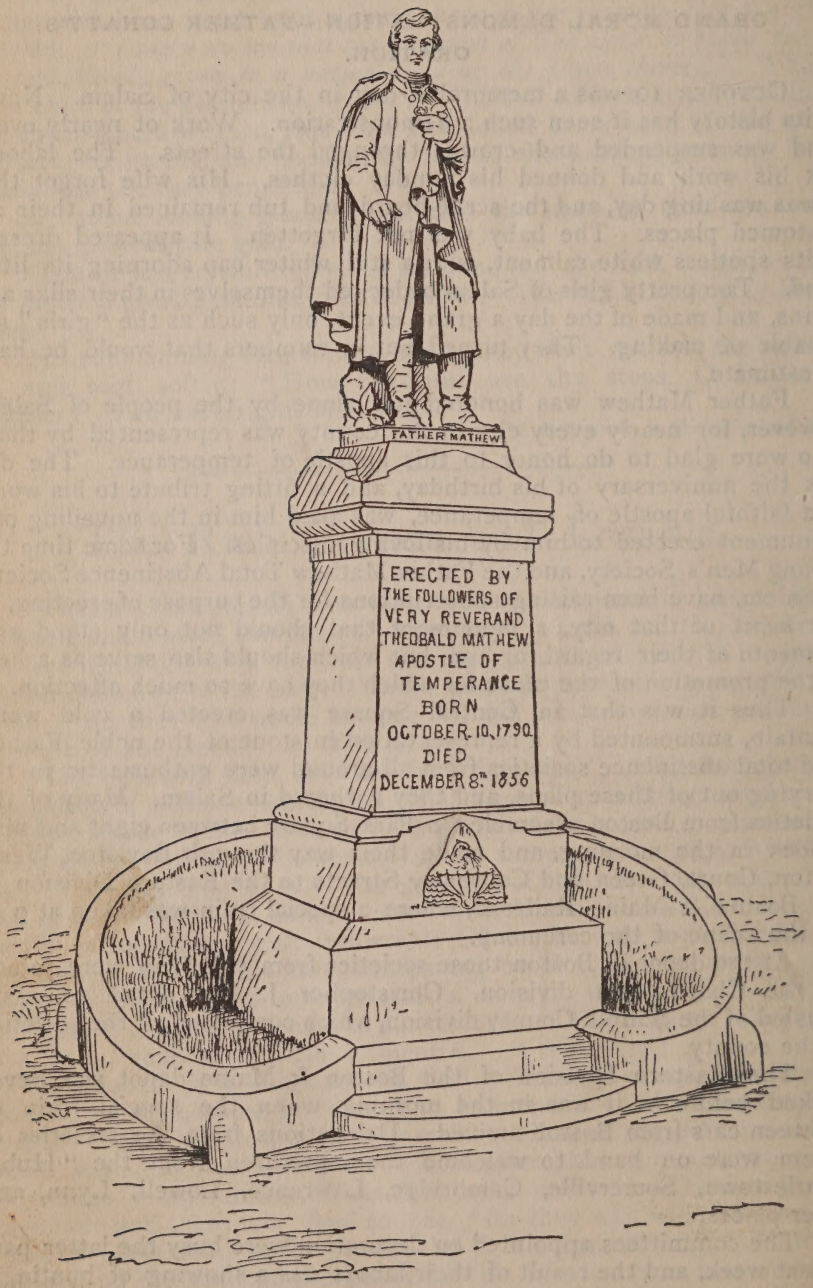
Father Mathew was honored not alone by the people of Salem, however, for nearly every city in the county was represented by those who were glad to do honor to this apostle of temperance. The day was the anniversary of his birthday, and a fitting tribute to his work, as a faithful apostle of temperance, was paid him in the unveiling of a monument erected to him by his loving disciples. For some time the Young Men's Society, and the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, of Salem, have been raising subscriptions for the purpose of erecting, in the heart of that city, a monument that should not only stand as a memento of their regard for him, but which should also serve as a help in the promotion of the cause for which they have so much affection.

Thus it was that in Central Square was erected a cold water fountain, surmounted by a representation in stone of the noble Father. The total abstinence societies from all around were enthusiastic in the carrying out of these plans, and they gathered in Salem. Many of the societies from Boston assembled in Park Square between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and made their way through Boylston, Washington, Court, Green and Causeway Streets to the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, where a special train was taken at 9.45 for the scene of the ceremony.

At the depot in Boston those societies from the Hub were joined by the Charlestown division. Christopher J. Fay acted as chief marshal of the Suffolk County division, which comprises all the societies of the county.

The Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine depot was never packed before as it was in the morning when the special train of eighteen cars from Boston arrived. Delegations from the societies of Salem were on hand to welcome their brethren from the "Hub," Charlestown, Somerville, Cambridge, Lawrence, Lowell, Lynn, and other places.

The committees appointed on decoration were busy the latter part of last week, and the result of their labors was a showing of buntings, flags, festoons, draperies, and streamers, such as is only beheld on a day of great celebration. Residences, stores and business places of


FATHER MATHEW
ERECTED BY
THE FOLLOWERS OF
VERY REVERAND
THEOBALD MATHEW
APOSTLE OF
TEMPERANCE
BORN
OCTOBER 10 1790
DIED
DECEMBER 8th 1856

all kinds were beautifully adorned with the green flag of the Emerald Isle and the stars and stripes.

The front of Phœnix building, at the rear of the monument, was a literal mass of decorations, and beautifully placed in the folds of buntings and flags were the portraits of eminent men, among them those of George Washington, and Very Rev. Theobald Mathew; a banner over the stars and stripes had the words, "Welcome," and "Father Mathew T. A. Society;" a large banner bore the inscription, "Welcome our Guests."

It was a day for temperance societies, and it was a temperance day also. The saloons were all closed, and in the throngs of thousands no one was seen under the influence of intoxicants.

When the guests arrived at Salem the societies of that city were on hand to receive them.

At Somerville the Father Mathews of East Cambridge, St. Joseph of Somerville, St. Malachi of Arlington and the St. Paul of Cambridge had boarded the train.

The Cambridge, the East Cambridge, the Arlington and Medford societies, before boarding the train, massed at Union Square, where they passed in review before Rev. Father McGrath, and were then escorted by the Somerville society to the Eastern Railroad where they took the train. The train arrived in Salem at 10.35. The procession proceeded at once to Washington Square, where a union line of all the societies was made up.

The order observed in the formation of the line was as follows:

Platoon of police, under Marshal Hart.
Chief marshal, Frederick Wilson.
Chief of staff, John J. Hartigan.
Staff, John J. Kenneally, W. B. O'Keefe, M. A. Dodd, Edwin O. Foster, G. Fitzgerald, P. Guinivan of Beverly, J. J. McKeever, D. O'Leary, W. Crouse, J. J. Ruth, M. Barry of Danvers, Green of Lynn.

FIRST DIVISION.

Boston Cadet band, 25 pieces.
Young Men's C. T. Society of Salem, 200 men, escorting Essex County C. T. A. Union.
Henfield division S. of T.
Golden Dawn division, S. of T.
Bethesda division, S. of T.
Minnehaha Lodge, I. O. G. T.
Essex County, C. T. A. Union, James Lane, marshal.
Band.
Father Mathew T. A. S. of Lawrence, 250 men.
Lynn brass band.
Father Mathew T. C. Society of Lynn, 200 men.
Drum corps.
C. T. A. Society of Danvers, 50 men.
Drum corps.
Young Men's C. T. Society of Beverly, 40 men.
Lynn Cadet band.
St. Mary's Society of Lynn, 125 men.
Salem brass band.
St. John's T. A. Society, Peabody, 50 men.
Drum corps.
Father Mathew T. A. Society, Peabody, 40 men.
Young Men's C. T. Society, Marblehead, 40 men.
Drum corps.
Young Men's Society, Lawrence, 50 men.
Invited guests and city government, and school committee in carriages.

SECOND DIVISION.

Division marshal, B. J. Healy, Natick.
Aids, John B. Tivnan, C. A. Daley, W. F. Mulchany, William F. Danahy and others.
Salem Cadet band, 24 pieces.
Father Mathew T. A. Society, Salem, 100 men escorting C. T. A. Union of Boston.
Middlesex county delegates, County Marshal John J. Byron.
SS. Peter and Paul's Societies, Cambridge.
Father Mathew, East Cambridge.
C. T. A. S., Arlington.
St. Stephen, South Framingham.
St. John's and Young Men's, Waltham.
St. Mary's, Malden.
St. Alphonsus, Rockland.
St. Patrick, Stoneham.
Lowell division — Marshal, P. J. Ryan.
Aids, J. Bowers, Dr. W. J. Kelly, T. Reynolds, P. Conners, J. Nevins, M. Sexton.
First Regiment drum corps, 45 pieces.
Mathew Temperance Institute, 250 men, James Bresnahan, marshal.
Aids, C. F. Gallagher, A. Conway, J. Young, J. Gallagher.
Burke Temperance Institute, marshal, John Watson, 200 men.
St. Peter's Society, marshal, Richard Walsh.
Aids, B. Delaney, J. Noonan, 50.
Immaculate Conception; marshal J. McCusker.
Aids, P. McCarty, J. Doherty.
Suffolk county division; marshal C. J. Fay.
Cathedral Society, 100 men.
St. James Y. M.
St. Stephen's.
St. Valentine's.
St. Joseph, Boston.
Father Mathew, South Boston.
St. Francis de Sales, Charlestown.

The route of march was around the Common to Brown Street, then through Church and Washington Streets to the City Hall, where the city government reviewed the parade; thence through Essex, Summer, Chestnut, Flint, Warren, Essex,

Boston, to the "big tree;" countermarch, Federal, Dean, Essex, Union, Peabody, Harbor, Lafayette; countermarch at Leach, Lafayette, Monument, or Central Square.

A beautiful banner carried in the first division attracted the attention of many. It was carried in the rear of Baldwin's Cadet band, and bore, on one side, the inscription, "Presented to the Y. M. C. T. S. by their lady friends, 1887." The other side bore a beautiful design of the monument and the words, "Dedicated Oct. 10, 1887."

Plaudits were frequent and enthusiastic all along the line of procession. Cheers were given, handkerchiefs waved, and hands clapped until all gathered around the scene of dedication where interesting exercises took place. The monument is one of the best samples of architectural beauty in Salem.

The manner in which the movement was procured is well worth mentioning. Some years ago Mr. John J. Horgan, of Cambridgeport, procured from Cork, Ire., photographs and paintings of the famous temperance advocate and expounder of temperance, Rev. Theobald Mathew, and had the work made life size of the finest Italian marble by an artist who has shown, in this undertaking, an ability to produce a statue equal to any public statue to be found in this community. Mr. Horgan had it made in the honor of the man it represents, for the good work he has done in the interests of suffering humanity. Not that it was needed to remind the world of his labors, for his memory does not cease to exist, but is still green, and has spread until it is now known all over the civilized world wherever temperance is respected. Wishing to have the statue placed in a prominent position, Mr. Horgan inserted a notice in the newspapers stating that he would present it to a society that would procure a pedestal at an expense not less than $1,000. The Salem temperance societies were quick to appreciate the offer and accepted it, and the city government of Salem, granted the work a location in one of the principal squares of that city.

Considerable opposition was met at first in regard to granting a location for the statue; but, happily for the societies, a committee of the city government went to Cambridge, saw the statue, and, without further delay, allotted a site for its location. When this had been granted, the donor commenced the work of building a suitable pedestal, which comprises a ground base, sub base, centre piece and finely moulded projecting cap, on which rests the statue. The pedestal is nine feet high, of clear, light blue granite, from an Augusta, Me., quarry, owned and operated for the past three years by Mr. Horgan. Granite has been extensively used of late in monumental work instead of marble, and the color blends excellently with the material of the statue, Italian marble. The centre stone bears the following inscription.

Erected by the followers of Rev.
THEOBALD MATHEW,
Apostle of Temperance.
Born October 10, 1790.
Died December 8, 1856.

Immediately beneath the above epitaph, on the upper base, is an eagle's head over a semi-circular bowl, into which will flow a stream of Salem's purest beverage — water. The foundation is so arranged that pipes are set to give a supply of water and also carry off the waste. Around the monument is a fine hammered curbstone, circular in form, with two low platforms leading to the water bowl. The space between this point and the monument will be neatly sodded.

A few minutes before two o'clock the procession arrived at Central Square, having been *en route* for nearly three hours. After leaving Washington Square, where the line was formed, the procession passed in front of City Hall, and was reviewed by His Honor, Mayor John M. Raymond, and the invited guests. The number in the parade was estimated to be three thousand. The Mayor was presented with a beautiful bouquet by Miss Flinn, a student in the parochial school of Salem.

As the carriages drove through the square the following guests alighted, and took seats on the platform erected at the side of the monument: Very Rev. W. Byrne, V.G., Boston; Revs. T. A. Metcalf, South Boston; Thomas Griffin, Worcester; J. J. McCoy, Westboro; P. J. Gallagan, Fitchburg; P. A. McKenna, Marlboro; Hugh Roe O'Donnell, East Boston; Revs. John J. Gray, D. J. Collins, John F. Kelliher, Thomas Tobin, P. B. McManus, Messrs. Arey, Gracey, Bishop, Beane, Israel, Wilson, Packard, all of Salem; James Fallon, Peabody; W. Maynes and James Riley, Salem.

Then the different divisions filed into the square, society by society, and arranged themselves around inside the

ropes. The walks and windows, doors and roofs surrounding the square were literally packed with throngs of Salemites, who patiently awaited the beginning of the ceremonies.

At 2 30 p. m., William F. Cass, the chairman of the committee on arrangements, arose, and with a nod signalled the unveiling of the monument. Turning to the Mayor he said:

YOUR HONOR — A short time ago a committee representing the Y. M. C. T. Society of Salem, and F. M. C. T. A. societies, also of Salem, appeared before you and the honorable Board of Aldermen and City Council, and petitioned that they might be allowed to erect on some public square in Salem a monument to the cause of temperance, and to the commemoration of the life work of the apostle of temperance, Father Mathew. After a careful consideration, the importance of the movement being recognized by you, the location where we now stand was offered by you and gratefully accepted by the monument committee. To-day we meet here with our task completed, and I have the honor, Mr. Mayor, representing the societies interested, to present to the city of Salem, through you, as its representative, this tribute to the cause of total abstinence and the memory of the greatest and purest of temperance advocates, the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew.

Mayor Raymond Said in Reply:

MR. CHAIRMAN — In receiving from you, as the representative of the temperance societies that have had this work in charge, this deed conveying to the city of Salem this beautiful monument and statue of Father Mathew, I accept it in the name and in behalf of our city, in grateful acknowledgment of the service you have rendered, and as a sacred trust to all future generations.

As a work of art, it stands in this public square an adornment to our city and a pleasure to all beholders thereof, and in which our citizens may take just pride. But if it were simply a conception of the artist, living only in the creative imagination of the sculptor, an ideal only of the heroic and noble, the inspiration of this hour would be lost. These multitudes that throng our streets, the imposing and inspiring procession that has moved before us in grand array, these decorations of glorious colors, these waving banners borne high, the sublime strains of triumphal music, would be but the remembrance of a day, and the gratification of the senses in the pleasure of the hour.

It is, however, more than a work of art; more than a glorious conception; more than a beauteous image.

This monument which we dedicate to-day commemorates a life that was real, noble, grand, heroic; one that lived and moved among us in our century and age. A life, though born into being on the shores of a distant land, left its impress and the influence of its master spirit and mighty work here and everywhere on the whole race of man. Such a life the civilized world justly claims as its own.

Theobald Mathew, in his consecrated mission among men, knew no country, no home, no race. The world was his country; in the habitations of the poor and the rich alike, redeemed from the vices of intemperance and folly, he found his home, and all mankind were the objects of his love and his tender ministrations. He knew neither kindred nor stranger, but gave to all the helping hand of that power which in him seemed almost divine, and led them to lives of sobriety and usefulness. For this we honor him and reverence his memory to-day, and enshrine in our hearts those virtues that he has left to us "for the healing of a nation."

That this statue should find a home here seems eminently fit and proper, — here where in life Father Mathew had been the recipient of the most affectionate attention and distinguished consideration, and where, too, he had labored.

C. R. Gannon, president of the Y. M. C. T. A. Society of Salem, then introduced as the orator of the day the Rev. Father Conaty, of Worcester. The reverend clergyman was heartily greeted. He spoke as follows:

Rev. Father Conaty's Address.

A writer has said that the names and memories of great men are the dowry of a nation. Her government may be overthrown, the chains of slavery may hold her limbs, nationhood may be torn away from her — despite that, all this sacred inheritance remains. Heroes are the salt of the earth in death as well as in life. What they once did their descendants have still and always a right to do after them, and their example lives in their country, a continual stimulant and encouragement for him who has the soul to adopt it. Carlyle has said that "universal history is at bottom but the history of great men."

National life dates its periods from them; they influence the ages in which they live; they stamp their character upon them. Augustus, Leo X., Washington, O'Connell, Lincoln, are names characterizing centuries. Men arise and with an idea mould the entire thought of a nation. It is natural to revere great ideas when there is a man behind them. It is natural for the human heart to pay tribute to deeds of greatness and renown. The soldier, who, on the field of battle, saves the liberties of his country; the statesman, who, in the councils of state, moulds the laws which preserve these liberties; the scholar, who, by the brilliancy of genius, shapes the thought and learning of the people — all these deserve the lasting gratitude of men; and they speak from the canvas, and in the sculptured stone and marble. Valor is the test of manhood. It is born of noble purpose; is nourished by sacrifice, and finds its highest motive in God and in humanity. He who serves man best, who saves and elevates him,

Is the Most Valiant.

Heroism is not greatest on the battle-field where martial lines, trumpet notes, and clang of battle, urge men to deeds of daring. Heroism is greatest in the battle of manhood and principle, for truth and right, where heart acts on heart, and human sympathy spurs to action. To-day you have such heroism and proclaim the greatest of such a hero in the immortal Father Mathew. Neither soldier nor statesman, but a man filled with noble purpose, recognizing the sufferings of humanity; seeing the chains more galling than those on limbs of slave, he answered the call of manhood to emancipate, to elevate, and to save; a man with an idea which he impresses on his age; who stands forth before the world as a benefactor, a regenerator, and a savior of human kind. To recall his memory, to recite the leading points of his life, to draw practical lessons from his work, this is our task to-day. Born at Thomastown, near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, Oct. 10, 1790, Theobald Mathew offered in early life little that was remarkable. His character toward his playmates, his kindness to dumb animals, his evenness of temper, gave evidence of the benevolence of after life, and of sympathy for human suffering.

Developing an inclination for the ecclesiastical state, he is found in 1807 on the benches of the great College of Maynooth. Shortly afterwards he entered the Capuchin Friars, and was destined to become one of their shining lights. In 1814 he was ordained priest, and exercised his ministry immediately in Kilkenny, where he labored earnestly and faithfully among the poor, attracting all hearts to him by his benevolent disposition and great charity. We find him soon afterwards removed to Cork, working zealously in the friary made famous by the great Father O'Leary. Suffice to say that he was truly a man of God, laboring as the faithful priest among the poor. Anxious to educate his people he opened an industrial school,

And Taught it Himself.

His great sincerity was the secret of his eloquence, and his preaching won the highest praise. For years he was one of the governors of the house of industry in Cork, where the poor wrecks of society found a home; there he saw misery and ruin, and traced it all to intemperance; and his heart went to relieve society, and his people, of this evil. In 1835, a temperance movement began in Cork under the direction of Protestant gentlemen, among whom William Martin, the Quaker, was a prominent figure. They differed in religion from the great bulk of the population, and their doctrine was strange: hence we are not surprised to find the movement making little headway. William Martin, recognizing in Father Mathew a man of the people and a leader of the people, appealed to him again and again to enter the lists and battle for temperance. Father Mathew saw the evils around him among the rich and poor; he saw happiness banished from many a home, and ruin and dishonor fall on many a youth; he saw the Irish character, with its destiny for great deeds, almost completely shattered by intemperance. He saw the idol demanding the adoration of the people, and he asked himself the questions: Could religion avail? Was there a remedy in the total abstinence pledge? Would the habits, customs and associations of the Irish permit a man to rise up and destroy them? Vast interests were at stake, large capital was invested in the traffic. All were weighed in the balance with manhood, and manhood finally drove him to draw the sword against them. In April, 1838, he called a meeting in his little school-house, and appeared for the first time as the advocate of the pledge. There did he utter those memorable words, "Here goes in the name of God," words destined to electrify the world and lead millions captive.

The sixty names given at the first meeting were increased in nine months to one hundred and fifty-six thousand. From all parts of Ireland pilgrims came to Cork to see Father Mathew, to take the pledge from, and to be blessed by him. Limerick, Waterford, Dublin, and the Protestant North received him as a conqueror, signed his pledge, wore his medals, and formed an army of temperate men such as

The World Has Never Seen Before.

In 1842 he went to Scotland, in 1843 to England, and the same enthusiastic success met him everywhere. His health failing, rest was ordered. Difficulties arose, as difficulties will come in the pathway of all reform. The famine, which makes men sad with even the thoughts of its horrors, devastated the country and broke the courage of the great leaders of the people. O'Connell, recognizing the elements of strength for his repeal movement from the temperance body, himself entered its ranks. The famine broke his heart, and buried for a time the aspirations of the people. America had opened its hospitable home to the oppressed and starving peasantry of Ireland. Father Mathew saw the Irish in this land of freedom, with character and intellect inferior to none, in the presence of gifts and honors free to all. He saw the fiend that destroyed their character at home already destroying their character abroad. He learned of the inroads that intemperance was making among them, and despite entreaties and threats — despite certain death by reason of his health — he set out for America in June, 1849. New York received him with enthusiasm, the governor of Massachusetts, the great men of the state, irrespective of race and religion, welcomed him to Boston. Salem opened its arms to receive him, every town in the state did him honor, and thousands of men, Catholic and Protestant, knelt at his feet, took the pledge, and wore his medal. The abolitionists who strove to utilize him for their party against slavery found that he had one idea, and that, the abolition of the slavery of intemperance. He hated the slavery of the black man, and had so expressed himself in Ireland with O'Connell; but he hated still more the slavery of drink, which enchained white and black alike. His well-known opinion on slavery drew upon him from the South in certain quarters, and even in Congress, the disapproval of prominent statesmen, but he was determined to allow no shade of politics to enter into his temperance movement. In spite of this opposition he was honored in Congress, and Cass, Clay, and Seward eulogized his glorious deeds in the interest of humanity. He traversed the United States, visiting over twenty-five states, administering the pledge in over three hundred cities and towns, carrying with him on his return a scroll bearing the names of over six hundred thousand men pledged to total abstinence. His work was done, and he returned to Ireland in 1851, shattered in health, but full of honors from a grateful humanity. He died Oct. 8, 1856. His country and the world met his death with regret. His God

Met it with Reward Everlasting.

Peter the hermit, describing the wretchedness of the yoke of infidels, aroused Europe to gird on the sword and rescue the holy places. Father Mathew, a humble religious, takes up the cross and preaches another crusade, lifts up reproach from a nation, and removes destitution. Dr. Channing said of Father Mathew: "History records no revolution like this: it is the great work of the present day. Father Mathew, the leader of this moral revolution, ranks far above heroes and statesmen of our times.' Thackeray said there is nothing remarkable in Father Mathew's manner except that he is exceedingly simple, hearty, and manly, his knowledge of the people prodigious, and their confidence in him great. The desire to do every one good is the key-note to his success. Smith O'Brien said: "Whether he be canonized or not, I am disposed to regard him as an apostle, who was specially deputed by the Almighty and invested with powers almost miraculous. To none of the ordinary operations of human agency can I ascribe the success which attended his efforts to repress one of the besetting sins of the Irish nation." Like another Howard, he was a benefactor to men in misery.

The characteristics of his life were benevolence, self-sacrifice and disinterestedness; in one word, his life was charity. Like the great Master, whose minister he was, he went about doing good; he crystallized the Christian idea of self-denial. He found humanity by the roadside suffering, and, like a good Samaritan, he set to work to relieve its wants. He found one of its great diseases to be drunkenness, from which pauperism and crime sprang, and his benevolence led him to

labor to diminish these evils by striking at them in their source, which is intemperance. This was his mission, and this the idea of his life. How well he fulfilled his mission whole nations have attested; how strongly he impressed his idea upon his age your presence here today, thirty-seven years after his visit to this city, loudly proclaims.

All honor to the Washingtons and Lincolns, who have made America the land of freedom! All honor to the Sarsfields, the Emmets, the O'Connells, and the Parnells, who have made Irish nationality worth striving for! But greater honor to Father Mathew who has labored to make men truly free by teaching the lesson of Christ, that true manhood is in self-control, true valor in battling against passion and appetite, and true freedom in freedom from vice. May we learn the lesson well, and may we labor to make men better, by practising from motives of religion and of manhood, the

Great Principles of Total Abstinence.

Father Mathew never advocated that total abstinence is all the religion a man needs, nor that the pledge is a charm guaranteeing against all temptation. He simply preached that the pledge is nothing more than the act of a Christian resolving against a predominant fault, neccessary to those who have fallen into abuse, useful to those exposed to its dangers, and an act of sacrifice to those who were not exposed to the sin, and yet who united to save their weaker brethren.

This is sound Catholic theology, which the great Manning and our own episcopacy in solemn council have approved. He asserted, as our Total Abstinence Union asserts, that the evil is not in drink but in drunkenness. Recognizing the truth that all things in nature are made for man's use, and consequently good in themselves, he condemned no man for using these goods; but, noting the ruin which results from abuse, he warned men of the danger even in the use.

Father Mathew is dead; but his spirit still lives, his pure life still lives. His name is immortal; the patriot will ever utter it to bless it, and the lover of humanity to cherish it as the memory of the truest hero of the race. He has gone, but he has bequeathed to us, his children, a precious legacy; he has confided to us his followers, his work, and asked us to carry it out to completion. The struggle which he withstood we must withstand. To-day, as in the days of Father Mathew, intemperance is a crying evil; it is still ravaging our people; it is still one of the greatest scourges to society, and the duty of every man, who loves his fellowmen, who loves himself, is to raise his voice and arm against it. Its evils meet us at every step of our progress. There is no need here for details. We each have a memory which will suggest harrowing scenes, depicting in language far more eloquent than words, the necessity of united action to save society. If all men were temperate it is true we would not need total abstinence, but such is not the case, and while we must not set ourselves up as censors of public morals, and add precepts which God has not imposed by inveighing against the use of liquors, still we must recognize the use of liquors as the approximate occasion of ruin by abuse for a great portion of our people. We must recognize for such an obligation to abstain from it as from association with a fiend; for others the obligation of good example and edification necessary in order to help in the salvation of so many victims. Yet it is for us to battle against it, for as Cardinal Manning has said, "the liquor curse

Is Gaining on Us.

It will destroy us unless we destroy it." Intemperance is written in letters of blood on the door of many a home; intemperance is stamped on many a brow where intellect had once its seat; intemperance stands as a fiend over many a grave where the hopes of a family lie blasted; intemperance blights our youth, destroys our families, disgraces old age; intemperance is the wail from out our jails, our reformatories, our poor-houses and our asylums. Something must be done. We have intellect to cultivate, a country to serve, a destiny to carry out, souls to save. Where will we look for the means? In the memory of the apostle, whose birthday we celebrate to-day, one grand means is offered. In united, concerted action lies success. Guided by faith, strengthened and sustained by religion, with one idea in view — the glory of God, the salvation of our race, the destruction of intemperance — the pledge of Father Mathew is our weapon. Labor, then, in the temperance cause with this end in view; be faithful to the promise you have made; have one motive in all your actions — the promotion of the glory of God. Do not forget society has in its midst evils as great as intemperance; but none so tangible, none so flagrant, none so

fraught with ruin to many. Let union be our strength; let character be the band which will unite us; let us love temperance. 'Tis an old virtue, old as Christianity itself. Let us encircle it with its sister cardinal virtues; let us advocate temperance, but always with prudence, employing only means dictated by prudent judgment and avoiding fanaticism; let us advocate temperance but always with justice, remembering every man has individual rights which we must respect, appealing never to force but always to entreaty and conviction; let us advocate temperance, but above all things with fortitude, this being the virtue we need. We will meet with difficulties; we must expect taunts, encounter temptations, numerous and violent. Let us always possess fortitude; let our mind and will always be strong. Take then, upon you the banner of total abstinence; stand firm under it; fear no man; carry out your principles, based on your religion; be strict in your duties; frequent the sacraments. Then will you be good children of Father Mathew; then will you deserve well of men and God; then will you always be true men, with minds unclouded and wills untramelled. Let not politics enter your discussions as temperance societies. Your hope is in your religion; your strength in morality. In closing, let me offer you as a souvenir of our feast, as the lesson of the day, this sentiment: "Pride in our apostle, love for his principles, courage to faithfully advocate them and fearlessly practise them."

Loud and prolonged applause greeted the orator, followed by three cheers and tigers for Father Conaty and "the cause of temperance."

The Pope and His Authority.

THE *London Economist*, an influential non-Catholic paper, says: "Nothing is better worth notice in the history of to-day than the determined way in which Leo XIII. asserts his right of ultimate decision in spite of local opinion, or the success with which he is gathering sovereign authority within the Church into his own hands. Though more moderate as regards secular powers than Pius IX., and little inclined to fanatic, extreme courses, the present Pope asserts the headship of his chair in the management of the Catholic Church with an unflinching vigor, unsurpassed by any of his predecessors. No pope in any age ever overrode the great body of local opinion with more decision than the Pope did in supporting Prince Bismarck's bill. He openly compelled a great party, organized to defend Catholicity in Germany, to yield to his commands, and dealt with the Emperor above their heads. He had previously done the same thing in France and Spain, where he commanded the clergy to cease from opposing the government merely on account of its liberalism, and to accept any administration, if only it would be impartial towards the Church. His great contest in India with the Portuguese Patriarch is, in truth, though not in form, a contest with localism, and a resumption of a sovereign right of the Holy See against a prescription which has now endured for more than three hundred years. He is doing the same thing in America, though in this case he has the sympathy of the local prelates.

SINCE the Heart of our Lord has no more loving law than meekness, humility, and charity, we must firmly maintain these dear virtues in us.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Montgomery Guards Riot—1837.

PART II.

THE PRESS SEVERE ON THE BIGOTED MOBS—MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS INFECTED WITH THE MEAN SPIRIT—PROCLAMATION OF GOVERNOR EVERETT.

THE intelligent, the educated, the genuinely American portion of the community was indignant at the unwarranted attack upon their fellow-citizens, who were organized, uniformed, and armed in accordance with the laws of the Commonwealth, and as a militia company had paraded in obedience to the commands of the duly constitued military authority. The press, with much spirit, and with great unanimity, condemned and deplored the outrageous violation of the laws on the part of many who were looked upon as the defenders of law rather than its violators. So we find the *Post*, *Atlas*, *Transcript*, *Advertiser*, and *Courier*, of those days, rallying to the defence of the Montgomery Guards. After the lapse of fifty years, the following quotation from the *Post* of Sept. 13, 1837, found in its files, will be read with more than passing interest.

From POST *Wednesday, Sept.* 13, 1837.

"The Review yesterday passed off remarkably well, and the troops looked elegantly. Their evolutions in the afternoon evinced a discipline and knowledge of military tactics highly creditable to the officers and men, and afforded much pleasure to a large number of spectators. An occurrence in the morning tended somewhat to mar the harmony of the occasion. Some prejudice has been expressed by several of the Light Infantry Companies against a new corps called the 'Montgomery Guards,' composed of naturalized citizens and the descendants of foreigners, and the consequence was, that immediately after marching on to the parade ground in the morning, the privates and non-commissioned officers of the Washington Light Infantry, City Guards, and Lafayette Guards, and a large portion of the Fusileers and Mechanic Riflemen, left the field in violation of orders, and did not return. We deeply regret this act of insubordination, as setting a bad example, and derogatory to the character of good disciplinarians. We think the prejudice against the Guards is founded on erroneous impressions, and is one which should not be allowed to exist among intelligent freemen. The story that the Guards are composed principally of Irishmen is incorrect, as thirty-two out of the forty members are native-born citizens, and eight only are naturalized Irishmen, we are informed. But even if they were all naturalized citizens, we cannot perceive why they should be treated with scorn, while their organization is in strict conformance with our laws, and *their deportment unexceptionable.* WASHINGTON did not object to fighting for LIBERTY with LAFAYETTE, DE KALB, STEUBEN, and an illustrious host of foreigners who poured their blood out in the battles of our Revolution; nor did FRANKLIN, ADAMS, JEFFERSON, and HANCOCK, refuse to sign the Declaration of Independence because it bore the signatures of Floyd, Smith, Taylor, and Wilson. We do not believe that the present generation are any more patriotic or wiser than their fathers, or that the children run any risk of disgracing themselves by following the example of their ancestors."

In another paragraph it says:

"DISGRACEFUL.—When the Montgomery Guards left the Common, after the companies were dismissed in the afternoon, they were followed by a gang of miserable vagabonds and boys who assaulted them by throwing stones, pieces of coal,

and billets of wood at them during the whole of their march from the parade ground to their armory near Faneuil Hall. Not the least retaliation was manifested by the Guards. Notwithstanding several of them were seriously, and one or two dangerously wounded. We hope that the rascals who were guilty of this wanton outrage will be detected and severely punished."

The Salem *Advertiser* wrote an editorial after the attack on the Montgomerys which was very severe on the spirit prevailing in Boston. Among other things it said:

"Verily, it is the seat of law, order, and refinement. The descendants of the 'sainted pilgrims' have before their eyes in the ruins of the convent, a monument erected by their own hands to the freedom of religion. Not far distant from the smouldering ashes of the convent, they may behold a half triumphal column worthy of their patriotism. The mutilated figure-head of the frigate *Constitution* is one of the trophies of their madness of faction; and the sublime catastrophe of the ten-cent rebellion gives confirmation strong of their decent respect to the majesty of the laws. The Athens of the East invidiously arrogates to herself almost an exclusive claim to the perfection of civil and social order. But in no other city of the Union are party spirit and faction carried to such extravagant lengths. In no other city of the Union is the public tranquillity so often endangered. Frequent, bold, and unblushing are the attempts there made to excite the people to open resistance to the government, to inflame the public mind, and to prepare it for civil commotion. In what other city or town of the United States have we ever heard of a legally organized, chartered military company, composed of individuals entitled under the constitution and laws to all the privilege and immunities of citizens, being pelted through its streets by the wretched instruments of mobocracy? And the justification given for this outrage is, that the members of the corps — the object of the attack — were sons of Irishmen! Shade of Montgomery arise and reproach the ingratitude of thy adopted country. . . . Yes, the sons of Irishmen, whose fathers fought the battles of the Revolution received an exhibition of the malignity to which is an outgrowth of Puritanic folly. . . . The illiberal prejudice against the Irish is a scion of the old English Tory stock engrafted on modern Whigism.

"Irishmen have been deprived of the common rights of British subjects, under the pretext that they were incapable of enjoying them; which pretext had no other foundation than their resistance of oppression, only the more severe by being sanctioned by the laws. *England first denied them the means of improvement, and then insulted them with the imputation of barbarism.* . . . We need not fear the influence of the Irish. We have much more to fear from that of their oppressors."

Another paper, the *Evening Transcript*, was most scathing in its denunciation of the military rioters. To its editorial of Sept. 14, it gave some text that were effective, such as these:

"*The Nation's Bulwark — Citizen Soldiers* — Ever obedient to the laws; ever ready to protect the laws."

"Liberty, the Union and the Laws," [The Lancers' mottoes].

"Our fair city, our proud city, — proud in its patriotism, proud in its intelligence, proud in its moral example, — was dishonored to-day by the conduct of certain members of its volunteer military association."

"There was, as our readers require not to be told, the customary inspection and review of the dress companies composing the Boston Brigade. One of these companies is the Montgomery Guards, raised since the last review, and composed principally — we believe almost entirely — of naturalized Irishmen, and the native-born descendants of Irishmen. The company was regularly chartered by the Governor, and is duly organized. The members in their private capacity and in the capacity of citizen soldiers are not charged with any deviation from duty, nor have we heard any complaint against them, individually or collectively, that was not the fiction of prejudice or the creation of falsehooding—loving mirth (?) This company being attached to the brigade, took its place in line this morning for inspection and review, in conformity with orders from headquarters. As soon as they came into line, five

of the Infantry companies left the field without orders (some of them under command of commissioned officers, and others under command — if it might be said they were under *any* command — of their warrant officers, when the superior officers refused to accede to the movement), and paraded the streets with the American flag displayed in view of the company banner, and the drum and fife playing 'Yankee Doodle,' to the general disgust of the citizens, and their own and the city's dishonor.

"The cause of this disorganizing movement was nothing else than a prejudice against the Montgomery Guards, and a predetermination on the part of certain citizen soldiers *ever obedient* to the *Laws*, not to remain on the field if they appeared for inspection, let who would order them. They did as they promised to do; but if they imagine public sentiment sustains them, they will be woefully disappointed in finding themselves in a sorrowful minority. The companies which left the field were the City Guards, the Lafayette Guards, the Washington Light Infantry, the Mechanic Riflemen, and the Fusileers. There has not occurred a greater act of insubordination since Col. Loring in the war time refused to parade his regiment on Muster Day, because he was opposed, in politics, to the Brigadier General.

"We understand, since the preceding was in type, that none of the companies which left the field, did so under the conduct of their commissioned officers — all of whom remained at their posts — and that the movement was one for which the warrant officers and privates are alone responsible. We learn further, that some of the warrant officers and privates of the deserting companies remained with the superior officers."

A testy correspondent in a letter to the *Transcript*, captiously attempts to correct the article of Tuesday (the previous) evening's issue. He says in hair-splitting attempts to justify the action of some: "The conclusion to be drawn from the statement was, that the movement of these five companies was simultaneous, and that it was a preconcerted arrangement. Such," he continues, "is not the case," and he then tells us, "The City Guards were the first to leave; they were followed by the Washington Infantry, the Mechanic Riflemen, the Fusileers, and the Lafayette Guards successively in the above order." Because their banners had not arrived on the field, none of the companies had "Standards in their possession when they deserted the field." But that was a matter easily anticipated and provided for in their subsequent parades throughout the city. He says also:

"The City Guards paraded the streets during the whole forenoon. The Fusileers marched directly to the Winnissiment Ferry, proceeding to Chelsea; the remaining companies went immediately to their armories, deposited their arms, and exchanged the military for the citizen's dress. In regard to the merits or demerits of the conduct which the *Transcript* considered so culpable nothing need now be said. Before long, a candid and impartial statement of the motives which prompted to this conduct will be made, and the public set right in regard to it."

Yours, M. S. J.

To this in a foot note the *Transcript* editor replies: "We were not alone in our opinion, as our correspondent will see by consulting any or all of the morning papers."

His Excellency Gov. Edward Everett Speaks.

Four days after the military riot on the Common, and in the streets of Boston, Gov. Everett caused to be issued the following important general order:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS HEADQUARTERS,
BOSTON, Sept. 16, 1837.

GENERAL ORDERS: The commander-in-chief has learned from officers on duty at the brigade inspection and review in Boston on the 12th instant that on the

formation of the line of the Light Infantry Regiment, the non-commissioned officers and privates of the City Guards, under the command of a sergeant, left the field in disobedience to the orders of their superior officers and in gross violation of military discipline, and that this disorderly example was followed by many of the non-commissioned officers and nearly all the privates of several corps of Light Infantry and one of the Riflemen. The commander-in-chief forbears to comment particularly on facts, however notorious, which are in train of official investigation by the proper officers; nor will he attempt to anticipate the consideration which may be had of the case, on due report which may be made of the same, at the approaching session of the Executive Council. But he deems it his duty to the militia, and to the public at large, to issue these general orders, expressing the deep and painful feelings produced in his mind by conduct so unbecoming the citizen and the soldier. He feels that this occurrence is calculated seriously to shake the public confidence in the militia, inasmuch as it has shown that a large portion of those on whom firm reliance was placed for the support of the laws and the preservation of the peace, in time of need have allowed themselves (*it is feared by previous concert*), to engage in a deliberate violation of the laws by a public desertion of their duty; and to set an example,—too promptly followed,—of conduct tending to the subversion of order and to the grossest outrage on the feelings, rights, and persons of unoffending fellow-citizens actually engaged in the performance of a duty enjoined by law.

The commander-in-chief deems it equally his duty, and it is one which he takes great pleasure in performing, to express his high satisfaction at the conduct of that portion of the militia on duty at the time, as well officers as privates, who remained firm at their posts, and *his warm approbation* of the exemplary behavior of the Montgomery Guards, under the trying circumstances, in which they were placed in the course of the day.

The commander-in-chief desires to impress it upon the minds of the militia, as their first duty in time of peace, to contribute in every way prescribed or authorized by law, to the preservation of the public order and peace. Any act of a contrary tendency on their part will be doubly pernicious, and will be regarded as in the highest degree reprehensible, by all good citizens. He feels entire confidence that the duties imposed by law, in reference to an occurrence of such high and painful moment, will be faithfully discharged by all the field and company officers to whom they pertain; and that the feelings and conduct of all of every rank composing the brigade will be such as to restore the public confidence in the militia as a safe dependence for the protection of the peace of the community and of the authority of the laws.

By order of the

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

H. A. S. DEARBORN, *Adjutant General.*

On the day of the parade, the troops which assembled on the Common were, as the newspaper roster gives, a Brigade commanded by Gen. J. L. C. Amee, embracing the National Lancers attached to the Second Regiment of Infantry, Major Hoppin's Battalion of Artillery, composed of three companies, viz., the Boston, Columbian and Washington Artillery, the Boston Light Infantry, Boston Independent Fusileers, Winslow Blues, Washington Light Infantry, New England Guards, Rifle Rangers, City Guards, Mechanic Riflemen, Lafayette Guards, and the Montgomerys, all composing Col. Smith's Regiment of Light Infantry, and the corps of Pulaski Guards, commanded by the late Hon. Josiah Dunham of South Boston, and then attached to the Third Regiment of Infantry. Of these organizations the Lafayette Guards and the Columbian Artillery subsequently became largely made up of Irish-Americans. The latter furnished a powerful nucleus of Company A, one of the stalwart companies of the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers during the war, and in its armory in 1861 was drilled many of the bravest soldiers whose blood drenched the soil of

Virginia and Maryland through the eventful period of patriotic effort for the perpetuity of the union.

So far all the efforts made by the writer among the military records does not develop what action was taken in the premises on the gross conduct of the military insubordinates. Reports so full and ample as are made now would give us many linked details; but of these we are, unfortunately, in this case deprived. It is to be presumed, however, that the rioters were in due form court-martialed and expelled from the ranks they disgraced, although the spirit then abroad, both among the firemen and the military, may well justify us in conceiving that, in many cases, the breaches of good order and discipline were winked at.

The civil authorities entered earnestly into the work of bringing the citizen rioters to justice. A strong feeling in the community prevailed against them.

Among the several arrested and held under bonds, some received the full penalty of the law. Capt. Baxter, of the Montgomerys, had several offers from gentlemen of the legal profession to conduct the prosecution; but he selected the late worthy Thomas Gill, Esq., for that purpose. The trial took place Oct. 16, in the then Municipal Court. Rioter Joseph Pierce received the punishment of three years in the House of Correction; Thomas J. Young, two years; and Thomas Tucker, three years in the same institution. In the case of one Benjamin Brown there was a disagreement of the jury. In his address, before passing sentence, Judge Thacher gave the rioters a wholesome talking to, in which he said that "from the personal injuries which the gentlemen of this corps [the Montgomerys] thus suffered they were happily restrained by the prudence of their officers from making any return but that of patience and forbearance." After characterizing their conduct as that of the "brutish mob," he continued by saying, "Your offence was rank, and, therefore, you are to be visited with the extreme penalty which the law imposes for such crime."

STUDENT.

THOSE who spiritually digest Jesus Christ feel that Jesus Christ, who is their food, is diffused through every part of the soul and body. They have Jesus in their mind, in their heart, in their breast, in their eyes, in their hands, in their tongue, in their ears, in their feet. But what does this Saviour do in all these parts? He redresses, purifies, prunes, and vivifies all; the heart loves through Him, the mind understands through Him, the breast breathes through Him, the eyes see through Him, the tongue speaks through Him. Then we can say, "We live now, not we, but Christ Jesus liveth in us." I show you to what we must aspire, though we must be content to attain it by degrees. — *St. Francis De Sales.*

PATIENCE is that which most assures us perfection.

Symptoms of Decay in Modern Society.

We cannot fail, if we direct our thoughts to the subject, to be struck with the analogy between our great Empire and that of ancient Rome, and, at the same time, without being pessimists, to feel that there is great cause for anxiety lest we should share the same fate, and crumble away to nothingness, and a mere name and page, though a large and important one, in history. It seems as if we are destined, as the Romans were, on reaching the zenith of our fame and prosperity, to relapse, and commit that most fatal error of living on the reputation we have gained, and the success we have achieved among the nations of the earth.

There can be no doubt that when most obstacles have been overcome, and when the struggle for existence and for greatness has been triumphantly concluded, nations are apt to give way to a longing for rest, accumulation of wealth, and the enjoyment of luxury. There are several great influences that rule the destiny of nations, such as politics and commerce, but there is another that has an influence, and a strong influence, and that is the social condition of a people ; the fountain-head and main-spring of which in this country is London society, which rightly assumes to itself the responsible position of setting the example to the rest of this great Empire. It is composed of the wealthiest, richest, and the best born in the land, who gradually get drawn to, and congregate thither, just as a log of wood is whirled round and round to the vortex of the maelstrom, where, in many cases, as in London society, it is lost.

Many may cavil at the idea that society is so largely responsible for the welfare of a people; but the two great examples of the Roman Empire and the French monarchy should silence these, and induce them seriously to turn their attention to the subject.

Let us put commerce and politics aside for the time, and try to trace out the analogy between us and the people of ancient Rome in our social conditions, and there is but little doubt that the comparison will lead us to take warning, and to feel considerable disquietude lest we should be too surely following in their footsteps, and those of the French monarchy, in both of which cases the rottenness of society at the core was but the premonitory symptom of the downfall of a great Empire and an ancient monarchy. The deterioration of society is but a slow and gradual process, and there are many causes that tend towards this, among which are its immense and rapid growth, and of the bowing down to, and the worship of mammon, while another is the great depression in agriculture, that drives many to London who would otherwise be spending much of their time in healthy country pursuits; but who, owing to the depressed state of agriculture, are unable to live at, and enjoy their country places, and being compelled to let them are obliged to take up their quarters in town. That "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is never more verified than in the case of young men thrown into London life, either with enough to live comfortably on without work, or with the assistance of a certain amount of work to enjoy themselves. These young men naturally want to amuse them-

selves, and the tendency of a life of amusement in town is generally downward, which is neither conducivé to health nor to morality, and society of the present day is by no means prone to show its disapproval of such a course, should the actors in it be some of the fashionable favorites.

If the delinquent, even in the more public form of a hero of a *cause célébré*, be well endowed with this world's goods, his fiasco would not, indeed, in any way militate against him; he would be as much as ever sought after by the mother with marriageable daughters, and great triumph would be displayed if he were successfully captured, while his former character would be disposed of by the usual generalities as to "sowing wild oats." Not a thought would be allowed to obtrude itself as to the risk of intrusting a daughter's happiness with one who had such an unenviable reputation, if he had a sufficiency of income. There is no doubt that now society is more tolerant of these youthful peccadilloes, and therefore, the same peccadilloes which have always been in vogue, are, at the present day more openly spoken of, and the same care is not taken to hide, or to disguise them, and relegate them to the darker corners of a man's life, as he feels that society is careless upon the subject, and is not likely to raise its voice against his manner of life.

London Saturday Review.

IRISH MARTYRS.

THE recent beatification of a number of English martyrs, who suffered under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, has naturally attracted attention to the still more numerous martyrs, who proved even to the shedding of blood the faith and constancy of the Irish people. It has been a matter of surprise to many that apparently no steps had been taken to procure their beatification. There will be no further surprise or regret on that score. Although public attention has not been invited to the subject, the Irish Church has not been unmindful of its martyred dead.

Several years ago Cardinal Moran was deputed to make the necessary investigations, and, after his elevation to the episcopate, and subsequent translation to Sydney, was succeeded by Bishop O'Callaghan, of Cork (then prior of St. Clement's), whose function, in turn, devolved upon the present postulator of the cause, the Rev. Denis Murphy, S. J., of University College, Stephen's Green, Dublin, duly nominated by an episcopal brief of the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh Archbishop of Dublin, dated October 13, 1886. Father Murphy has since been engaged in making diligent researches, with the result, that up to the present, a list of over two hundred martyrs, dating from 1540 to 1737, has been compiled and a large quantity of documentary evidence accumulated. This list will most likely be extended before the evidence is ready for the preliminary diocesan court about a year hence. Archbishop Walsh at an early stage of the proceedings wrote to Cardinal Manning on the subject and received a letter in reply expressive of his Eminence's deep interest in the cause, and of his great delight on learning that those who had so long lain under the altar would no longer be allowed to remain in oblivion, but would in all probability be raised to the honors of the altars.

Socialism and the Church.

At the recent Catholic Congress at Liége, one of the most remarkable speeches delivered was that of the Abbé Winterer, deputy to the German Parliament and parish priest at Mulhaussen, who has devoted his life to the study of social questions and the condition of the working classes. In the beginning of his speech he reminded his audience how a few months ago Europe forgot all social questions in its fear of political disturbances that at any instant might end in some twelve to fourteen millions of armed men meeting in deadly strife. But if, for a moment, social questions had been put in the background, Catholics had not forgotten their existence, as the Congresses at Treves, Liége, Lucca, and Fribourg showed, as the utterances of many Catholic bishops proved, as the words of the Holy Father himself made clear. Catholics, then, recognized that society was ill; but to recognize the existence of an evil is the first step towards its cure. The orator went on to trace the history of the Socialist movement. It was first revealed fully to an astonished and terrified world by the lurid light of the torches with which the Communists set fire to the public edifices of Paris. But the speedy suppression of the Commune lulled men into fancied security. German Socialism, Russian Nihilism, Austrian Anarchy, French working men and their dynamite, Belgian riots, American street conflicts, these were needed to awaken men to the full sense of their insecurity. "And one must be wilfully blind," said the speaker, "if, at this moment, one does not see the existence in society of two distinct currents: one, salutary; the other, menacing. And if the latter once overflows its banks, it will create ruins such as the world has never yet seen." He next described Socialism in its two different divisions; one division, anarchical in character, has only at intervals shown itself openly: it awaits its hour. The other division is that Socialism which holds power in the Paris municipality, which is gathering strength daily in all parts of the Continent, which sends its members to the German Parliament, which holds its congresses, and directs its strikes, with organized exactitude. It is subversive of all Conservative principles; it strikes at the very root of Christianity, for it teaches the working man to say, "The earth is enough for me; let it be mine — heaven I renounce." The speaker said that the doctrines of this Socialism concerning the place of women in society were such that he could not repeat them; he next traced its doctrines as to property — doctrines which had lately terrified so many of the continental Liberal party who were possessors of property. Of these theories Henry George was the exponent, and one who had many believing in him. "The adepts of this system," he said, "are numerous in England. At a great gathering of working men's associations half the delegates declared themselves in its favor. I ask you, gentlemen, what property will be respected by those who say that the one chief kind of property — the soil — should belong only to the people, to the state? Yet the men who favor the nationalization of the soil say that they are not Socialists!"

The Abbé Winterer next described the Socialist press, and how it exposes all that is hideous in modern society; how it exaggerates its defects, and even multiplies them; how it lauds socialism and makes it appear heroic and disinterested; how it scorns and rails at religion. A workman, he said, exposed to such reading, needed the heart of an angel and the courage of an apostle to resist its influence. The speaker next touched on the subject of state intervention in social questions. He said that, as in the past, bad laws were, in part, the cause of present evils, the state was bound to do what it could to mend matters; but the state could not do all. The state comes late to this work, and even had it intervened earlier, after all it is not Providence. Even the most powerful statesman of the day, naturally a great believer in the state, had only partially succeeded with his economic measures. If the intervention of the state in social and agrarian questions were to be of use, it was necessary that the teachings and charity of the Church should be felt. The orator then drew a wonderfully eloquent picture of the Church's mission in regard to social questions. The Abbé Winterer concluded his speech with a stirring appeal to employers of labor, to workmen, to all Catholics, in a word, to become "Apostles of Labor," to do all in their power to solve the social problems now before the world. One day, he said, in the streets of Paris, a workman met a priest. The former advanced threateningly towards the other. "Priest," he said, "if you only knew how I hate you!" And the priest merely made answer, "Ah, if you only knew how I love you, my brother!" The workman's heart was touched, and he begged the priest's pardon. "Ah, if you only knew how I love you!" These are the words, said the orator, of Leo XIII., of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, of the Bishops of America, of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster; and they are words which contain a truth which will eventually solve the most difficult problem the world ever had before it. When the workman feels how much the Church loves him, social questions will cease. The speech was immensely applauded and produced a profound impression on the auditory.

Two More Bishops.

THE progress of the Church at the West is wonderful. "Truth is powerful and will prevail."

Right Rev. Nicholas Matz, Coadjutor-elect of the Bishop of Denver, was consecrated on the 28th of October, in the Pro-cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, in the city of Denver, Col. Bishop Matz was born on April 6, 1850, at Münster, a city of Alsace Lorraine. In 1865 he was admitted into the Little Seminary of Finstingen to begin his classical studies, He immigrated to America in 1868, and entered the College of Mount St. Mary's of the West, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Close attention to his studies, solid piety, and amiability of character, soon made him a model for his fellow-students. On Trinity

Sunday, 1874, he was ordained priest in the Cathedral of Denver by Bishop Machebeuf, Vicar-Apostolic of Colorado. For three years he worked as assistant priest of the Cathedral at Denver, when he was appointed pastor of Georgetown, Col. During eight years of pastoral work in that city he won the esteem of every one who knew him. A beautiful brick church, school, and hospital, under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, are enduring memorials of his pastoral zeal. The poor health of his sisters induced him, in 1865, to exchange with St. Ann's Church, a newly erected parish in East Denver. His piety and learning, and his knowledge of modern languages, render him eminently fit for this Western diocese, where English, Irish, French, German, Italian and Spanish are requisite accomplishments. May God spare him for many years as a faithful worker in His vineyard.

On the same day (Oct. 28), Most Rev. Archbishop P. A. Feehan, assisted by a large number of clergymen of Chicago, consecrated Right Rev. Maurice F. Burke, Bishop-elect of Cheyenne, Wyoming, at the Cathedral of the Holy Name, corner State and Superior Streets, Chicago. Right Rev. Maurice Francis Burke was born in Ireland, May 5, 1845; when but a child of four years he accompanied his parents to this country; they came directly to Chicago. When about eighteen years old he entered the university of St. Mary's of the Lake, in Chicago, whence, in 1866, he was sent to Rome, and spent nine years as a student in the American College. He was ordained a priest May 25, 1873, by Cardinal Patrizi, and, immediately after his return, was appointed assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, corner of Wabash Avenue and Eldridge Court, Chicago, where he remained until his appointment as pastor of St. Mary's Church, Joliet, Ill., April 24, 1878. A convent, in charge of the Ladies of Loretto, two large parochial schools, and one of the finest churches in the country, will, with many other prosperous enterprises in behalf of religion, bear witness to Bishop Burke's zeal and ability in the service of the Church.

Hon. J. G. Blaine on Ireland's Cause.

PARIS, Oct. 26.— I called a day or two since on Mr. Blaine. He is pleasantly located with his family in a large and sunny suite of rooms opening to the east, south of the Hotel Benda, where many Americans are congregated. He enjoys his stay in Paris greatly. He is constantly sight-seeing, and shows the effect of his out-of-door life and freedom from care. At the same time he shuns, rather than seeks, company. It is a common saying among his old friends, many of whom are here, that he looks ten years younger than when he closed his residence in Washington in 1885.

Mr. Blaine talks freely to all callers except the professional interviewer, whom he has sedulously avoided since his arrival. He chatted at leisure and easily about a variety of public issues, and touched on the Irish question, apparently without the slightest reserve. I endeavored

to keep him on that question as long as I could, in order that I might gather the full scope of his ideas.

"Within two years," said he, "what we term the Irish question has been radically changed in its political bearings in Great Britain by the fact that a great party has assumed its advocacy. For years it was a case of a divided Ireland against a united England; but now it is a united Ireland against a divided England."

"Then you attach great importance to Mr. Gladstone's advocacy of the Irish cause?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Blaine; "the greatest possible importance. Think of it! Here is the first statesman of England, the greatest parliamentary leader since the death of the younger Pitt, standing at the bar at the House of Commons pleading the cause of Ireland. Ten years ago no one anticipated such a remarkable turn of events."

"Well," I remarked, "do you think Gladstone has effected much as yet?"

"He Has Effected a Great Deal,"

said Mr. Blaine, "though, of course, it does not appear in the enactment of a hostile parliament. He has already brought about a community of feeling, a genuine cordiality and co-operation between a large section of the Irish people, and a large section of the English people. For the first time we see Irish speakers crossing the channel, and taking part in English parliamentary elections, and English speakers crossing the channel, and taking part in the Irish struggle, doing this even at the hazard of being arrested and imprisoned under the provisions of the coercion act. All this implies a prodigious change of public opinion, and the working of influences of which no man can yet measure the force of the final effect."

"What do you think of the Irish policy of the future?"

"In a single sentence," replied Mr. Blaine, "it should and will be to sustain Gladstone. Whatever strengthens his position strengthens their cause, and adds to the number of Englishmen who will espouse it. The friends of Ireland in America should, therefore, keep this point steadily in view. Mr. Gladstone believes that home rule for Ireland is just as reasonable as home rule for England, and that both can, and should be, maintained under the flag of the same empire, in peace, in harmony, in prosperity. Under Mr. Gladstone's lead this question is taking hold upon the hearts and consciences of a large class of Englishmen, who are ready and eager to do justice to a long oppressed people. As confidence grows and strengthens between the Irish Home Rulers and the Liberals of England, a very strong party will be organized, which they will endeavor to make, under Gladstone's leadership, the vanguard of enlightened opinion for the British Isles."

SHAKESPEAREAN.—ON the vexed question, "Who wrote Shakespeare?" a correspondent of the *New York World* sends the following comprehensive epistle: "Hamlet overheard Julius Cæsar tell King Lear on the Twelfth Night after the Tempest that Antony and Cleo-

patra had told Coriolanus that Two Gentlemen of Verona were the authors of Shakespeare's plays. Lear said: You may take it As You Like It, but I don't believe it, for I heard Romeo and Juliet say Love's Labor was lost when Troilus and Cressida stole the Comedy of Errors, and sold it to The Merchant of Venice for a cup of sack and a dish of caraways. Timon of Athens and Cymbeline were parties to the theft, and after drinking Measure for Measure with the Merry Wives of Windsor, told King James all about it. Richard III., a competent critic, said Bacon could not write even A Winter's Tale, and Henry VIII. said that settles it. So why make so Much Ado About Nothing. Othello was busy discussing a point of honor with Henrys IV., V., and VI., and as Richard II. was absent Taming the Shrew I could get no further evidence as to who wrote Shakespeare, but All's Well that ends Well."

The Irish in the English Army.

FROM official reports of the English War Department, it is with pride that the son of Erin rejoices to hear of the enormous reduction in the recruiting of the British Army in his native land. In every clime, in all the wars in which Great Britain has been involved, perhaps none has obtained a more extended reputation in the world than the sons of the Green Isle.

There was a time when no native-born Englishman would be enlisted in the Fourth, Eighteenth, Eighty-seventh, and Eighty-eighth Regiments of the English Army. But, thank God, that time is past, and that she is no longer able to obtain those men whose country she has for the past hundred years ground in the dust.

Glance at this list of the battles, minor fights and campaigns that comprise the honors on the colors or appointments of these regiments, and you will find a series of terse, pithy legends of glorious deeds of arms: Alma, Ava, Badajos, Barrosa, Bladensburg, Bourden, Busaco, Central India, India, Rodrigo, Corunna, Egypt, Fuentes d'Onore, Inkerman, New Zealand, Nive, Nivelles, Orthez, Peninsula, Salamanca, Sebastopol, St. Sebastian, Taku Forts, Talavera, Toulouse, Vittoria, and Waterloo.

At all times, on every occasion, when these most distinguished regiments have been called upon to take their post in the forefront of battle, they have not only done their duty, but have earned the applause of their adversaries for many valorous actions which may be said to have been outside and beyond mere duty. That this will be who can doubt, so long as it can be said of the Irish soldier who meets his death in battle, as was said of Seward's son's death in Shakespeare's "Macbeth?" To Seward's inquiry, "Had he his hurts before?" "Ay, on the front."

> Then said the old man —
> "Why, then, God's he be!
> Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
> I would not wish them to a fairer death,
> And so his knell is knolled."

Washington, D. C., Sept. 30, 1887. JAMES MCDONAGH.

Brothers of the Christian Schools.

In our November issue we undesignedly did grave injustice to the above excellent Order, by inadvertently reproducing from the Michigan *Catholic* an article purporting to contain a correct statement of the society's work. We have since discovered that the article was a mass of misrepresentation. Generally speaking, the Michigan *Catholic* is well informed on subjects relating to the Church and her institutions; but, in this case, the *Catholic* was inexcusably wrong, and by its remarks and insinuations has assailed, in the most unjustifiable manner, one of our best and most effective educational orders.

It would be well for the writer of the article in question to make a special study of the various Catholic Orders, and, at the same time, to lay in a liberal supply of that great essential — *charity*. In the production which we unfortunately reprinted, he declares that

> "The Christian Brothers in this country, and in Canada, are called the French Christian Brothers (though many, and some of the best of them, are Irish by birth or blood), because they belong to the order whose head house is in France, and which was founded by the Venerable de la Salle in the seventeenth century."

This statement is incorrect in several particulars. In the first place the congregation founded by the Venerable de la Salle is not called the "Christian Brothers" at all, much less the "French Christian Brothers." Their true designation is that which constitutes the caption to this article, viz., "Brothers of the Christian Schools." Between them and the Irish Christian Brothers, however, the most friendly relations exist; and the attempt to prove the existence of animosity between the two bodies has miserably failed. "We, too," writes Brother Tobias of De La Salle Institute, Toronto, "have Brothers in Ireland. Our most successful novitiate is there, that is, the most successful in English-speaking countries. During my tour in Ireland, last year," he adds, "I was received as well in the Christian Brothers' houses as in those of the Brothers of the Christian Schools." "The Christian Brothers," he adds, "have houses in Ireland, in Gibraltar, in Newfoundland, and in Australia. We have houses in the five grand divisions of the globe. In December of last year our official statistic show our number to be 14,849, including novices. Of this number, 1,436 including novices belong to America."

The writer in the *Catholic* seems to take especial delight in distorting facts and making false assertions, as witness the following extract: —

> "And the Christian Brothers of the French affiliation, in this country, have so far departed from the object of their foundation, that they teach parochial schools no longer. They have too much to do with the care of 'institutes' and 'colleges,' to which only the children of those who can *pay* are admitted."

The above is a gratuitous fling, and as false as it is malignant. What are the facts in the case? They are these: The Brothers of the Christian Schools have in no respect departed from the object of their foundation, nor have they abandoned the teaching of parochial schools. On the contrary, they have scores of excellent parochial schools in the

United States and Canada attended alike by children of the poor and of the rich. A misstatement should always be nailed, and cold, stern facts make a good hammer with which to drive home the nails. In striking contrast to the Michigan *Catholic's* uncharitable arraignment of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, are the following beautiful sentiments lately enunciated by Brother Tobias above mentioned:

"We are very glad to see the Irish Christian Brothers coming to the United States. We are both serving the same Master, and in this country (Canada), and the United States, there is room for many more laborers in the Lord's Vineyard."

One For Boston.

If the Boston papers are correct, the champion dolt of all Christendom has been discovered in that enlightened city. This person opposed the election of Mayor O'Brien, of Boston, to the Charitable Mechanic Association, because he believed the Mayor to be a Jesuit. If he had said that the Mayor was an English nobleman, or a Mormon, or an Episcopalian clergyman, or a Sister of Charity, or a soldier in the regular army, he would have been no more silly or absurd. Mayor O'Brien is a married man, with a family; he has lived in Boston most of his life, as a business man and a politician. The name of the brilliant genius who thinks that a man could lead this life and be a Jesuit, is Henry N. Sawyer. It should be useful henceforth as a handy and unmistakable synonyme for stupidity.

Mr. Henry N. Sawyer may find what consolation he can in the fact that his dense ignorance of a perfectly open and common matter of every-day life is shared by an astonishingly large number of people who certainly ought to know better. It is, undoubtedly, true that a great many intelligent persons have very shadowy notions about the Jesuits — notions compounded of ignorance, mystery and alarm. They think that any Catholic may be a Jesuit. To our knowledge, Catholic business men are frequently asked if they and their families are Jesuits. Even the young woman who waits at table, if she happens to be a Catholic, may be suspected of belonging to that mysterious order.

Once again we must protest that such ignorance is disgraceful. Not because every one is bound to know all about the Jesuits, but because no intelligent person has any business to pretend to know — to preserve and express prejudices, dislikes, suspicion, hatred against any man or body of men — when a little inquiry, a little looking about with open eyes, would enable them to avoid injustice, and to escape the ridicule of all well informed persons which their blind folly deserves.

In brief, the Jesuits are not a secret society. Their history, object, and workings are as open to investigation as those of any active, well-managed association — that is to say, they gladly challenge fair-minded, open examination; while they object to impertinent and suspicious prying into their affairs, as does any one who has any dignity or

self-respect, and in just the same measure. Jesuits are *all men.* There is not and never was such a thing as a "female Jesuit." Jesuits are priests. They do not roam about in disguise. No timid Protestant need be afraid that his errand boy, his clerk, or his family physician, his coachman, his favorite preacher. his Congressman, or his wife's seamstress, is a watchful Jesuit, looking out in such singular places for the interests of their Order. Jesuits live in the houses and colleges of their Order, or in the pastoral residences of their churches — except the missionaries, who live as best they can among the savages for whom they ultimately die. The lay Brothers, as well as the priests, are kept quite too busy working and praying, to sally forth in disguise and go through the remarkable performances which founded the stock-in-trade of so much melodramatic literature about the time when Mr. Henry N. Sawyer, of Boston, was a youth, with the credulous mind and excitable imagination of his years.

There are numbers of Jesuits in Boston. They go and come like other people, "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing." They are to be seen and talked with and observed. The rules of their Order are published. That Mr. Henry N. Sawyer, or any other intelligent man in Boston, should know so little of an extensive and influential Order, doing so great a work for education and religion in his own city, is astonishing. It would show no more disgraceful ignorance if he had declared that Archbishop Williams was a Freemason or Charles Sumner a negro.

The Catholic Review, New York.

EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG. — In the course of the opening ceremonies of the thirty-second annual delegate assembly of the German Catholic Union of the United States at Chicago, Sept. 4th, the Right Rev. Bishop Wigger, of Newark, N. J., preached a festival sermon. The main topic of his discourse was the education of the young. In the course of the sermon he said: "I talk of the children of those who profess to be good Catholics, who pride themselves on the performance of the duties of the faith, but who still consider themselves justified in sending their children, whose souls they are responsible for, to the free public schools. I talk to the parents who believe that if they send or bring their children to Mass or Confession, their whole religious duty toward them has been completed. These parents are blind. Some of them have an idea that the instruction in the public schools is better than in the schools connected with the Church. This is a false idea; but admitting even that it is true, what justification can it be for such parents? Do we not know, brother Christians, that we are not placed in this world for our material advantage, but to serve God and save our souls? . . . Think of the effects of public schools upon your offspring! When they grow up does it not result in their falling from grace and saying to themselves: 'Is religion so weighty a matter as the priests and our parents say it is?' Is not this the common result? I warn you, parents, your first duty is to assure yourselves of the eternal salvation of your offspring, and that they can never obtain without a proper religious education and training."

Cardinal Gibbons' Letter to Mr. Powderly.

ONE of the most important and most interesting documents read at the Convention of the Knights of Labor at Minneapolis was the report of Mr. Powderly on the relation of the Catholic Church to the Order. He narrates at considerable length his interviews with Cardinal Gibbons, and the assurances he gave to His Eminence that the Knights of Labor had no connection or sympathy with the Anarchial or Socialistic movements. He embodies in his report a letter which Cardinal Gibbons wrote to him a few weeks ago. This letter is of such great importance that we give it in full:

BALTIMORE, MD., Sept. 21, 1887.

My Dear Sir,—Your letter was received yesterday informing me that the next Convention of the Knights of Labor would be held in Minneapolis on the 5th prox.

When absent from America I did not hesitate to advocate the just rights of the laboring classes and to point out the wrongs under which they were suffering; and now that I am again at home I may be permitted to speak in a friendly spirit of the duties and responsibilities which they owe to themselves, to their country, and to society. I entertain the hope that good counsels will prevail in your deliberations, and that a calm, conservative spirit will control all your proceedings. It is self-evident that there should be no conflict between capital and labor, since both are necessary to the common weal, and one cannot subsist without the other, and therefore no measures should be countenanced which do not provide for the protection of both.

Experience has proved that strikes are a questionable remedy for the redress of your grievances. They paralyze industry, they foment fierce passions, and lead to the destruction of property, and, above all, they result in inflicting serious injury on the laborer himself by keeping him in enforced idleness, during which his mind is clouded by discontent while brooding over his situation, and his family not infrequently suffers from the want of even the necessaries of life. Strikes, therefore, should be rarely, if ever resorted to.

Boycotting, as far as I understand its methods, infringes on the just rights of others, and will, therefore, never meet with approval from an observing public. Remember that the eyes of your countrymen are upon you, and that they will watch your proceedings with the deepest interest.

As a law-abiding and industrious body, seeking by all honorable means to improve your condition, you owe it to yourselves and to the good name of your Order to set your face against Anarchists, Nihilists, and other dangerous associations, which are guilty of the base ingratitude of attempting to undermine the Government that protects them and the temple of the Constitution that shelters them.

Do not permit your reputation to be tainted by any morbid sympathy with men who have no substantial grievance to redress, and who strive to make their cause respectable by obtaining the connivance, if not the sanction, of your powerful organization. But, for my part, I have no fear that they will succeed in infusing the leaven of their poison into the ranks of the honest sons of toil. "For what concord hath Christ with Belial, or what participation hath justice with injustice, or what fellowship hath light with darkness?"

My only motive in venturing to offer these suggestions is my sincere affection for the laboring classes, whose sterling virtues I admire; my sense of the dignity of their calling, and of their influence on the future well-being of our country, as well as my ardent desire for their material and moral elevation.

May God grant that your deliberations may be marked by a wisdom and discretion and a spirit of true patriotism which, while seeking to advance your temporal interests, will merit the approval of Heaven as well as of your fellow-citizens. Permit me, in conclusion, to express my appreciation of the successful efforts you have personally made in fulfilling the delicate and arduous duties which have devolved upon you as President of the Knights of Labor.

I am your obedient servant in Christ,

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

TO MR. T. V. POWDERLY, *Scranton, Pa.*

Opinions of Great Englishmen.

MR. GLADSTONE advises the people to settle the Irish question; otherwise, no English business could be transacted in Parliament.

EARL SPENCER, in a speech at Edinburgh, on Oct. 25, condemned the policy pursued by the government in Ireland, and expressed the belief that Mr. Gladstone would soon be returned to power, and his Home Rule measure be adopted by Parliament. The Earls of Rosebery and Aberdeen and many other distinguished persons were present.

The MARQUIS of RIPON spoke at some length, recently, on the policy of the government. He said that he considered it a great honor to be permitted to take a hand in the great work which Mr. Gladstone had last year begun. He thought that the day would soon come when that statesman would be called upon to settle — and he trusted forever to settle — as he alone could settle, the great and difficult problem of Irish government. We had come to a most critical period in the history of the country, and since the great struggle for parliamentary reform, fifty years ago, there never was a more important or more critical time, or a period in which graver responsibility rested upon all who took any part in the government of the country. But it was not surprising to any Liberal that we were landed in such a position, for it was only what they had expected, and what they had last year felt it their duty to tell their countrymen would be the inevitable result of rejecting the settlement proposed by Mr. Gladstone. When the Liberals said last year that there was only the alternative of conciliation or coercion they were accused of grossly misrepresenting their opponents. But the result was as they prognosticated; they were now landed in the heart of that fierce coercion which was, day by day, making a deeper impression upon the people, and which was raising, more and more, in every part of the land, just feelings of indignation. The Tories had begun by what they thought to be mild coercion; but they had taken, as they were warned from taking, the first step down a slippery incline, at the bottom of which they would very speedily be landed. That descent had been more rapid than any of them had expected, and the Tories had been forced by circumstances to adopt a policy which he would give them the credit of believing they had not intended originally to follow. That policy had been adopted and pursued in defiance of repeated pledges given to the constituencies in 1886 by the Conservative and Unionist members. It was not much more than two months since the coercion bill had been passed, and they had already heard of meetings called for a perfectly legal and purely political purpose proscribed and suppressed — at least as far as the government could suppress them. But in that, as in many other things, the government and their agents had been so blundering, that some of the meetings had been held, and all the business transacted before the police arrived on the scene. The National League was proclaimed, press prosecutions were instituted, and men's lives had been sacrificed, and yet, even after all this, the government were being defied, and occupied a position which he took to be eminently ridiculous. What

were the principles upon which the government were now dealing with the press in Ireland? They would remember that during the discussions upon the coercion bill, it was persistently stated that the bill would create no new crime. The government had attempted to prosecute the Lord Mayor of Dublin and Mr. O'Brien, and for what? Not for some well-known offence, not for some gross libel which they had been guilty of in their papers, but for publishing accounts of meetings which had been held. It was assuredly creating new crimes to make it illegal for certain papers to publish reports which it was legal for other papers to publish. The action of the government in Ireland, if at all successful, would result in the rights, freedom, and liberties of Englishmen being curtailed and endangered. Lord Randolph Churchill, among others, had said the coercion bill would restore to Ireland her peace, and the country, under its influence, would become quiet and prosperous, and would rise at once upon the wings of deliverance from all her troubles; but Lord Randolph Churchill had been singularly unsuccessful in his prophetic utterances, for law had simply became a byword in Ireland. Referring to recent inquiries which had been made in Ireland, he said that even English papers said the government had employed provocative agents to goad the people to illegal acts. This, if true, was a most disgraceful, iniquitous, and shameful proceeding.

No Time To Read!

THE *Lewiston (Me.) Labor Advocate*, sensibly writes: — We dislike very much to hear a laboring man or mechanic say he doesn't have time to read, because nine times out of ten we know he utters a falsehood when he says it, and nine out of ten of the men who have no time to read spend their evenings loafing on the street or around the beer counter and billiard table. The cases are very rare, indeed, where a man doesn't have time to read one or even three or four weekly papers each week if he wants to. It is because he has not interest enough in in his own welfare to read and post himself on the events that are transpiring for or against him. He is content to let others do his reading and thinking for him. The class of men that claim they do not have time to read are the curse of the community in which they live. They have no minds of their own, and, being as ignorant as a Hottentot, they are used by the sharpers of their town and neighborhood to help them carry out schemes to thwart the will of the educated and respected citizens. The man who doesn't have time to read is usually a loafer. The successful business man has plenty of time to read and post himself on matters pertaining to his business, and that is one reason why he is successful. The educated laboring man finds plenty of time to read, and without neglecting his work either. He is the man whom you will find at home evenings with the family. The nail-keg in the corner grocery is never kept warm by him while he listens

or tells smutty stories to an ignorant crowd of gaping loafers. He who cannot find time to read never finds time to be a man, but always is the tool of some man who does read. When we hear a great live man say he doesn't have time to read one paper a week we always pity his wife and children to think they have such an indolent, ignorant, do-little husband and father.

Prussian Priests.

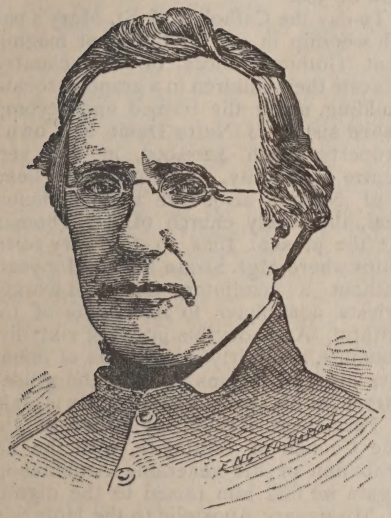
We think it greatly to the credit of the Catholic Church in Prussia that out of the whole number of priests, estimated at 10,000, at the time of the Kulturkampf, not more than forty to fifty deserted the Church. About half of these were absorbed by the "Old Catholic" defection, the rest becoming "State" priests. Even these latter declined to join the "Old Catholic" heresy, stopping short at the line, not always easily discernible, between heresy and schism. Now they are practically gone. Three, indeed, still remain, of whom one is to be pensioned off at the end of next month; the rest have disappeared, some through death, some have been reconciled with the Church, and some have voluntarily withdrawn from a position which they felt was not tenable. Only two remain, and it is to be hoped that they will soon be disposed of, and cease to trouble the parishes which have so long endured their unwelcome presence.

T. P. Gill gives the following pen-picture of Sir Wilfrid Blunt: "Mr. Blunt, who is singularly like Mr. Parnell in appearance, and who bears a considerable resemblance to him in many traits of his character, is head of one of the oldest families in England. He is a large landlord in Sussex, in which the Blunts, who are pure Saxons, have been the chief people since before the Norman conquest. They have never given up their hold upon the Catholic faith. They are related to half of the highest flight of the peerage and to royalty itself. Mr. Blunt is forty-seven, and has devoted a large share of his life to the advocacy of the cause of freedom wherever it was assailed. He was a chief supporter of Arabi Pacha and acted as his counsel at his trial at Cairo. In politics he is a Tory, save on the Irish question. Curiously enough his father was a great friend of the father of the present Lord Clanricarde, a differant type of man from his son, and often visited him in Galway. His wife, Lady Anne, is daughter of the Earl of Lovelace and a granddaughter of Lord Byron, the poet. She is a pious Catholic.

There never was a saint who did not experience both ecstacy and rapture in life and its operations, by overcoming himself and his natural inclinations. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

Father Strain Invested with the Robes of Office.

THE CEREMONIAL NEVER EQUALLED IN NEW ENGLAND—SKETCH OF FATHER STRAIN.



VERY REV. MGR. STRAIN.

THE day so anxiously awaited has come, and with it a halo of glory to Lynn, and particularly to the parish of St. Mary's. Monsignor Strain now wears the purple, and bears officially the title of Chaplain to the Holy Father. The Roman Catholics of Lynn rejoice, and well, for a worthy priest has thus been honored; while they of another faith extend to him and them their heartfelt felicitations. Never before in the religious history of New England has such a grand spectacle been laid before us. The venerable Archbishop of Boston, arrayed in the regal robes of his high office; two hundred priests in black soutanes and snow-white surplices; invited guests from every religious walk of life; an auditorium packed to the doors and hundreds craving entrance; music that would thrill the soul and please the most fastidious critic; a service and a ceremonial that would overawe and mystify the most religious—and all this on the 18th of October, in the beautiful church of St. Mary's, to honor him who has labored so long and so well amongst us,

The Very Rev. Mgr. Strain.

Mgr. Strain was born Nov. 27, 1822, near Banbridge, county Down, Ireland, which was then, as now, a hot-bed of Orange faction. His father, Patrick, was much esteemed for his respectability, amiableness, and integrity of character, and soon succeeded in acquiring a fair competence, even there where he was the only Catholic. His mother, whose maiden name was Jane Henderson, was received into the Catholic Church in her childhood and was remarkable for her energy and zeal in the education of her children. The subject of our sketch, even in childhood, was pointed out as one destined for the Church. His obedience, industry, humility, and keen perception, marked him for something serious. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and even in boyhood we find him, who was to be, in our day, New England's first Monsignor, leading his classes in the various branches of study.

In 1841, in his nineteenth year, he took leave of his parents, the loved home and sweet scenes of his childhood, and with many a heartfelt benediction, turned the prow westward to greet his brother James, who was a priest in Salem, Mass. After a brief stay with his brother, he entered the Sulpician College at Montreal, so famed for its learning and the virtue and high standing of her alumni. Here he remained two years, studying the French language, winning fresh laurels in Latin, mathematics and Greek.

Having severed his connection with Montreal College, amid the universal regret of professors and students, we next find him at the College of St. Hyacinth, where he spent four years in prosecuting the higher branches with such success as to merit the highest encomium, which was publicly paid him at the annual distribution of prizes. His remarkable progress having reached the ears of Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, he was sent to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at

Paris, where, after due preparation, he was ordained priest by Archbishop Sibour in .the famous church of Notre Dame, in 1850. While at St. Sulpice he was appointed to the charge of Fr. Camere's Chapel, one of the greatest theologians of his time, which honor Mgr. Strain considers the greatest of his student life. And now, a priest commissioned to preach the gospel, he bids adieu to fair, famed France, and recrosses the Atlantic. With a mind well trained in classic, historic, and theologic love, with a heart inflamed with the love of God, and yearning for the salvation of his fellow man, he presents himself to his worthy superior, Bishop Fitzpatrick.

On the sixth day of January, 1851, he assumed charge of the Catholic population of Chelsea and Lynn. The Catholic Church in New England, at that time, was being tried in the crucible of a fiery ordeal. The spirit of Know-Nothingism was buffeting her on every side. His mission, too, was numerically weak, poor, and much scattered. But, rocked as he was in the cradle of Northern Ireland, inured from very childhood to sounds and scenes of Orange outrage; to the woes and sorrows of his native land; imbued by years of prayer, study and self-sacrifice, with apostolic zeal, panting for spiritual conquest, he entered fearlessly the arena of sacerdotal struggle. His children in the faith, he rallied round him by steadfastness of purpose and indomitable courage. His enemies from without he soon disarmed by integrity of life, affability, and forbearance. For nine long years thus he labored on, singlehanded, assiduously guarding the temporal and the spiritual interests of his people.

The priestly life was then much more arduous than now. The Church was then, in this country, so to speak, but in her infancy. The people were much scattered, and the laborers in the vineyard very few. Assistant pastors were almost unknown, so that Mgr. Strain was obliged, after saying Mass in Chelsea, to drive, fasting, under the scorching rays of the summer sun, through the blinding, piercing storms of winter, to offer the holy sacrifice at the other missions of his people. Time and time without number was he obliged in every season, at every hour, to answer the "sick-call" of some suffering member of his flock in Lynn, Swampscott, and the surrounding country. But his was to do, not to linger; and how he did it, there are many tongues spared to tell. When appointed to his mission in 1851, he found in Chelsea a small, dilapidated, wooden structure, in which a congregation of 250 worshipped. When he left to reside in Lynn in 1867, the Catholics of Chelsea possessed a beautiful church and property valued at $50,000, with a standing debt of only $7,000. When he came to Lynn, he found a church 30x40, a Catholic population of 300.

To-day the Catholics of St. Mary's parish worship in one of the most magnificent Gothic edifices in the country, educate their children in a grand parochial building, under the trained and accomplished sisters of Notre Dame, and own a property worth $200,000, in the very centre of the city. The people of beautiful Nahant, also, owe to his efficient zeal, the lovely church of St. Thomas. At the present time in the very townships where Mgr. Strain labored for years without a coadjutor, ten hard-worked priests administer to the wants of the faithful. And now this priest of sixty-five autumns, and thirty-seven years of relentless struggle, begins to reap the golden harvest of his arduous labors. He is made a Permanent Rector, by order of the late Council of Baltimore, with the approbation of his venerable Archbishop. Again we find him raised to the dignity of Missionary Apostolic to the Holy See, and now he has received officially the purple of a Roman prelate, with the title of Very Reverend Monsignor, the first resident priest of New England thus honored. The following letters apprising Mgr. Strain of his elevation, and that of approval from Archbishop Williams, will be of interest to our readers:—

Prefettura dei S. S. Palazzi Apostolici,
Dalle Stauze al Vaticano,
Li 1 Lugis, 1887,

H. 560.

La Santita di Nostro Signore essendosi benignamente degnata di annoverare tra Suvi Cappellani d'onore extra urbem il Sacerdote D. Patrizo Strain Rettore di S. Maria della Diocesi di Boston negli Stati Uniti dell 'America set tentrionale, il sottoscritto Maggiordomo della Sanita Sua si rendri sollenlo di porgergli l'amnuizio di questo speciale tratto di Sovrana Pontificia codsiderazione.

(Signed.) MACCHI.

Sig. D. Patrizio Strain.

Prefecture of the Holy Apostolic Palace, from the rooms of the Vatican, July 1, 1887.

The Holiness of our Lord being benignly moved to number amongst his Chaplains of Honor outside the city the Priest Domino Patrick Strain, Rector of St. Mary's Church of the Diocese of Boston in the U. S. of North America. The undersigned Major Domo of of His Holiness, hastens to make the announcement of the special favor of the Sovereign Pontiff's consideration.

(Signed.) MACCHI.

BOSTON, Aug. 18, 1887.

Reverend and Dear Monsignor:—

Yours of the 17th inst. is received, and I thank you for your cordial welcome home. It pleases me very much to hear of the honor conferred on you by the Holy Father, and I hope God will grant you strength for many years to carry out your good works. I am very well, and feel the benefit of the rest from my usual work. Yours, very sincerely,

JNO. J. WILLIAMS,
Archbishop of Boston.

MONSIGNOR P. STRAIN, P. R. M. A., Lynn, Mass.

A few words of explanation of this signal title will be appropriate. Every sovereign has his court, and the more brilliant the courtiers, the more resplendent the throne. The Pope, though deprived of his temporal power, is the recognized spiritual sovereign of 250,000,000 Catholics scattered over the globe. As such his subjects revere, love, and obey him. He, too, has his court called Curia Romana, which embraces all the authorities and functionaries that administer the Papal Primacy. As the successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Christ, the Holy Father must, first of all, govern and feed with sound doctrine the universal church, and his own diocese in particular. The agencies in the Curia — Court — by which he fulfils these purposes are the Sacred Congregations of Cardinals, the Secritariat of State and the Vicariate of Rome, with the Chancery, the Datana, and the Camera Apostolica (the Apostolic Chamber). As the Supreme Judge in Christendom the Pope acts, partly through special congregations and delegated judges, partly through the regular tribunals of the Rota, and the Segnatura and the Penitenziaria. Before the usurpation of his temporal power the Camera also was a court of justice. Again the vicar of Christ must be diligently and uninterruptedly occupied with the worship of God, and to this end corresponds the institution of the Papal Chapel (Capella Pontificia). As living and reigning, the Pope, like any other sovereign, has his household (Familia Pontificia).

In this list of Papal officers, Mgr. Strain takes his rank in the Capella Pontificia, or the "Pope's Chapel" in which the order of rank is:— First the College of Cardinals, next the College of Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, assisting at the Pontifical throne. Then come the Vice Camerlergo, the princes assisting at the throne, the Auditor and Treasurer of the Camera, the Majordomo, archbishops and bishops generally, the prelates of the college of Apostolic Pronotaries, abbots, heads of orders, chamberlains, chaplains, etc., every one having his proper place and just precedence assigned him. The authorities of Curia, or Court, below the rank of Cardinal, are technically divided into two classes, viz., the prelates of the Mantelletta — a short cloak, and those of the Mantellone — a cloak long, reaching to the feet. In the first class are ranked Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, Protonotaries, Apostolic, etc.

Mgr. Strain is ranked with the Mantellone. The title Monsignor is from the Italian, and signifies my Lord. Well may the Catholics of Lynn rejoice and endeavor to make this day of Mgr. Strain's investiture with the purple one to be remembered, for it is the glorification of work and deeds well done. For thirty-seven years he has labored in the vineyard of the priesthood, unfalteringly and without reproach. In season and out of season has he ever been found at the post of duty, and even now, though far down the steep decline of life, he performs all the arduous duties of his sacred calling with an alacrity and a will most surprising. Though sixty-five years of age, he still officiates at High Mass on Sundays and holydays, sits in the confessional for hours on Saturday evenings, pours the sweet oil of hope and consolation into the wounded souls of his people and attends the sick and the dying, even at the dead hour of midnight.

The beautiful edifice of St. Mary's Church looked especially fine on the interior this morning, as the sun found its way through the stained glass Gothic windows, giving that calm and peaceful appearance which is so marked in all Roman Catholic churches.

At the Church.

The ceremony began with solemn High Mass at 10.30 A. M. Long before the hour of commencement all of the approaches to the church were thronged. Admission was by ticket until 10 o'clock, and after that the doors were thrown open, and the spacious and beautiful church was quickly thronged.

The ushers were Gregory Lomasney, Daniel F. White, Thomas L. McKenny, James Kelly, Frank Souther, Michael Mooney, John J. McAndrew, John Ferguson, John Barry, Daniel Lamper, John Hayes, James Lemmon, John Callahan, P. S. Curry and George Doherty.

The Mass began promptly at 10.30. Rev. Abbe Hogan, president of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, who attended the same college with Father Strain, was

celebrant; Rev. Richard Barry of Hyde Park was deacon, Rev. M. F. Flatley, of Malden, sub-deacon and Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, of Boston, amster of cere monies.

The cathedral choir of Boston — Sopranos, Miss E. A. McLaughlin, Mrs. A. J. Mooney, Miss Annie F. Pigeon; altos, Miss Celia Mooney, Mrs. Frank J. Smith, Miss Carrie Read; tenors, P. A. McLaughlin, P. A. Lavey, D. F. Keefe; bassos, J. J. McCluskey, J. J. Mooney, J. P. Hyland; under the direction of J. Frank Donahoe, organist, who furnished the music.

Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell read the letter from the Vatican.

The Archbishop then ascended the steps of the altar and blessed the robes of office, after which they were placed upon Father Strain. The archbishop then pronounced the oration after the ascription, saying: "Dearly beloved brethren, we are assembled this morning for a peculiar ceremony of great significance to us, one that is performed for the first time in this part of the country. We are here to congratulate your beloved pastor for receiving so high an honor. We are all rejoicing with him and with you in this ceremony, for it is a mark of honor. The higher the power which confers the honor, the greater the honor, and to Catholics no higher honor can be conferred than that which comes from the seat of Peter. So this is a high honor coming from the head of the church." He spoke of what Catholics believed. They believed that Christ was equal with God. Christ chose Peter, saying, "On this rock will I found my church." Peter's successor is the head of the church now held by Leo XIII., who sits in the same place held by Peter, and who shares with him the same respect, the same power that he did. The church yields no more to Peter than it does to Leo XIII. He is equal with him. This is the source from which comes this power. There was another reason why they should take this event home to their hearts, because it was conferred on so worthy a pastor, who for thirty-six years had attended their spiritual needs. He spoke of the growth of the city; the severe strain on Father Strain's physical health; his great work of enlarging the Catholic church of but a few hundred members when he came here to Lynn. He spoke of the burning of the Lynn church at the same time that the church he was building in Chelsea had not been finished. He alluded to his prudence and foresight in selecting the site of St. Mary's and the erection of its beautiful temple. He complimented Father Strain on his steady and sure progress, and spoke of the mission at Nahant. He paid a strong tribute to the new Monsignor for his parochial school work, and said it was in appreciation of Father Strain's devotion that all these clergymen had come from the different parts of the diocese to be present at this ceremony, which filled them with such great satisfaction. It was a family meeting that they were attending. The people would feel that they were brought much nearer the head of the church through their beloved pastor. They were to remember that it was not the man, but Peter, and it was not Peter, but Christ, and to-day they had made stronger the link that bound them to Rome."

The Mass then closed, and as the priests passed out the beautiful march from Athalia resounded through the arches of the church. Probably three thousand persons were in attendance. Over two hundred priests were present.

Banquet and Reception.

Rev. Father Strain attended the banquet in the Parochial School Hall in the afternoon. The rooms were handsomely decorated and the menu a most enjoyable one.

In the evening a reception was tendered Father Strain in the school hall. Congratulations poured in from all sides, and thousands grasped the reverend gentleman's hand. He was presented with a check for $1,000.

THEIR FAITHFUL EMPLOYES. — At the Street Railway Managers' banquet, the other night, they not only toasted their "noble selves," but gave emphasis to the following very good sentiment to their "Faithful employés:" "In our dealings with them, may we ever keep before us this motto: 'Put yourself in his place.'"

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE CHILD'S SUMMER SONG.

PITTER, patter, pitter, patter, on the window pane,
Hear the tinkle, tinkle, of the gentle summer rain!
Gayly playing hide-and-seek amid the forest green —
Falling down, a diamond crown fit for the Fairy Queen.

Glitter, glitter, sparkle and shine, sunlight on the sea!
Gild with gold the leaflets on each stately forest tree;
Kiss the dew from off the grass, and send the bee a rover,
Seeking sweets within the heart of wind-blown, blushing clover.

Twitter-tu-weet, twitter-tu-weet, birdies in the tree
Sing away the livelong day — twitter-tu-weet, tu-wee!
In the sunshine, in the rain, no matter what the weather,
Not a bird will say a word but sing away together.

WHAT THE CHRIST-CHILD BROUGHT TO ROY.

I.

"Let kindly voices ring beneath low roof or palace dome,
For these alone are Christmas chimes that bless a Christmas home."

"AND what will the Christ Child bring to me?"

The speaker was a tiny boy, with a face just now flushed with anticipation and curiosity, and his dark, restless eyes impatiently sought his sister's face, as he repeated his question in a slightly raised tone of voice.

"What *will* the Christ Child bring to *me?*"

Alice had been telling Roy and May of the wonderful love which brought the infant King from his high throne of heavenly glory to the cold and bleak manger, and she had spoken of the great gifts which He brings, Christmas after Christmas, in rich profusion, and how the joy and happiness of the Christmas-tide flow over all, for the Saviour King comes to all alike, bearing rich treasures in His Almighty hands.

Alice was not a practised preacher, and she soon tired of it. The hungry minds, and glib tongues of her audience rendered the young girl's task very wearisome, for they asked the most abstruse questions, with the utmost coolness, even when Alice had almost exhausted her stock of knowledge, and called to mind stray bits of learning she had picked up here and there, and thought the matter over till her head ached, so that she might supply the children with useful information, for Alice "hated," she said, "to talk nonsense."

"Alice, I say, Alice, what *will* the Christ Child *bring to me?*"

Roy's question was repeated more impatiently still. Alice had not replied directly to him, and Roy's busy brain was full of Christmas chimes, and ringing echoes, and cheery hearts and merry carols, and what was more in Roy's line, its mince pies, its sugar plums, and monster pudding.

Roy's face grew sullen and gloomy, a heavy frown overshadowed his blue eyes. He raised his voice hoarsely. He clenched his hands. He stamped on the floor, and screamed with angry vehemence, —

"Alice, I say, Alice, you *must* answer me, what will He *bring to me?*"

Alice turned gravely towards the excited boy.

"He will bring you a better disposition I hope," the girl said earnestly. "How different you are, Roy, to the meek Christ Child. He was all sweetness and patience and kindness. How different from *you!*"

Roy now worked himself into a fury, and shouted so loudly that he disturbed their mother, who was ill.

Roy was his mother's darling. When she heard his voice raised in anger, she became very excited, chiding Alice for "provoking" her brother, and she then petted and soothed her boy into silence.

And now the Christmas chimes rang out, and people greeted one another with kindly wishes, the peace and good-will of Christmas-tide shining in each softened face, and Roy looked out on the passers-by, and wondered what the Christ Child would bring to *him.*

All was silence and sorrow and gloom in the house of Mr. Ellis. The two children were given a box of toy-bricks, and bidden to remain in the spare room and make no noise, as their mother was very, very ill.

They were growing weary of the building and razing and re-building, and Roy was just getting one of his bad fits of temper, when Alice entered, her eyes red and her face swollen with grief.

"How dare you leave me alone?" shouted Roy impetuously. "I am just going now to complain of you to mamma."

"Oh, hush, hush, Roy dear," whispered his sister through her tears, as she grasped the two children in her feeble arms. "Mother can never hear you again on earth; she has gone to heaven, she has left us, Roy."

Roy's question was at length answered. *That* was what the Child Christ brought to *him.*

II.

"We list the pealing anthem chord, we hear the midnight strain,
And love the tidings that proclaim a Christmas-tide again."

A few uneventful years had passed, and at the beginning of one bright new year Roy went to school.

Mr. Ellis was not rich, and he had tried to impress on his son the necessity of a careful preparation for the struggle of life which lay before him. "You have your own future to make, Roy," he had said, "and mere exterior show will, to you, be utterly valueless. Cultivate your mind then, educate every faculty of your soul, learn to conquer *self*, lay in a store of common-sense, and you will possess a fortune more useful and precious than a store of gold."

Alice, who had been like a mother to the two since that bitter Christmas Day, felt much grieved at Roy's departure.

However, her early distaste for "nonsense," enabled her to see very plainly that the parting was necessary for Roy's welfare, and that no sentimental objections should be raised to that which was to fit her brother for the race of life, for which it was inevitable that he should enter, and in which, if not properly prepared, he would soon be out-distanced.

So, Alice bravely set her own feelings aside, and cheered her brother with glad words of encouragement, speaking hopefully of the bright and glowing future which time would bring to those who could work and wait.

Mr. Ellis experienced many business worries and troubles, and things did not mend after Roy's departure.

When the Christmas vacation again returned, and Roy was home, Mr. Ellis expressed a wish that the boy should not be told of his worries, lest it might unfit him for the all-important study, and Alice was so cheerful that Roy's suspicions were not excited, and he departed without suspecting that things were not prospering with them at home.

Mr. Ellis had taken cold in the sudden transitions from his heated office to the bitter streets, and these transitions occurred more frequently of late, and were imposed most unreasonably by those in authority, so when summer came he felt his weakness still more, and his breathing grew short and spasmodic.

Another autumn passed by, the winter came bringing another Christmas-tide, when Roy was summoned hastily from school.

A second time had the Christ Child brought a death gift to Roy!

III.

"For though green boughs may thickly grace low roof or palace dome,
Kind hearts alone will truly serve to deck a Christmas home."

Roy returned to school, determined to work harder than ever, conscious that the future of his sisters, as well as his own, depended utterly on his proficiency and industry.

There was a scholarship to be gained at the end of this year, which, under the present circumstances, would be the making of him, Roy thought. Funds were very low at home. Even as it was, Alice and May were obliged to live very economically, in order that Roy might not be stinted, and the boy knew that if he failed to win the scholarship, he should leave for want of money to finish his course.

It was lonely and sad for the two girls, and one old servant, but they never uttered a word of complaint.

Week after week, Alice wrote cheerful and encouraging letters to her brother, entertaining him with all the news she thought would interest him and assuring him that she, May, and old Nancy prayed so hard for him, that she felt, that even should he fail in gaining the ardently desired scholarship, that the very failure would be, in God's inscrutable ways, a victory.

As the time approached, Roy worked more earnestly and constantly still.

From early morn till late at night, Roy paused and studied and thought, and taxed his weary brain, until the boy was completely unfitted for the coming strain, and unwillingly dreaded the work in hand.

But the more ill and the more weak he felt, the more Roy saw the stern necessity of action, and he forced himself to continue his exertions.

The day came, and the general excitement was painful in its intensity.

Roy's head was in a whirl; he watched the proceedings with fever ish longing, with eager expectancy.

His turn at length came.

His brain was swimming, his limbs weak and failing. He remembered nothing very distinctly.

There was a buzz as of many bees, a rush forward as in a game of cricket, and Roy saw nothing but his failure, heard nothing but his failure, felt nothing but his failure.

He *had* failed miserably!

IV.

"Here's merry Christmas come again;
Cling heart to heart and hand to hand,
'Love one another' was the strain
Of Him who never taught in vain,
And let it sound o'er hill and plain
And rule the feast in every land."

It was Christmas again. A year had passed slowly by since the examination in which Roy had so signally failed.

He had not, of course, gone back to school, but after the first shock of disappointment was over, and he had quite settled down with his sisters in the old home, his eyes were opened to the daily sacrifices they were making, the rigid economy they were practising, their self-denial, their constant deprivations, and Roy grew ashamed of his own selfishness.

He looked back with remorse on the careless school-life, with its frivolous and ever-recurring wants which were always so promptly and cheerfully supplied by his unselfish sister, who neither murmured nor grieved, but looked hopefully onward.

Roy saw that things, instead of improving, were growing worse; every day it seemed more difficult to make ends meet, and if Roy had looked into the matter a little more deeply, he would not have been surprised at his discovery; for, of course, the money was constantly going out, and nothing coming in to increase the little store, which the girls had already stretched out to a considerable length beyond that which it was originally intended to reach.

Roy made up his mind to go next day and apply for a situation in the business house with which his father had been long and honorably connected.

After an unusual delay, the boy was sent for, and ungraciously offered a rather menial position in the office.

Roy was about to refuse indignantly, but when he remembered

the difficulty of procuring any employment, with his want of experience and half-finished education, he briefly made up his mind, and, for his sister's sake, accepted the offer.

And here he had been toiling for almost a year without one encouraging look from his employer, or one sympathetic word from those who had known him in his prosperity.

Now, as Christmas again arrived, a terrible fear settled down like a cloud on the hearts of himself and his sister May.

Alice was ill!

She had not said so; but her brother and sister saw that she had wasted to a shadow, that her eyes grew large and luminous, and her cheeks hot and red, and her step grew weak, and she often coughed and struggled to regain breath.

Roy remembered well what the Christ Child had heretofore seemed to bring to *him*.

Was it still to be repeated? Forbid it, love of the Christ Child, for the sorely-tried and afflicted! Now, at least, may the holy Christmas-tide bring to wearied and patient workers that for which they toiled and wept!

May and Roy held a private and anxious consultation, the issue of which was, that May should go alone to old Dr. Mills, and ask him, as a friend of their deceased parents, to step in as if making a friendly call, and endeavor by this means to ascertain if their fears for Alice were well founded. Roy was then to call to the doctor's house when returning from the office, and hear the honest old man's opinion.

"I have watched her attentively," said the old doctor, gravely, "and I may tell you, without any false delicacy, that she appears to me as if she required many things which she does not get. Change of air, complete and entire change of scene is one of these. The girl has been unwontedly excited, the strain on her fine nervous system has been enormous and bravely borne, but she will succumb, she *must* succumb, if not promptly treated as I have suggested."

The hot tears sprang to Roy's dark eyes, he grasped the doctor's arm, and said convulsively: "Oh, Dr. Mills, Alice must live, we could not do without her. She has been father and mother to us both for all those years."

V.

"Oh! 'help the needy,' for 'tis said,
The hands that raise and succor them
Will find a friend in Him who made
His sign, 'the Star of Bethlehem.'"

Christmas eve. Roy waited in the office until the last, for the old porter, who had engaged to spend Christmas with his married daughter in the suburbs, had petitioned Roy to lock up the place and take charge of the keys, as his train started before the clerks' time for leaving.

Managers and partners and chief clerks passed on their way, and no one wished Roy a happy Christmas, or indeed noticed him at all.

Only old Saunders, the porter, had gone out beaming with smiles, and invoking "Yule-tide blessings" on the young man for his kindness,

and the words made Roy hopeful, and he thought of Alice, and wished, oh, so ardently, that "Yule-tide blessings," of which old Saunders had so confidently spoken, might indeed fall on *her*.

During the afternoon the principal had received a telegram in consequence of which he had gone out without locking his office door, and Roy thinking he might return, as he himself only kept the key, the boy sat there in the dusk waiting for him until everything grew indistinct and dark, and silence reigned around.

Suddenly a great bell chimed. What a silver, limpid, drip, drip, tinkle it had! Roy never before heard a bell with such a sound; but, oh, what was the light, and the beauty, and the holiness of the faces that came up from the darkness; and the ethereal music that accompanied their movements, and the shining star that led them on!

And they carried something, too, those bright and beautiful and luminous beings, and all the time the silver bell tinkled its sweet drip, drip, and the bright angelic company with wings of rainbow light, floated in ethereal space, and sang their heavenly song:—

Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.

And the weaving light, the star of misty beauty floated on and on, until it rested over Roy's head, and then the Angel visitants stooped over him with their precious, precious burthen.

Oh! Roy's breath almost went; oh, nothing on earth could give an idea of the transcendent sweetness and holiness and purity and inconceivable beauty of the infant which the angels held. The Christ Child, Roy knew, and the old question hovered over Roy's lips, and tremblingly he whispered:—

"Oh, beautiful Christ Child, what will you *bring to me?*"

"Health, Happiness, Peace, the peace that knoweth no understanding," was breathed, oh, never so softly, into Roy's heart, and the sweet voice went on, and oh, Roy could have listened forever and ever.

"Roy, when you first set your heart upon Christmas gifts, that which you *then* valued most was taken, because your mother's overweening love would have fostered the germ of revolt, which had been dropped into your heart by the enemy.

"Then other disappointments came to prune and discipline your wayward soul.

"Your father's struggle longer prolonged, would have caused you to selfishly gratify your own desires, and despise the efforts that were made in your behalf.

"You failed in the examination, because failure was your road to success. Had you then succeeded, pride and desolation would have encircled you in their grasping folds.

"You were placed in a menial position, in order to lower and reduce that pride of spirit which was inherent in you, and which if not cut down and cast away, would ere long have mastered you.

"Your heart was touched by your sister's illness, in order to rouse you from your selfish contemplation of your own prospects and degradation.

"Roy, your trial time is over, and the hour I so longed for has come, and with it all the 'Yule-tide blessings.'

"This is your charter,—farewell, Roy, Health, Happiness, Peace."

The sounds died away, the lights died out, and in their stead a glare of gas-light shone on Roy's sleepy eyes, and the principal, who stood over him said:—

"What a brave fellow you are, Roy, to watch the place all alone! But I have been watching *you* for the past twelve months, and I have proved you worthy of your father's name. His vacated place shall be yours henceforth. I have been talking to Dr. Mills. Here is money, take your sister away for change of air, and we shall all be glad to welcome you home."

What could Roy say? Health, Happiness, Peace! These are what the Christ Child brought to Roy.

ST. TERESA AND HER BROTHER.

On the fifteenth of October, we celebrated the Feast of St. Teresa and an incident in her life is worth recording. She herself tells us the story in these words:—

"I had a brother, Rodrigo de Cepeda, nearly of my own age, and he it was whom I most loved, though I was very fond of all of them, and they of me. He and I used to read the lives of the Saints together. When I read of the martyrdom undergone by the saints for the love of God, it struck me that the vision of God was very cheaply purchased, and I had a great desire to die a martyr's death; and I used to discuss with my brother how we could become martyrs. We settled to go together to the land of the Moors, begging our way for the love of God that we might be beheaded. But our greatest difficulty appeared to be our father and mother."

However, the two children set out, after putting up a small stock of food; but they soon met one of their uncles, who took them home to their mother. As they were prevented from being martyrs, they determined to be hermits. But here again was a difficulty, for as fast as they put up the stones to build the hermitage they fell down again. The orchard where they made these attempts still exists, and a church of the Carmelite Friars stands on part of its site.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

A simple, pious herdsman, being somewhat discouraged by his trials and his poverty, said to himself one day: "Jean Baptiste, thou art very poor. If thou wert to fall sick, thou wouldst be, with thy wife and children, without resources." And the rest of the day he was anxious and cast down.

But in the evening, at the Angelus, having lifted up his heart to God he became encouraged, and said to himself: "Jean Baptiste, be-

hold the thirty odd years that thou hast been upon this earth, thou hast never possessed anything, and nevertheless thou dost live; thou hast found each day nourishment, and each night repose. In point of trouble, God has never sent thee more than thy measure; in point of succor, what was necessary thou hast never wanted. Who has given thee all this? Was it not God?

"So Jean Baptiste, be no longer ungrateful. Banish thy anxiety; for what can induce thee to think that when thou art old, when thou hast more wants, the hand from which thou hast received so much will be closed?"

And, having prayed with confidence, his anxiety was at an end.

Notes on Foreign Travel.

THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

IV.

On that corner of the Palatine which overlooks the Forum once stood the Palace of Caligula. Contemporary writers inform us that it was a magnificent building, adorned with statues and paintings taken from the most celebrated temples of Greece; and the mighty ruins, which still remain, attest the truth of these accounts.

The traveller who has refreshed his memory of the historical events associated with the spot will be surprised to find with what an intense interest he will regard the shattered walls and heaps of rubbish in which the wild fox now burrows and the owl has made its nest. As he looks down from the summit of the Palatine on the gigantic foundations, and wanders among the crumbling arches and gloomy stairways of the once splendid palace, he can easily fancy them as still haunted by the strange figure, sketched for us by the master-hand of Suetonius, whom the night-watchmen so often beheld walking by moonlight and starlight along the wide-stretching colonnades, tortured by the dread of assassination, and, in his sleeping hours, disturbed by hideous and tumultuous dreams.

"But, above all, he was tortured with nervous irritation, by sleeplessness; for he enjoyed not more than three hours of nocturnal repose; nor even these in pure, untroubled rest, but agitated by phantasma of portentous augury; as, for example, upon one occasion he fancied that he saw the sea, under some definite impersonation, conversing with himself. Hence it was, and from this incapacity of sleeping, and from weariness of lying awake, that he had fallen into habits of ranging all the night long through the palace, sometimes throwing himself on a couch, sometimes wandering along the vast corridors watching for the earliest dawn, and anxiously invoking its approach." — *Suetonius, Vita Caligulæ.*

From his nineteenth year, Caligula lived under the roof of Tiberius at Capri, and felt to the full, the influence of the masterful will and demoniac nature of the old emperor. "His whole exterior," says Tacitus, "was an imitation of that which Tiberius had put on for the day, and he spoke almost with the latter's words." The penetrating insight of Tiberius enabled him to form a true estimate of the character of his grand-nephew and future successor. "You shall have all the vices of Sylla without any of his virtues," he remarked, on an occasion when Caligula was depreciating the fame of the great rival of Marius. Though the father and brothers of Caligula had fallen victims to the savage jealousy of Tiberius, Caligula was spared — the gloomy old tyrant evincing, even in his clemency, the hatred of humanity which inspired him. "I let Caius live," he said, "for his own misery and that of others. I am educating a serpent for the Roman people — a Phaeton for the universe."

As the son of Germanicus, Caligula shared in the boundless love and veneration with which the memory of his father was cherished. On his accession to the throne, the whole people broke out into manifestations of joy. The city put on its holiday attire; the temples smoked with incense; and nearly two hundred thousand victims were sacrificed in grateful thanksgiving that a son of Germanicus was to wear the imperial purple.

In the early part of his reign, the public acts of Caligula, as a ruler, went far to justify the anticipations which had been formed of a happy and peaceful reign. He began by proclaiming a general amnesty — recalled to Rome those whom his predecessor had banished into exile, and reinstated them in possession of the property and civil rights of which they had been deprived. He even posed as a champion of morality, by expelling from the city those who were addicted to the more depraved forms of licentiousness. When a written paper was put into his hands, with the remark that its contents concerned his life, he refused to read it, observing that he had no ears for informers, and had done nothing to merit the hatred of any one.

But the mask which he had thus assumed was thrown aside with equal facility. "Thus far," writes Suetonius, "I have spoken of a prince — I have now to speak of a monster:" — and the transition from one extreme to the other in the conduct of Caligula would appear to have been as abrupt as the reference to it in the narrative of the Roman historian.

When we read of the excesses of passion which stained the life of Caligula, set down not by impure romancers straining their imaginations to body forth some form of monstrous and grotesque depravity, but calmly narrated by grave historians, we wonder that the sword of vengeance should so long have slumbered in its scabbard, and that civilized men should have tolerated, for so long a time, combinations of wickedness in which the mischievous frolics of a monkey alternated so curiously with the blood-thirsty ferocity of a tiger.

A frequent subject of his regret was that while the reign of Augustus was signalized by the defeat of Varus and his legions in the forests of Germany, and that of Tiberius by the fall of the amphitheatre at

Fidenum, by which thousands lost their lives, his own reign was so unfortunate as not to be distinguished by any such public calamity. Fire, famine, pestilence, or slaughter, could alone glut his ferocious appetite for blood.

Only the most horrid indulgences could stimulate the tyrant's jaded and exhausted sense of pleasure. The delights of the banqueting table had become commonplace and insipid without the condiment of murder or lingering torture. On such occasions an indispensable requirement was a swordsman powerful and dexterous enough to shear off a human head with a single sweep of his weapon (*ensem rotare*, as Lucan phrases it). He would sometimes burst out into repeated peals of laughter, and on his guests inquiring the cause of the imperial mirth, he would inform them that he was just thinking how funny they would look without their heads, and how, with a single nod, he could have their throats slit from ear to ear. A somewhat singular illustration, indeed, of the "*dulcis insania*," which, we are told, was wont to distinguish social gatherings at a Roman *cœna!*

Most incredible of all was the extravagant buffoonery with which he conducted his military and naval operations. At the head of his legions he set out for Germany, borne on a litter by eight slaves, the inhabitants of the towns through which he passed receiving special orders to repair the roads and lay the dust. On arriving at the scene of action no enemy was to be found. But Caligula was not to be balked of his laurels. He gave secret orders to a troop of his German guards to cross the Rhine, and conceal themselves in ambush. As he was rising from his evening repast some of those in the plot rushed into the banquet hall, and breathlessly announced that the enemy was in sight. Caligula seized a sword, and at the head of a few soldiers started to meet the foe, who immediately disappeared in the gathering darkness. Breathing reproaches against the cowards who lagged behind, Caligula returned to camp by the light of torches, having previously directed his soldiers to hew off green branches from the trees, and to wear them on their helmets as tokens of victory.

In all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war he marched his legions towards the sea. When, at last, he reached the shores of the great ocean, he bade his soldiers occupy themselves in gathering shells with which to decorate, as trophies of his naval triumphs, the temples of the Capitol and the palace of the Cæsars.

His chief favorite was his race-horse, Incitatus, whose stable was of marble, the watering-trough of ivory, and whose harness trappings were of purple inlaid with pearls. On the day before a great race a detachment of soldiers was stationed in the vicinity of the stable to suppress all noises which might disturb the horse's slumbers. He even thought of making the animal consul. As a candidate running for office, the fleet-footed steed, would doubtless have distanced all competitors; while his inability to make a speech, and incapacity for being bribed, would have been rare qualifications in an aspirant to public honors.

The fame of Homer excited the jealousy of Caligula to such an extent, that he set about destroying all the manuscripts of the Homeric

poems in the public libraries. Plato banished poets from his republic — why should not he have the power to banish them from the empire? Though morally an idiot, he was far from being destitute of intellectual acquirements. He was an eloquent speaker, invariably prefacing his remarks with the pompous announcement that now he was "about to draw the sword of his nocturnal studies." A bit of criticism, which Suetonius ascribes to him, on the writings of Seneca, shows him to have been possessed of some literary insight and discernment. He designated the works of the Stoic philosopher as mere scholastic pedantry; and compared them to an edifice in which there were stones and sand, but no lime or mortar.

At the present day may still be seen on the Palatine, a pier of the bridge, which this buffoon of the imperial purple caused to be built over the temples and basilicas and gilded roofs of the Forum, connecting his palace with the temple of Jupiter on the Capitol. It served as a connecting link between two high divinities, Caius Caligula and the Capitoline Jove; and was built for the purpose of facilitating communication between the pair. At times, however, the relations between Caligula and his co-divinity, on the Capitol, were not of the most harmonious kind. Jupiter, it appears, did not treat him with the proper degree of respect. He was often seen menacing the statue of the god, and heard whispering into its ear: "One of us must give way before the other." He was even on the point of giving orders that the head of the statue be removed, and his own put in its place. He refrained, however, giving as an explanation, that "Jupiter had asked his pardon." *Noblesse oblige;* and Caligula, like a gentleman, accepted the apology.

By dint of hearing himself called a god, Caligula came at last to seriously believe in his own divinity. Not content with erecting a temple in honor of himself, in which were sacrificed peacocks, paroquets, and all manner of rare birds, he resolved to place himself on an equal footing with the inhabitants of Olympus, and share in the acts of homage offered up at the shrine of his brother deities. It was his custom to seat himself in the temple of Castor in order to receive the adoration of the people. On one occasion, while thus gravely posing as a god, among his supposed worshippers was a certain shoemaker, whose sense of the ridiculous was too strong for his prudence, and who burst out into loud and prolonged laughter at the absurd spectacle. "What effect do I produce?" asked Caligula, when the man was brought before him. "The effect," quoth the candid shoemaker, "of a big fool!" Whether it was owing to the audacity of the response, which stunned the tyrant into a momentary forgetfulness, or to a certain truculent sense of humor, which he is known to have possessed, the irreverent shoemaker escaped all punishment.

After the death of Caligula the bridge which he had built over the Forum was pulled down. But another interesting ruin still exists on the Palatine which preserves his memory. Recent excavations have laid bare, near where stood the temple of Jupiter Stator, one of those underground passages (*crypto-portici*), common enough in ancient Rome, which served as a means of communication between one house and

another without passing through the streets or public places. The crypt in question, which is one of the longest in existence, connected the palace of Caligula with that of Tiberius. It was lighted from above by a series of windows springing from the vault, which was covered with mosaic of mixed marble and glass, a few fragments of which still remain.

As the tourist gropes his way among its gloomy recesses he recalls, with a shudder, the terrible tragedy of which it had once been the scene. Informed by the light of history, the imagination summons up the image of the prince as he stands depicted on the canvas of Seneca and Suetonius: worn out by all manner of excesses, and old at twenty-nine; the small head set on the huge, unwieldy body; the hollow eyes; the livid complexion; the face which nature had made sinister enough, but which he delighted to render still more repulsive. We may still follow in the footsteps of his assassins from the moment they entered the crypt, till they emerged at the other end, near where stood the house of Germanicus — the roof of the father, by the bitter irony of fate, furnishing an asylum for the murderers of the son.

The fear and abhorrence which the crimes of Caligula excited had now begun to take the shape of a resolute determination to get rid of him. His repeated outrages awoke, at last, in the old soldiers, the sleeping embers of the republican spirit. A conspiracy was formed, at the head of which was Cassius Cerea, a military tribune, who concealed under a refined and somewhat effeminate exterior, the soul of a soldier, and the fire and energy of an old republican. He was never to be found among the throng of flatterers who grovelled before the imperial throne; and, as a consequence, aroused the distrust of the emperor, and was a favorite butt for his ribald jests. As captain of the imperial guard, it was his office to receive the pass word of the day from Caligula, who invariably gave some term of obscene meaning, which rendered Cassius an object of derision to the officers and soldiers of the court. Stung by such treatment, the high-spirited tribune resolved to strike down the imperial tyrant.

The day selected for the execution of the project was one set apart for the celebration of the Palatine games, in honor of Augustus, which were held in the open plain where the arch of Titus now stands. On this particular day, a larger multitude than usual had assembled to witness a singular spectacle, a representation of the infernal regions, by a troupe of Egyptians and Ethiopians. About noon, the emperor, who presided at the games, adjourned to his palace to snatch a little rest and refreshment. He left the theatre accompanied by his Uncle Claudius, and preceded by a guard of German soldiers, attached to his person. After passing through the gate of the Palatine, and before entering the crypt, he dismissed the German soldiers; while Cassius as captain of the guard, took his stand behind Caligula, and held back the crowd of courtiers by informing them that the emperor wished to be alone.

In the crypt were a number of children belonging to certain Asiatic princes whom Caligula had invited to Rome to witness the popular games. They were engaged at the time in chanting hymns while wind-

ing through the mazes of the Pyrrhic dance. As Caligula stopped for a moment to speak to the Asiatics, Cassius struck him on the head with his sword. Without saying a word, or endeavoring to raise an alarm, Caligula attempted to fly. He was immediately surrounded by the conspirators, and fell pierced by thirty daggers. At the noise the German soldiers of the imperial guard rushed in; while the conspirators unable to retrace their steps, fled along the crypt, at the outlet of which the house of Germanicus stood, and thence easily escaped and dispersed to their homes.

Such was the memorable tragedy which closed the career of Caligula in a climax of retributive vengeance. His bust may still be seen in the Capitoline Museum, the work of a master-hand. About the eyes is a menacing look; the brows are knit together; the lips pressed close as in wrath and scorn. But a closer scrutiny reveals the fact that the expression is wholly out of keeping with the boyish features; is, in a word, assumed, as became the theatrical tyrant who was wont to practise before a mirror the most frightful faces, suitable to one who was the arbiter of life and death.

From this time forth the government of the Roman Empire was a despotism tempered by assassination. Death by murder was the portal through which a large number of the Roman Cæsars were henceforth to pass from this life into the next. To use the ornate and sonorous language of De Quincy:—"The palace floors in Rome actually rocked and quaked with assassination: snakes were sleeping forever beneath the flowers and palms of Empire: the throne was built upon coffins: and any Christian who had read the Apocalypse, whenever he looked at the altar consecrated to Cæsar, on which the sacred fire was burning forever in the Augustan halls, must have seen below them 'the souls of those who had been martyred,' and have fancied that he heard them crying out to the angel of retribution,' How long, O Lord? how long?'"

J. C.

God Must Have His Place.

In our last number we said that, necessary for man isolated, God is necessary for men in their collective capacity. Nations and centuries stand all in need of God. Nay, more: God has an absolute right to occupy His place amongst them.

But what place does He occupy amongst us? What are the signs of His presence in our midst? Is our nineteenth century kneeling before Him for a blessing, or has it turned its back upon Him, and challenged His malediction?

These are questions which may well be asked, even though the answers to them may startle and sadden us. Besides, the answers need not be given. A look at the world — and you have them. Society, the world over, is rocking like a helmless ship on the billows. The spirit of unquiet is on the men of our age. Agitation stalks

among the nations. Men are strangely restless — though not with that restlessness which shows the struggles of the *human* for the *divine*. They demand changes. Tired of the past, dissatisfied with the present, they go groping towards the future. Anything — anything — so it be change — this is their cry and clamor. And there is tumult among nations. Wild rumors everywhere are afloat. What ails our age? Can it be that it wants God's blessing and the humility to ask it? Can it be that if it had more faith in God, and fear of Him, its children would be happier and more content? Has not our age a grand civilization? What more does it lack? What if that civilization would kneel down and kiss the Cross? What if our age, so much in need of quiet and calm, would at last learn to become more Christian? What if the children of our century would, once for all, understand that without God there can be neither peace, nor prosperity, nor progress, nor any of those things which make men truly great and nations truly glorious? What, in fine, if the world would condescend, in the end, to give God the place to which He has an absolute right?

Civilization certainly presents a spectacle which may well excite amazement, and which gives signal proof, that no one can deny, of the vast powers and energies of man. There is a magnificence about it which awes as well as amazes. Surely, if ever, mind now controls matter. Stubborn as *nature* has been, man is bending her to his sway. Among the elements of the material world he walks as a king, commands their homage, exacts their obedience to his behests, presses them into his service. Fire and water and air are his vassals. The lightning is his messenger. Great secrets, which *nature* long and so jealously guarded, have come into his possession. All her treasures have become the wages of his toil and the rewards of his industry. This is not all. Behold man in the realms of science wherein he has entered. He wanders over every kingdom there; crosses all the old boundary lines; goes with a spirit that knows no fear, from the certain and the known out towards the unknown and uncertain; penetrates into vast, strange regions whither mind never ventured before, and returns with trophies and tokens of new discoveries, only to rest awhile, and gathering strength, to go back again, in order still farther to extend the limits of knowledge. He goes into the world of art, and he adds to its wonders by new inventions and improvements adapted to the new and ever-increasing wants of society. He shrinks before no difficulty, recoils at no obstacle, bounds over every barrier. The accumulated experiences of sixty centuries of the past he brings to the service of the present, and it is his aim and ambition to make the nineteenth century the monarch of the ages, and to create a civilization that shall be the wonder of future times. But all this, what is it? and to what does it tend? It is the working of the human spirit, in the human order, with human means, towards human ends. The work will be grand, vast, majestic; but it will be only and merely human; and the human is not enough for man. Put, therefore, the divine element in man's civilization.

That the human is not enough for man, whether he be considered as an individual or as a member of society, no one gifted with common sense can possibly doubt. Fail not, therefore, to put the divine element

into man's civilization: yes, let it permeate, purify, consecrate his civilization; let that civilization meet and supply not only the material and intellectual wants of man and society, but also, and especially, their religious cravings; then, indeed, will its blessings be as great as its grandeur. As it is, it is earthy, of the earth. But man needs more. Higher wants, and deeper, has society. There is something of heaven, as well as of earth, in the make of man's being. Bodily, he is like the dust under his feet; spiritually, he is like the star over his head. He has physical wants: they are many; supply them all, if you will and can; that will be a blessing. He has intellectual needs: meet them all, and satisfy them, if you can; it will be a greater blessing. But he has a religious nature; that nature has many a deep want; and all these wants arise from the deepest want of all — God; supply that want; it is the blessing of blessings, the best. You must give man, God. Let him have all things else, he is dissatisfied because life without God is incomplete. Therefore, *must God have His place* in our civilization. In it the *divine* must meet the *human*. That civilization is the form of which religion must be the soul. Without that soul, it is a dead thing, and, like the corpse, must generate corruption and decay. Has God His place in our civilization, and in all that goes to make it? Does it sufficiently meet, or, does it take into account at all, the religious wants of man and society? Is it anything more? or, if more, is it much more than mere material development? Or, does it simply ignore that element in man's nature which reaches beyond earth towards something higher and better? The philosophy, literature, science, art, education, political theories and their application in governments,— do all these which go to make that complex thing called civilization serve religion, and help or hinder man and society in their march towards their high destiny? In a word, has God His place in our civilization? Alas! our civilization is not willing to kneel down and kiss the Cross; in fact, our civilization has neither the spirit of the Cross in it, nor the sign of the Cross on it, nor the law of the Cross before it. Hence, God seems to have no place in it.

Irish Missionary Types in Newfoundland.

A PAPER, entitled "Irish Missionary Types," is a somewhat humorous account of the life and labors of the Very Rev. Dean Cleary, for more than fifty years one of the foremost figures in the religious and social world of the colony of Newfoundland. It was customary, it seems, always to speak of and refer to him simply as "the Dean." It seems that he not merely fulfilled, with much credit, his distinctly ecclesiastical functions, but could, when the occasion arose, assume also the *rôle* of magistrate, lawyer, doctor, commissioner of works, policeman, or, indeed, officer of any kind. What, however, he particularly excelled in was, Father Howley tells us, "road making." In fact

he claims for him the title of "Colossus of roads," which he thinks he had a better right to than the Hon. L. O'Brien, who bore the title for some years. We will offer one extract from the paper, which "affords a complete picture of the state of the mission in those early days, and throws a side light upon the Dean's character, in which there was a marked comic strain." He chanced to visit a settlement, Kingscove, where no priest up to that time had officiated. He was soon surrounded by a gang of stalwart men and buxom matrons, and blockaded by a crowd of rosy children, and even grown-up boys and girls, coming forward for priestly baptism. This duty was naturally accounted for and easily performed. But who had married the parents? There never had been a priest, parson, or magistrate in the place before. However, there was a schoolmaster, and him the Dean convoked into synod, to inquire into the matrimonial discipline of the community. "I married them all myself, sir," said this worthy. "And who married *you?*" asked the Dean. "I done that myself, too, sir," replied Grammaticus. "How did you perform the ceremony?"— "Well, your reverence, I made them kneel down and I said the *De Profundis* over them!" He looked the Dean straight in the eye, as daring him to "better that" if he could.

Mary Immaculate:

EIGHTH OF DECEMBER.

AMID this chill December gloom,
When flowers sleep in their darkling tomb,
Ere yet the gleam of Christmas gladness
Breaks for a while the winter's sadness,
Beams out a ray,
Spring-like to-day;
Opes a white flower,
Glad for the hour;
Rings up a cry
Clear to the sky,
MARY IMMACULATE!

'Twas thus when first the hapless pair,
Driven in shame from Eden fair,
Seeing, adown the years of sorrow,
Labor to-day, and death to-morrow,
Found in the word
Spoke by the Lord
Hope of reprieve —
Woman, like Eve,
Saved from her woe,
Crushing her foe,
MARY IMMACULATE!

So in this hour of darkest night,
Alas! that men should boast its *light!*
When hearts from truth and Beauty turning
With nameless, shameless fires are burning,
Rises a star,
Radiant afar:
Stands forth a Pope
Strong in his hope,
Flings to the world
Banner unfurled,
MARY IMMACULATE!

Ours are the shepherds' eyes that weep
'Mid gathering gloom the wandering sheep:
Priests though we be, our hearts grow weary
Chilled by our watch, his winter dreary:
Ours be to-day
Courage to pray
That through the night,
Waiting for light,
Our hope may be
Constant to Thee,
MARY IMMACULATE!

REV. ARTHUR RYAN, in *Irish Monthly.*

TRUE peace does not consist in not combating, but in conquering. —*St. Francis de Sales.*

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Praise From a Good Source.

THE New Orleans *Morning Star* has this notice of our October issue: "A most wholesome piece of reading is the opening article in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for November. Its subject is the 'American Declaration of Independence,' and the nationality of its most prominent signers. Not for a long time has there appeared any magazine article of greater historical value than this, and its chief points are so plainly put that they should be embodied in every school United States history. Especially for the young men of to-day is this an important lesson, since from it they may learn what particular race of people were most active in securing American liberty, and, consequently, are to-day its most reliable conservators. Therefore, every man should read this instructive article, and remember its teachings on election days."

Our Race at Home and Abroad.

WILLIAM COLLINS' next article will be on "The Irish in the Republics of North America." This will be followed by "The Irish in Australia."

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU'S recent visit to Toronto was for the purpose of laying the corner-stone of the new St. Paul's Cathedral, and was also, without doubt, a tribute of personal friendship to the venerable metropolitan of Toronto, Archbishop Lynch, by whom he was consecrated Bishop. On the evening preceding the laying of the corner-stone, the Lieutenant-Governor of Toronto, entertained Cardinal Taschereau at the Government House, where Archbishop Lynch and many Catholic priests, two bishops of the Episcopal communion, the highest clerical representatives of the Presbyterian and the Methodist bodies, and prominent secular officials were assembled to pay their respects to the Cardinal.

Montgomery Light Guard Veterans.

AT a meeting of the Montgomery Light Guards Veteran Association, on the evening of the 9th of October, the following officers were elected: Colonel, Thomas F. Doherty; lieutenant-colonel, James J. Barry; major, Daniel G. Macnamara; secretary-adjutant, John J. Murphy; captains, Philip E. Clarke, Edward Murphy, J. G. Fennessey, John J. Boyle; first lieutenants, John J. O'Connor, Michael J. Capelle, Daniel Cummings, John B. Duffy; finance committee, Capt. Thomas F. Ferris, Patrick H. Sheehan, paymaster William T. Sullivan, M. J. Logan, Frank J. McCarthy; executive committee, Col. Thomas F. Doherty, Capt. James Dowling, Major Daniel G. Macnamara, Daniel Clark, William English, William A. Miller, Thomas Sproules.

The Flags for Father Riordan.

FATHER JOHN RIORDAN, of Castle Garden, New York, has received the two gorgeous flags of Irish poplin sent to him by Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, which have been liberated from the Custom House. The flags were brought over on Aug. 19, by the Rev. P. J. McDonnell, of Chicago, on the *City of Richmond*, and were sent by the nuns of Thurles, Ireland, to the Irish regiments in America. One of the flags is emblazoned with the stars and stripes, and the other with the green and gold of Ireland. They had been stored in the Custom House, and were on Monday released through the courtesy of Secretary Fairchild and Collector

Magone. Father Riordan took his treasures to the office of the Catholic Mission at 7 State Street. The American flag was sent outright to the Sixty-ninth. The flag of the Green Isle will be given to the Irish regiment receiving the greatest number of votes on the occasion to be named by Father Riordan. The proceeds will be devoted to the Catholic Mission at Castle Garden, of which Father Riordan is pastor. It has been said that the Sixty-ninth will pay and vote to keep the flag in that city. The poles supporting the flags are of Irish ash, and the tips are Irish pike heads.

The Oldest Priest.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 20, 1887.

TO PATRICK DONAHOE.

Dear Sir, — I noticed an article in your MAGAZINE, of October, about the oldest priests in America, giving their time of ordination, etc. We have here Rev. John Carrol, who is ninety-one years old, hale and hearty, as he officiated at the obsequies of Mrs. Catherine Lanigan, last Friday, the 14th, at Calvary Cemetery. In an article in the June number, you s ated he was ordained at Halifax in 1819, by his uncle, so I think he should wear tne crown of being the oldest priest in America. He is chaplain at the Sisters of Mercy Hospital in this city.

Please make a note of this in your popular magazine; then wait and see who can beat it.

I remain yours truly,

W. A. SMYTH.

28 Beethoven Place.

Going from Bad to Worse.

MR. GLADSTONE has arrived at the Marquis of Ripon's residence. He made several speeches *en route*. In an address at Leeds, he said with reference to Ireland, that events were ripening weekly; that the government's policy in Ireland was going from bad to worse; and that the tide was flowing in powerful currents and more quickly than he had ventured to hope, relieving him of the anxiety he formerly felt respecting the length of the struggle.

Earl Spencer on Home Rule.

LONDON, Oct. 25, 1887.

EARL SPENCER made a speech at Edinburgh on the 25th of October. He condemned the policy pursued by the government in Ireland, and expressed the belief that Mr. Gladstone would soon be returned to power, and his Home Rule measure be adopted by parliament. The Earls of Rosebery and Aberdeen and many other distinguisded persons were present.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

CHRISTMAS morning! Christmas morning!
Wake up little one;
Icicles the trees adorning
Sparkle in the sun:
All the happy fields are shining
Where the snow-drifts lie;
Every cloud its silver lining
Shows against the sky;
And the morning stars seem hymning
The melodious word —
Which the bells repeat in ringing —
Which the shepherds heard
In a country far and holy,
When the night was clear,
And the heavenly planets slowly
Trembled over Judea.

THE POET WHITTIER, in answer to an invitation from the committee on the Father-Mathew monument, dedicated in Salem, Mass., says: "I regret that it is not possible for me to be present at the dedication of the monument to Father Mathew, of blessed memory. The whole catholic world, Catholic and Protestant, can do honor to such a man. Would that his mantle might fall on other apostles of temperance, and the world be delivered from one of the greatest curses that ever afflicted it."

The Test of Civilization.

AT the great banquet given to Cardinal Gibbons in St. Paul, Minn., the Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, President of the seminary of St. Thomas Aquinas, Merriam Park, Minn., responding to the toast "Education" said: "Education is the true test of civilization. Education implies life, for it is the fitting of men for life. You cannot set aside in education that which cannot be set aside in life. The religion of the Catholic is the religion that steps between the warring elements of socialistic classes, and extends a calming influence over the troubles. Society cannot do without God; education cannot do without God. The home of God is the home of education, the nursery of civili-

zation. To America belongs a future above her. We are a creation of political history. There is no meaning in our birth and growth unless a providential mission has been given us. Our mission is to make conquest of the world to God with the weapon of education. . . . The men who undertake to build a university have faith in their God, faith in their church, and faith in the future of their country."

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING, Nov. 24.

THE saloons were all closed in Salem during the Father Mathew celebration.

New Missionaries for the Negroes.

FOUR more Franciscan nuns, from the Mill Hill Convent, London, England, have arrived in this country to labor on the mission to which they are vowed — the Christianizing and educating of the negroes of the South. Three of them are English, one an Irish-American. They will be divided between the Baltimore and the Richmond missions, where houses of their Order are already established. The Abbess, Mother Mary Agnes, accompanies these new missionaries. She will visit the houses of the community in this country, and devise means of enlarging the scope of their work among the negroes. She will also endeavor to procure novices for admission to the Sisterhood from among Catholic young ladies of the United States. It has been found that American religious are better adapted to the special work of the Order than are English ladies. It is the intention of the Abbess to remain in this country several months. The present Mother House is at Mill Hill. St. Elizabeth's Home for Colored Foundlings and Waifs in Baltimore, and the Franciscan Convent and Academy in Richmond, Va., are the two houses of the community in this country. Other similar houses will be established as soon as the increasing number of religious render it feasible.

THERE are said to be one million of destitute people in London.

THE PRESBYTERIAN organs of Philadelphia are in a state of indignation, bordering on frenzy, over the honors paid Cardinal Gibbons at the late Constitutional Centennial. "Our Protestant blood boils," one paper says, "at the thought that a scarlet-robed prince of Rome should be given the place of honor over all civil and military dignitaries in this Protestant country, and on one of our national anniversaries." It is a hard pill for our Presbyterian brethren to swallow; but they "must grin and bear it."

THE new church of St. Margaret, Beverly Farms, Mass., was dedicated on the 9th of October by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. After the ceremonies of dedication, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. John J. Gray, of Salem, with the Rev. L. P. McCarthy, of East Boston, deacon, and the Rev. J. P. Bodfish, rector of the Cathedral, subdeacon. The Rev. Louis Walsh, of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, was master of ceremonies. The Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, preached. The church is 110 by 65, seats five hundred people, and has been built at a cost of $11,000 — $6,000 of which have been paid.

The Catholic-American.

WE direct attention to the advertisement of this dollar-a-year paper. It is a large, handsome sheet, and full to the brim of matter interesting to all Catholic readers.

Slow Murder.

THE brutal conduct of the officials to Thomas Larkin, one of the Woodford prisoners in Kilkenny jail, is a revolting story of barbaric cruelty. The prisoner was a man of gigantic stature, one of the strongest men in the neighborhood in which he lived. He was sentenced to eighteen months in jail for defending his father's house. Soon after he entered the jail, he wasted rapidly away, and was seized with diarrhœa. His condition was known to the officials; but, notwithstanding the certainty that he would die unless removed and cared for, he was allowed to lie in his cold cell, instead of being at once taken to the hospital. At last, in his extremity, he was unable even to stretch his hand to the bell to call for the doctor or other aid, and he expired before the next visit of the guard. This scandalous outrage has greatly stirred up public feeling in the vicinity. There was an affecting scene over the burial of this unfortunate victim of official brutality. The funeral ceremonies were attended by

William O'Brien, M. P., and the leading men of Kilkenny and elsewhere. He was the first, but probably not the last, of Ireland's prison-martyrs in this year of royal jubilee.

THE Sisters of Peace, of which the celebrated Mother Mary Francis Clare is foundress and General Superior, have opened a new house at Hassop, England. They will teach in the Catholic schools of that place. This is their third foundation in England. Their American foundations are prospering.

THE birth-day of Father Mathew was celebrated throughout the country with becoming rejoicing; but Salem was the place where he was most honored. We devote a large space to the proceedings, for which we are indebted to the *Boston Daily Globe*.

The followers of Father Mathew had a grand parade and illumination in the evening, in Framingham, Mass.; in Dover, N. H., a parade in the afternoon, and a ball in the evening.

The Anti-Poverty Apostle.

THE Catholicity of Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, is of the real stuff. In talking about his refusal to allow Dr. McGlynn to speak in a Catholic hall in Buffalo, he said to a reporter, who asked if he was antagonistic to the anti-poverty apostle: "Yes, I am. Has he not insulted our Holy Father, the Pope? Has he not vilified the Catholic Church? Has he not spoken against it? Is he not a disobedient priest? I do not consider any man or woman a good Catholic who attends any meeting where he speaks. I would prevent any Catholic from attending the meetings at which he speaks. I look upon those who listen to him as just as bad as he is."

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM says of the Christian educator: "There is no painter, there is no sculptor nor artist, be he who he may, that can be compared with the man that knows how to form the minds and hearts of youth. This is a work far surpassing the finest creations of human art — to reproduce in souls the living image of Jesus Christ.

CARDINAL BARTOLINI, whose death we announced last month at Florence, was known as the fattest and most unwieldly member of the Sacred College. Exceedingly jovial and merry, it was he who championed the present Pope's election in 1878. He was Prefect of the Congregation of Rites.

Bossuet of the West.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S pastoral on the Jubilee, printed in his official organ, the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard*, is a fervid and eloquent presentation of the claims of the Holy Father. "The navigator from Genoa," His Grace says, "the Catholic discoverer of this Continent, came here in his bark, the *Conception*, before the pilgrims from England in the *Mayflower*. The Church that was built on the rock of Peter sent her brave children to this land long before Puritan foot touched the rock of Plymouth. The first standard of civilization planted here was the Catholic cross, and here it shall remain to bless, with the benediction of Christianity, the society of this New World. There is evidently nothing in the genius of the Catholic religion inconsistent with the genius of our Constitution, and the present Pontiff must feel, like his predecessor of happy memory, that 'in no country of the world was he more truly Pope than in the United States of America.' Let us, dearly beloved brethren, by our generous offerings on occasion of his Jubilee, show him that in no country of the world does the Pope continue to be more reverenced and loved."

THE Pope has sent 10,000 francs to the Archbishop of Messina, and 4,000 to the Administrator-Apostolic of Malta, for distribution among the families of the victims of cholera in their respective dioceses.

THE corner-stone of the new three-story brick structure at the corner of Oak and White Streets, Lawrence, Mass., which is to be erected by Division Eight of the A. O. H., was laid on Oct. 8, with imposing ceremonies.

"JOE" CHAMBERLAIN says that Home Rule means separation, and that the idea is to make Ireland an independent republic. Well, perhaps so, and England, too, for that matter; but the people want Home Rule first.

Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS was one of the oldest ideas of the Celtic West, in pagan times, as he was of the Pagan East before. In Christian times he was still regarded with religious reverence, sitting, as he had sat for ages in Egypt and elsewhere, in the arms of his mother. Santa Claus, was, in fact, the child Jesus in the middle ages; and throughout that period the festive creed of Germany, and all Celtic Europe, was that he visited all family dwellings of good Christians on the eve of his anniversary, and brought with him gifts and blessings for the children. The beautiful tradition is still to be found lingering in Germany, though Santa Claus does not seem to be specially connected with it by name. The truth of this original belief is plainly enough indicated by the word "claus," which in the Gothic, or ancient German, means "child" and "son." Santa Claus formerly meant the "Holy Child."

A CABLEGRAM from Very Rev. Prior Glynn, O.S.A., dated at Genazzano, near Rome, and addressed to *The Catholic Review*, informs that paper that the Holy Father has fixed the month of February as the period, during his Jubilee celebration, at which the corner-stone of the new basilica of St. Patrick, in Rome, will be solemnly blessed and placed. Prior Glynn hopes to be able to add the name of Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, representing the Antipodes, to those of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, as one of the preachers of the day. St. Patrick's "sons will come from afar" on that great festival.

CHAMBERLAIN, the champion English liar, said in a speech at Belfast on Wednesday that Ulster was the most prosperous of the four provinces of Ireland. This is absolutely false. Leinster stands first, Munster second and Ulster third in the scale of wealth. Connaught alone is behind Ulster in prosperity, and, everything considered, is not so much behind it, either.

TO CURE A KICKER. — If you have a horse that is in the habit of kicking, put him in a narrow stall that has both sides thickly padded, suspend a sack filled with hay or straw, so that it will strike his heels, and let the horse and sack fight it out. Be sure to have things arranged so that the horse cannot hurt himself. The sack will be victorious every time, and, in the end, the horse will absolutely refuse to kick the sack or anything else.

Fall River Globe: — Is not the cause of Ireland the cause of America? Is it not, in fact, the cause of liberty all over the world from Africa to Alaska?

Consecration at Spencer, Mass.

ON the Feast of St. Francis of Assisium, its patron, the beautiful church, being complete in every part and free of debt, was solemnly consecrated to God. The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly officiated, assisted by the Revs. T. D. Beaven, P. V. Phelan, E. D. Martin, J. F. Lee, D. F. Cronin, J. F. Madden, J. A. McConville, and E. S. Fitzgerald, the Revs Louis Leduc and J. Norris being masters of ceremonies. The Rev. T. J. Conaty, of Worcester, delivered the consecration sermon. Solemn vespers took place in the evening, the Rev. T. J. Morris, of Brookline, Mass., officiating, with the Rev. J. J. McCoy, of Westboro, as deacon, and the Rev. E. S. Fitzgerald, of Great Barrington, Mass., as subdeacon. The Rev. John Walsh, of St. Peter's Church, Troy, N. Y., preached.

THE murder of railroad passengers at Kouts, Ind., by the carelessness of the railroad employes of the Chicago and Atlantic Road, should be summarily punished. A railroad hand who neglects his plain duty is, in the moral sense, guilty of wilful murder. Nine-tenths of the accidents that occur on American railroads are due to the criminal indifference to public safety displayed by the men employed by the railroad companies to do their work.

THE LATEST. — Why is Dr. McGlynn like a goose gone wrong? Because he did not follow the Propa — ganda.

IF people would go to only quarter of the expense and trouble to keep health as they do to regain health after it is lost, the doctors would lose an immense amount of business; but the wealth and happiness of the world would be increased.

THE coroner's jury in the matter of the Mitchelstown massacre return a verdict charging Police Inspector Brownrigg and Sergeants Ryder, Kerwin, Doran, Sullivan, and one other, with wilful murder in firing on the people without provocation or necessity. The jury recommended that the culprits be held without bail for trial. The result has astounded the English Tories.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN, of New York, has addressed a circular to the clergy of his archdiocese, on the approaching Golden Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., in which he dwells on the two considerations which particularly urge us to regard this occasion with great interest — the supreme dignity of him whose Jubilee we celebrate, and the personal worth and merit that led him, in the providence of God, to so sublime an office. The Peter's Pence collection will be taken up in all the churches of the Archdiocese on Sunday, Oct. 30. The Jubilee offerings of the faithful of the Archdiocese will be presented to the Holy Father by the Rev. Dr. McDonnell, who will be in Rome during the Jubilee.

CARDINAL GIBBONS invested Archbishop Gross, of Oregon, with the pallium, in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, Oregon, on the 9th of October. The church was thronged to its utmost capacity, and members of the clergy were present from all parts of the country. Many prominent non-Catholics of Portland were also amongst the congregation. Bishop Junger, of Nesqually, Washington Territory, celebrated Pontifical High Mass and the Cardinal preached the sermon on the occasion, which was one of great power and eloquence.

Those Terrible Jesuits!

ON Oct. 9th, at Windsor, Ont., the Rev. Francis Xavier Weininger, of the Society of Jesus, closed his last mission in the Church of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Father Weininger is eighty-three years old, a Jesuit since he was twenty-four, a missionary in America for forty years, a linguist, and a profound scholar.

THE *London Times* speaks of Gladstone's late utterances: "It is a fact beyond question that Mr. Gladstone's oratorical performance beats the record of all statesmen who ever attempted to govern a nation by the gift of speech. We stand amazed at the fecundity of language and the physical endurance displayed by a man completing 78 years."

Beware of Paris Green.

HON. NATE FREDERICKS and two children died in Findlay, O., from the effects of paris green eaten on cabbage. Mrs. Fredericks, and two other children, are lying at the point of death. Mr. Fredericks was a prominent Republican.

AFTER a few weeks' stay in the United States, Michael Davitt has got home again. He locked himself up in his stateroom, soon after reaching the vessel, and the most persuasive knocks of the newspaper fraternity failed to meet with a response. He refused to speak about his rumored connection with the Knights of Labor, and edged away from the reporters as quickly as courtesy would permit.

DON'T give way to despondency. Did you ever know a cloud so dense and black that did not finally pass away? Was a night ever so long that morning did not follow? What's the good of fretting, anyway. It doesn't make your troubles any lighter, but it presents them through a magnifying glass. [Notwithstanding the above beautiful advice, we are harassed and worried almost to death for fear we shall not get 100,000 new subscribers before the first of January, 1888,] says a contemporary.

New York Sun: — Why was Mayor Hugh O'Brien of Boston blackballed by some of the members of the Massachusetts Mechanic Charitable Association? On account of his name? It is a good name; but there may be a few stray fanatics in Boston who can't forgive one of the best mayors that town has ever had, for not belonging to the "Boston of the Winthrops."

THE cigarette is the devil's kindling wood. It is smoking made easy. The cigarette makes an easy grade to the cigar; the cigar prepares the way for beer; beer makes whiskey palatable; and whiskey leads to deviltry.

Cardinal Gibbons' Hat.

THE red hat of the Cardinalate conferred on Cardinal Gibbons has arrived from Rome, and is now at the home of Mr. John D. Keiley, Jr., 213 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn. The hat and four life-size oil paintings of the Cardinal arrived last week. One of the paintings is for the Cardinal's brother, Mr. John T. Gibbons, of New Orleans, another for the episcopal residence in Baltimore, and the other two are for Mr. M. Jenkins, of Baltimore, and Mr. Keiley, intimate friends of the Cardinal. The red hat will remain with Mr. Keiley until the Cardinal returns from Portland, Ore., where he went to confer the pallium on Archbishop Gross, formerly Bishop of Savannah. The Cardinal will take the hat to Baltimore himself. The red hat of the late Cardinal McCloskey will remain suspended from the high dome in the Cathedral until another New Yorker is made Cardinal.

MRS. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, widow of the patriot, stood as sponsor for twenty-four Indian girls, who were recently confirmed on the Flathead Reservation.

IT is the first time in the history of Boston that three Irish M. P.'s addressed a meeting in this city.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has invited the rectors of churches to invest, with unusual solemnity, the services at the High Mass on Sunday, January 1, at which service they will make some allusion to the Sovereign Pontiff's Jubilee; and, at the end of the Mass, or after Vespers, a *Te Deum* will be chanted in thanksgiving to God for the long life and signal blessings vouchsafed to our Holy Father, Leo XIII.

The Franciscans.

THE Chapter of the Franciscan Order which was recently held at Belgium, has been brought to a close. A most important change has been effected. A decision has been arrived at, by which the Franciscan houses in Great Britain and Ireland, have been constituted a province, under a title of the Province of the Immaculate Conception. The *Custos*, or Provincial, selected is the Very Rev. David Fleming, O. S. F., who is stationed at Upton, London. The guardianship of the Glasgow House, too, has been settled, the new superior being the Very Rev. Antonine Scannell, O. S. F., who has been on the Glasgow mission for some years. Father Antonine is well known as a zealous and self-sacrificing clergyman, an eloquent preacher, a laborious worker in the vineyard of the Lord, and a patriotic Irishman in the truest sense of the word. Lately he was engaged in writing the lives of the Franciscan saints. He is a native of Millstreet, county Cork, and received his early education both there, and at Brendan's College, Killarney.

A College for Youth.

HIS Holiness the Pope has resolved to found, on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee, a college in which the youth of Rome may pursue the study of the high branches of mundane learning. He has acquired the magnificent Altemps palace, formerly the residence of St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan. Situated in the central quarter of the Eternal City, this building will form the site of the new *Æthnée Leonin*, a kind of Tontical university, in which will be united, with the academies of the Lincei, of Christian archæology and juridical history, an institute, a technical school and a great public college. By this undertaking Leo XIII. is giving a powerful example of the methods of action which, on several occasions, he has publicly inculcated.

ST. REMIGIUS, a bishop of France in the sixth century. He withstood and silenced the Arians, and converted so many, that he left France a Catholic kingdom. He died, A. D., 533, after an episcopate of seventy-four years, the longest on record.

Painful Accident.

A PAROCHIAL school building, in the course of erection in New York, tumbled to the ground. Six persons were killed instantly and thirteen were injured. Among these was the pastor of the church, Father Kirner. The building was to be five stories high, and had at the time of the collapse reached three and a half stories. The pastor was superintending the work. The cause of the disaster was lack of sufficient support to the wood work. The inspector of buildings is blamed, and he has been dismissed from his office. He should be tried for his life

Most Rev. Dr. Walsh and the Landlords.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH has written a letter to the landlords' committee concerning his proposal for a conference between the landlords and tenants on the Irish land question. The Archbishop says the committee have only taken action when their own deliberate and persistent silence, and the open repudiation of the proposal by some of the more outspoken of those they represent have virtually extinguished all hope of a realization of the scheme. If the suggestions made in his letter, written in August, are considered now, however, he is not altogether without hope that the conference will succeed in its object. A despatch from Dublin, dated Oct. 21, says: "The committee of the Landlords' Association held a meeting at Tuam to-day, and decided in favor of Archbishop Walsh's new proposals for a conference with delegates of the tenants."

Contest for the Cup.

NOW, Ireland will try her luck for the America's cup. Mr. John Jameson, a wealthy Dublin brewer, and owner of the staunch yacht Irex, proposes to issue a challenge for the cup which five English boats tried so hard to capture from the United States. While desiring to retain the cup on this side of the water, we think that Mr. Jameson will stand a better show of capturing it than have his predecessors. This project has been abandoned.

Cardinal Gibbons in Oregon.

NOTHING that has ever taken place in Catholic circles in Portland, says the *Portland Catholic Sentinel*, or in the Northwest, has left so profound an impression as the visit of Cardinal Gibbons. His sermon at the conferring of the Pallium, on Archbishop Gross, displayed his characteristic mildness, and was a masterly presentation of the necessity of unity in the Church of Christ. His public and private addresses won everybody. Non-Catholics and Catholics alike were attracted by his fatherly and pleasing manners. The barriers which divide the Catholics from non-Catholics are broken down by the character of the man, and the citizen whose goodness and patriotism is a passport to all American hearts, and it is with pleasure we note the respect and homage paid to him by our non-Catholic fellow-citizens everywhere. The admiration and reverence of our Catholics for the distinguished Prelate is simply unbounded. The enthusiasm attending his reception called forth from him the expression that "neither the Alleghany Mountains on the east nor the Rocky Mountains on the west would ever separate him from his friends on the Pacific Coast," and he has promised to visit us again. During his stay U. S. Senator Mitchell, Gov. Pennoyer, Mayor Gates, Ex-Senator J. K. Kelly, Gen. Ingalls and Judge Deady called at the archiepiscopal residence, on Cardinal Gibbons, who returned the calls. On Tuesday evening, His Eminence, with Archbishop Gross and Dr. Chappelle, called at the residence of Judge Raleigh Stott, where the party dined. Mrs. Stott is an old acquaintance of Cardinal Gibbons.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH, Archbishop Croke, and all the leading prelates of the Church in Ireland, and the archbishops of Irish birth from other parts of the empire, have arranged to visit Rome early in January, and the foundation stone of the cathedral in honor of St. Patrick will be laid. Pope Leo XIII. has requested that the foundation stone, to be presented by him, shall be of Irish marble.

THERE are about 15,000 children in New York, a city pledged to the public school system, who cannot get into public schools. If to this crowd of children be added the number of children taught in the parochial schools, which is about 55,000, it will be found that the tax-payers are saved nearly $2,000,000 annually.

IMMIGRANT arrivals in the United States in September and nine months were:

Period.	1887.	1886.	Increase.
September.....	48,161	39,917	8,244
Since Jan. 1.....	411,000	294,596	116,404

The largest number came from Great Britain, 144,148; the next largest from Germany, 88,700; and the next from Sweden and Norway, 58,417. Of the 144,148 from Great Britain, England, and Wales sent 64,441; Ireland, 62,303, and Scotland, 17,404.

"I AM always saying that the Irish people are the most profoundly Christian people in the world," writes Car

dinal Manning to Bishop Fitzgerald, of Ross, county Cork, Ireland. "No other is so peaceable, so forgiving, or, when they can be, so grateful, and these are high and rare Christian graces. The reaction in England towards Ireland is on every side; and the confidence shown by Ireland towards the English people is hastening on the day of justice. I am in my eightieth year, but I hope to live to see it."

Pilgrims to the Pope.

A LARGE body of French pilgrims, amounting to about fifteen hundred, arrived at Rome, and were received by the Pope. After offering, through their leader, Comte Albert de Mun, their congratulations to His Holiness on his approaching jubilee, they were addressed by the Pope in a kindly speech. His Holiness dealt with the industrial question, speaking unfavorably of State socialism, but insisting that governments should make the material interests of the working class of the population their care. At the same time he urged his listeners to turn a deaf ear to revolutionary incitements, any yielding to which could only result in bitter deception.

REV. ANDREW SKOPETZ, the oldest priest in the Erie diocese and pastor of St. Rosa's Church, at Hermitage, Penn., died recently, aged eighty-eight years. He was an Austrian by birth, and had been in charge of the church for fifty years.

DAVITT.— *Catholic Columbian:* It is given out that the real object of the recent visit to this country of Michael Davitt was simply to purchase from Mr. Patrick Egan a large interest still held by that gentleman in the United Ireland newspaper, soon to appear as a daily in Dublin.

AMONGST the Pasteur patients, who have just died of hydrophobia, is a Portuguese priest, Padre Luiz, who was bitten on July 5 by a mad wolf. It is said that he went much too late to the Institut Pasteur, a whole month after the accident.

Will not Support the Crimes Act.

MR. BLAKE, crown solicitor at Cork, has resigned. He declares that the crimes act leaves him no discretion in judging whether an accused person is guilty or not. He believes, moreover, that the act is directed against political opponents of the government.

THE Princess Clementine, the youngest daughter of the King of the Belgians, will present, as a jubilee gift to the Pope, a series of original drawings descriptive of the legend of St. Genevieve.

THE Pope will very soon publish a brief on the labor question. Its appearance is awaited with extreme interest.

THE League of the Cross, a temperance society of which Cardinal Manning is president, turned out thirty thousand strong at its last annual parade.

A NEW law in Belgium decrees that whenever a person is fined for drunkenness, the man who sold him the intoxicating beverage shall also be fined.

THE Sisters of St. Clare have been allowed, by the Prussian government, to reopen their convent in Munster. It was closed for fifteen years.

ONLY A DOLLAR A YEAR!—See advertisement of *The Catholic American* in advertising pages.

False Teachers Should be Shunned.

THE active interest of the Holy Father in the welfare of the working classes was shown in his address to the fifteen hundred French pilgrims who were received by him a few days ago. He spoke to them of the industrial question, condemning state socialism and revolutionary ideas. "The wisest statesman of the age," as Bismarck refers to His Holiness, clearly perceives that false teachers of political economy should be shunned, as we are taught false teachers of religion should be.

GLADSTONE says there is only one word to describe the present system of government in Ireland: It is "impertinence."

BACON says reading maketh a full man; but the men who get full oftenest are not the greatest readers.

The Loss of the City of Montreal.

THE board of trade has concluded its inquiry into the loss of the Inman Line steamer, *City of Montreal*, which was burned at sea on Aug. 10, while on a voyage from New York for Liverpool. The board decides that neither the owners nor officers of the ship were blamable for the disaster, and that cotton in the steamer's cargo, in which the fire was first discovered, was not properly packed.

Hardly Charitable.

Boston Daily Herald:—The rejection of Mayor O'Brien for membership in the Charitable Mechanic Association recalls a rather pungent witticism attributed to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Somebody once inquired of her where the Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary was located in Boston. "Charitable Eye and Ear?" asked Mrs. Howe, "I never knew Boston had either!"

Heavy Suit Against the "Thunderer."

MR. WILLIAM GRAHAM, barrister, has been instructed to draw the papers for the *Times'* defence in the action brought against that paper by Frank H. O'Donnell for £50,000 damages for libel in publishing remarks about him in its articles on "Parnellism and Crime."

THERE are forty-five Catholic Indian schools scattered over the country from Florida to Alaska. Dakota has the lion's share, there being fourteen in that Territory. New Mexico has eleven, Minnesota seven, Wisconsin five, Alaska two, and Colorado, California, Nevada, Oregon, Kansas and Florida one each. Of these schools thirty-five supply board and clothing as well as instruction. The aggregate attendance is nearly four thousand. Most of the teachers are German and French.

OUR readers will be sorry to hear that Ravoninahitrinarivo, the distinguished son of Rainimaharavo, and nephew of the still more distinguished Rainilarivony, has been banished from Antananarivo. Till lately, Ravoninahitrinarivo was Minister for Foreign Affairs at Antananarivo, and as the liberator of the slaves holds a place in the hearts of the Malagasy masses second only to the immortal Rainilarivony.

Corner-Stone Laying in Boston.

THE laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Mary's Church in Charlestown, took place on the afternoon of Oct. 23. The procession formed on Rutherford Avenue, opposite the old church. It was headed by Carney's Band, and the Charleston City Guard, Co. H. Fifth Regiment. Captain Miers did escort duty to Captain John Reade, chief marshal of the day, who had a large staff of prominent men of the parish. The corner-stone was laid with the usual ceremonies, by Archbishop Williams. Over 2,000 people were present within the enclosure; but about 10,000 were gathered outside. Father Millerick, of St. Mary's, was Master of Ceremonies, assisted by Father Power. The Rt. Rev. Laurence S. McMahon, Bishop of Hartford, Conn., and brother of the esteemed rector of St. Mary's, the Rev. John W. McMahon, were present, together with a large number of clergymen. Rev. A. V. Higgins, O. P., one of the most learned members of an Order famed for learning, and eloquent in an order pre-eminently the "Order of Preachers," delivered the sermon. The new church, which will be a magnificent structure of Rockport granite with a seating capacity of 1,200, will cost about $200,000. The day was pleasant and everything passed off in excellent order.

Ten Thousand Dollars More to Test Coercion.

DETROIT, MICH., Nov. 1, 1887.—The following cablegram, sent from here this morning, explains itself:

Detroit, Nov. 1, 1887.—Joseph Gillis Biggar, M. P., London: The League is getting into line. Ten thousand dollars more to test coercion. Half this sum from fearless Philadelphia. O'Brien in prison worth ten thousand a week.

(Signed) CHARLES O'REILLY,
Treasurer.

Western Watchman: The Freemasons have published an edict excluding all liquor dealers from the ranks of the craft. We are sorry for our saloonists. We knew they were not worth much; but we thought them good enough to be Freemasons.

THE Scotch will still preserve the thistle as their emblem. It is a pretty slow old weed, and dangerous only to bare-footed boys.

Irish Prelates in Australia.

THE Right Rev. Mgr. Corbett was consecrated first Bishop of Sale, Victoria, on Aug. 25, at St. Mary's, Melbourne, by the Archbishop of that city, assisted by the Bishops of Hobart and Ballarat. There were present at the ceremony the Archbishop of Adelaide, the Bishop of Maitland, the Coadjutor Bishop of Sandhurst, and a large gathering of the clergy. The sermon was preached by the Rev. F. O'Farrell, C. SS. R. The new Bishop is fifty-three years of age, and has been for nearly a quarter of a century, parish priest of St. Mary's, St. Kilda; was sometime secretary to the late Archbishop Goold, and is well known for his zealous activity throughout the colony of Victoria. He was born at Limerick, and studied at Bruges, Louvain, and Le Mans, being ordained priest in the latter place. He was for a time attached to St. John's Cathedral, Limerick, and it was from there that he went to Victoria.

HYDROPHOBIA is practically unknown in Bavaria. The Bavarians have thought out the very sensible preventive of having all dogs inspected at stated periods by government veterinary surgeons.

A STRANGER fell down on the streets of Canton, O., the other day with sickness and hunger, and in trying to get up he pawed $150 in gold out of the mud. The way he got better was wonderful to see.

ACCORDING to Prof. E. B. Elliott, of Washington, the population of the United States and Territories, June 1, aggregated 59,893,000.

VERY few persons can hold their own on their first sea voyage.

THE constant success of the *Illustrated London News* (American edition) is not, by any means, a surprise, when even the contents of a single week are considered. Take, for instance, the issue of Oct. 29, now on the market. The supplement alone, giving an excellent colored portrait of Prince Bismarck, is a valuable souvenir to possess, while in addition there are pictures of the Nizam of Hyderabad, two pages devoted to illustrations of the "State of Ireland," another page of "Our Troops in Burmah," one of "Border Sketches in Kelso," one of "Bristol Cathedral," one of the "Death of Cæsar," and a most attractive picture of a little girl and a dog entitled "Speak!" The reading matter is as interesting and complete as ever, while the price for all is only ten cents. All newsdealers have it, and the New York office is in the Potter Building.

"Proud o' the Title."

"THE Bishop of Litchfield," says *Punch*, "in one of his speeches at the Church Congress, included the English Roman Catholics among the 'other Nonconformists.' Then his lordship was graciously pleased to observe that he was very willing to acknowledge the Queen as supreme, but objected to the authority of Parliament, in Church matters. It is very evident on which side Dr. Maclagan would have been in the reign of the pure and pious Henry VIII. when that amiable monarch ordered the decapitation of those bigoted and obtuse 'Nonconformists,' Bishop Fisher, and Sir Thomas More."

Dr. Hyndman's Black Mixture.

52 CHESTER SQ., BOSTON, Sept. 18, 1887.

DR. P. MORRIS, Dear Sir: — It gives me great pleasure in recommending your Dr. Hyndman's Black Mixture for coughs and colds. I have it on hand all the time for the use of my family, and have proved its efficacy in curing very serious cases of lung trouble. I have given it to some of my friends who all speak of its curing them from very hard colds. Yours respectfully, EDWIN T. GREAVES.

(See Dr. Morris' advertisement in our advertising pages.)

WE are pained to learn of the many reverses, which, within one year, have befallen Mr. John Reed, one of Revere's most prominent Catholic citizens. It is less than a year since Mr. Reed lost his greenhouse by fire, causing a loss of $3,000. Last summer, while attending the Boston Florists Club excursion to Rocky Point an ill-constructed portico fell, precipitating the incumbents upon a rock 20 feet beneath, Mr. Reed receiving a broken leg and also internal injuries. But saddest of all was the loss of his wife which occurred within a few weeks. Mr. Reed has the sympathy of all who know him in this his last and greatest affliction.

O'Brien - Blunt.

THE appealed cases of Editor William O'Brien and Poor Law Guardian Mandeville were heard on October 31, and the original sentence of each was confirmed. Mr. O'Brien was sent to prison for three months, and Mr. Mandeville for two months. They were lodged in the jail at Tullamore. The news of their removal was not known to the people of Cork until 10 o'clock. It caused tremendous excitement.

Sir Wilfred Blunt was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, at Dublin, Oct. 27, for violating the Crimes Act by speaking at the Woodford meeting on Oct. 23. Mr. Roche, the Poor Law Guardian, arrested for the same offence, was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment.

United Ireland contains two columns of reports of suppressed branches of the National League. In an editorial it characterizes the removal of Mr. O'Brien to Tullamore jail as an outrage, and says it was done in behalf of the landlords. Henceforth, it says, the people will make the landlords hostages for Mr. O'Brien's safety. The plan of campaign will become not merely the tenant's weapon of defence but an instrument of vengeance. It says: "Will Irishmen remain quiescent and not raze his torture house to the ground? Please God, not quite. If Mr. O'Brien is harmed, for every hair of his head Irishmen will exact compound vengeance." Mr. O'Brien has been removed to the prison infirmary, by order of the doctor.

THE marriage of Joseph J. O'Donohue, Jr., to Miss Marie E. Louise Bruner, on Oct. 27, was a great social event in New York. The ceremony took place at the Cathedral, Archbishop Corrigan officiating. Among the many rich presents was a check from the bridegroom's father for the comfortable sum of five hundred thousand dollars.

Catholic Congress in London.

THE project which has been afoot for two years of holding a great Catholic congress in London is likely to be realized, and it is possible that next summer will see a congress of lay and clerical delegates from all English-speaking communities in the world. Preliminary meetings were recently held, at which three main subjects for discussion were suggested, namely, the attitude of the Catholic Church toward education in general; whether it is possible to arrange for greater co-operation of the laity in the work of the Church, and to consider what steps should be taken for the diffusion in Catholic literature among the masses. Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning and a majority of the Catholic hierarchy in England approved the proposal, which is to be submitted to a full meeting of the principal and most influental Catholics.

JENNY LIND (Mme. Goldshmidt), the celebrated Swedish singer, died in London Nov. 3. She was sixty six years of age. She had been seriously ill for some weeks. She retired from the stage after her marriage in America in 1852, but reappeared at various concerts in aid of charities. She had not appeared in public since 1886. An incident is related of her while in Boston: A poor girl went to the box-office to purchase a ticket for the concert. She paid three dollars, all the money she had, and went to see the charming vocalist. The circumstance was told Jenny, who immediately sent the poor girl twenty dollars. The nightingale was very benevolent. She is supposed to have given in charities, while in the United States, fifty thousand dollars.

THE high honors paid Cardinal Gibbons at the late Constitutional Centennial in Philadelphia has been a thorn in the Protestant press ever since. The *Independent* feels called upon to rebuke the bigots, which it does in the following fashion: "Our Government is not a Protestant Government, nor is our Constitution a Protestant Constitution, any more than they are Catholic. Catholics are as much citizens as Protestants, and the acceptance of Cardinal Gibbons ought not be made the occasion of hostile criticism."

WE congratulate Mr. Hugh J. Molloy, of Randolph, Mass., on his appointment to the principalship of the Stetson High School, succeeding Mr. E. N. Lovering. Mr. Molloy is himself a graduate of that school, and has, in that fact, a special advantage. He is also a graduate of Boston College, taking the first rank in his class six years ago. He has since been teaching in Dedham and Hingham. Mr. Molloy has many friends in Boston who rejoice at his good fortune in securing this desirable position, and who wish him all possible success in it.

Remains of the Late Archbishop Seghers.

WHEN the revenue cutter *Bear* left St. Michaels in September, Capt. Healy was not able to bring the body of the murdered Archbishop Seghers to a point for burial, owing to the fact that permission had not been obtained from the Treasury Department. That obstacle has now been removed by an order from Secretary Fairchild directed to Capt. Healy. The Secretary authorizes the conveyance of the remains to any spot, which may be designated for burial. Capt. Healy thinks that either the *Bear* or *Thetis* will bring the body from the North next Fall.

THE corner-stone of the new church of Our Lady of the Rosary, Holyoke, Mass., the Rev. M. J. Howard, rector, was laid in the presence of about ten thousand people on Sunday, Oct. 30.

THE first page of *United Ireland*, of Oct. 8, begins with the following significant list:—

BALFOUR'S GRAVEYARD.

PATRICK O'HANLON, murdered by the Police, at Youghal, April, 1887.

MICHAEL LONERGAN, murdered by the Police, at Mitchelstown, Sept. 9, 1887.

JOHN SHINNICK, murdered by the Police, at Mitchelstown, Sept. 9, 1887.

JOHN CASEY, murdered by the Police, at Mitchelstown, Sept. 9, 1887.

JOHN KINSELLA, murdered by Emergency Men, at Coolgreany, Sept. 28, 1887.

THOMAS LARKIN, murdered in Kilkenny Jail, Sept. 27, 1887.

R.I.P.

INSPECTOR JOHN O'REILLY, of Ottawa, Canada, and his two daughters, Helen and Rose, spent some weeks recently in and around New York. Helen, who is endowed with a sweet and powerful voice, has just graduated with the very highest honors from the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, where she had the benefit of a full and thorough course of training under the talented Professor O'Neill. During their sojourn Helen sang before the world-renowned musician, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, who paid Miss O'Reilly a marked compliment. He said he had listened with interest to her singing, and noted her excellent command of voice, particularly in her pianissimo passages, as well as finished style.

Gone to Heaven for His Country.

THE father of Thomas Larkin, one of the Woodford prisoners murdered in Kilkenny jail, found a writ of ejectment from the Marquis of Clanicarde awaiting him, after his return from the funeral. This has shocked the British sense of decency. The father is a poor, unlettered man who does not know how to read, yet he has uttered a saying which many a writer of note might wish to have placed to his credit. When he was leaving the church-yard after the burial he remarked to one who pityingly addressed him as "Poor!" "I am not a poor man; I am a rich man, for Thomas has gone to Heaven for his country." The death of this young man from sheer neglect, is also creating a strong revulsion of feeling in the English breast, and suggesting that the whole system of government in Ireland is rotten to its very core.

More New Bishops.

THE Very Rev. R. Scannell, V. G., of Nashville, Tenn., who has been appointed Bishop at the new See of Concordia, Kansas, will be consecrated at St. Joseph's Church, Nashville, Nov. 30, the Feast of St. Andrew, Apostle. Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, will be the consecrating Archbishop. Father Scannell was Vicar-General at Nashville when Archbishop Feehan was Bishop of that See, and acted as administrator of the diocese when that prelate was transferred to the Chicago Archbishopic. Bishop Scannell is another prelate for whom the Church in America is indebted to Ireland, island of saints and scholars. He was born in the county Cork, diocese of Cloyne, Ireland, on the 12th of May, 1844.

RIGHT REV. THOMAS BONACUM, Bishop-elect of Lincoln, Neb., will be consecrated in St. Louis, Mo., on Nov. 30, the forty-sixth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of his consecrator, the Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, D. D. Bishop Bonacum was born on Jan. 29, 1847, near Thurles, county Tipperary, Ireland.

Notices of Recent Publications.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

FREDET'S ANCIENT HISTORY. From the dispersion of the Sons of Noe to the Battle of Actium, and the change of the Roman Republic into an Empire. By Peter Fredet, D.D. New, Revised and Improved Edition. 12mo. Half Arab. Price, $1.50.

In presenting this new edition to the public, the publishers feel it incumbent upon themselves to state that they have spared neither pains nor expense in making such improvements as were considered best calculated to enhance its value. Modern research has necessitated a most careful revision of the history of Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt and the earlier portions of Roman and Greek history. At the same time the preservation of Fredet's plan to present ancient history, not ethnologically, but, as far as possible, as a succession of contemporaneous events, has been deemed essential, as this feature constitutes probably the keynote to the well-deserved popularity of the work, inasmuch as it is most apt to fasten upon the juvenile mind a proper concatenation of facts. The teachers, no doubt, will as much welcome the headings of paragraphs in bold, black type as the scholars, and the publishers hope to have thereby added to the intrinsic merit of Mr. Fredet's compendium.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL RESEARCHES, of Philadelphia, for October, contains the following valuable articles of interest. 1. Memorial of Bishop Chance to Congress. 2. Church property, Natchez, Miss. 3. Spanish Documents relating to the Founding of the Church at Natchez. 4. History of the Missions among the Menominee Indians. 5. Catholic Charitable Society of Baltimore, 1827. 6. Early American Catholic Publication Societies. 7. Thaddeus Kosciuszlio, Defender of American Liberty and Emancipator of American Slaves. 8. Abbe Correa, the Priest-Ambassador to the United States. 9. The Crucifix of Father Rasles. 10. On the Missions of North America. Mission of Rev. E. L. Dubuisson, S. J., in Northern Pennsylvania in January, 1835. 11. Old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. Account published at Rome, 1836, and Nantes, 1837. 12. The Cholera in Cincinnati in 1832. From Letter of Joshua M. Young, Printer, afterwards Bishop of Erie, Pa. 13. Note from Rev. Wm. Hogan, 1822. 14. The Charleston Schism, 1815-18. 15. Jefferson on the First Amendment. 16. St. Augustine's Meditations, 1809. 17. Who Knows? 18. Replies. 19. American Catholic Historical Notes.

Pensions.

SOLDIERS, or their widows, who have claims for pensions waiting to be settled, or who think of applying, cannot do better than to call on F. Emmons, the well-known and successful Pension Attorney, No. 4 State Street, Boston, or send to him for his circular giving full instructions how to get pensions. Mr. Emmons had nearly ten years' experience at the U. S. Pension Office before engaging in the claim business, consequently he is well prepared to prosecute pension claims successfully. It is better to have an attorney near home than to employ one in Washington. Mr. Emmons informs us that he has procured more pensions during the last two years than any other attorney in Massachusetts, and is employed by soldiers in all of the New England States and also in the provinces.

THE first frost is twice blessed. It brings down the chestnuts and the mosquito.

GEN. WILLIAM PRESTON, a distinguished Kentuckian, died at his residence, in Lexington, Sept. 21. He was the leader of the anti-Know-Nothing movement in his section in 1855. His grandfather was an Irishman.

MATTHIAS SPLITLOG, of Splitlog City, McDonald County, Mo., is a full-blooded Wyandotte Indian and a millionnaire. He is engaged with others now in building a railroad from Kansas City to Fort Smith. He is probably the only Indian railroad man in the United States.

"How do you get along without watermelons in winter, Uncle Joe?"

"Sar, dar am chickens in the wintah."

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. JAMES MURPHY, late pastor of St. Theresa's Church, Manton, diocese of Providence, R. I., died on the 5th of November. The funeral took place the 7th.

REV. F. B. HANNIGAN, C.M., died in Buffalo on October 16.

BROTHER.

REV. BROTHER ALBION, aged fifty-three years, of the Catholic Male Orphan Asylum, died Friday, Oct. 28, at the above institution, after a lingering illness. Deceased was one of the pioneers of the Christian Brothers in Troy, N. Y., numbering among the first to enter the field of labor here thirty-five years ago, when the society begun its labors in this city. His good work will long be remembered by those who grew up under his care, as he was a most devoted and zealous teacher. After years of work in this city he was transferred to New Orleans, where the yellow fever of a dozen years ago was prevalent. Together with other members of the society he was constantly in the presence of danger. The disease finally entered the house of the Christian Brothers, and Rev. Brother Albion was at the bedside of seven of his associates when they were carried off by the dreadful plague. Coming North again he resumed work in New York and elsewhere, enjoying excellent health, and, until attacked by that fatal malady (consumption), which closed his useful life, was the picture of health. When taken sick the good Brother weighed in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds; and when death relieved his sufferings he had fallen to about one hundred and forty pounds. Thus an idea of his sufferings can be had. The funeral, which took place from St. Joseph's Church, was largely attended by the orphans, parochial school boys, and the good people of St. Mary's and St. Joseph's parishes. A Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Father Loyzance, assisted by Fathers Gleason and Barnum. Rev. Father Havermans, of St. Mary's Church, paid a high tribute to the qualities of the deceased.

SISTERS.

ON the 20th of October, Mother Mary Celestine, of the Ursuline Convent in Morrisania, New York, was called to her reward. Mother Celestine was a sister of Rev. Joseph Zimmer, of Raritan, N. J. She was in the thirty-seventh year of her age, and in the fourteenth of her religious profession. The uncomplaining, patient suffering of years of impaired health won the special affection of her sisters in religion, as well as all others who came within the influence of her gentle character. As she lived, so she died—at peace with all the world, and hopeful of a happy eternity.

MOTHER MARY, of the convent of the Good Shepherd, died in St. Louis recently. For more than a quarter of a century she has had charge of the affairs of her order in this country, and in that time she overspread the whole land with her works of zeal and charity. The nature of the work in which she was engaged precluded publicity, and its success depended upon the fact of concealment. But the thousands whom she rescued from a fate a thousand times worse than death are scattered all over the land from Maine to Texas. Her history is the history of her order in this country and her best monument is the grand institution of the Good Shepherd in that city.

THE death of Sister Mary Baptist (Miss Catherine Mullaney) of the Presentation Convent, Middletown, county Cork, is announced. Deceased was born in Cloyne; she was sixty-eight years of age, forty-seven years of which were spent in the seclusion of the Convent, engaged in the education of Catholic girls. Many of them scattered through all parts of the world have cause to remember her with gratitude. *Requiescat in Pace.*

LAY PEOPLE.

MRS. JOHN CASHMAN, the beloved wife of Mr. John Cashman, of the firm of Cashman, Keating & Co. of Boston, died on Saturday, Oct. 8, at the family residence, 45 Appleton Street, and was the long-dreaded termination of a protracted and painful illness, borne

with Christian patience. Mrs. Cashman was born in 1837, and was the daughter of Mr. John Byrne, of Kilmessan, county Meath, Ire. She finished her education at St. Joseph's Academy, Emmittsburg, Md. One of her sisters, since dead, became a Sister of Charity at this famous institution. Her brother is the Very Rev. William Byrne, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston. She was married eighteen years ago. She leaves five children, a daughter and four sons, to mourn the loss of a most affectionate and devoted mother. Mrs. Cashman, though of a singularly retiring disposition, and devoted to her home, in which she found her happiness, attracted many friends by her kindliness of heart, and stability of character. She was earnest in the practice of her religion. Her resignation and fortitude in the face of death were remarkable. She was most faithfully attended in her last sickness by the Rev. Leo Boland of the Cathedral, who gave her the last sacraments on the eve of her death and was present at her deathbed, with her husband and children, and her friend and nurse, Mrs. Ryan. Her funeral took place from the Cathedral, at nine A. M. Oct. 11. The Rev. Leo P. Boland was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass, the Rev. M. A. Corcoran, deacon, the Rev. H. A. Sullivan, sub-deacon. The Rev. Thomas Flanagan was master of ceremonies. There were present in the sanctuary the Very Rev. W. Byrne, V.G.; rector of St. Joseph's, West End, the Revs. Thomas H. Shahan, Arlington; L. J. O'Toole, West Newton; John O'Brien, East Cambridge; R. Neagle, the Chancellor; W. H. Fitzpatrick, Milton; John B. Galvin, Somerville; W. H. O'Connell and E. Moriarty, of St. Joseph's; Michael Gilligan, Medford. The pall-bearers were Messrs, Noonan, Conlon, Farrell, D. B. Cashman, English, and O'Donahue, of Portland. There were present at the funeral, Sister Simplicia, of the Carney Hospital, and seven other sisters of Charity and Sisters of St. Francis. In addition to the immediate members of the family and relatives, a large number of the families of the members of the Catholic Union attended the church service and accompanied the body to Holyhood Cemetery. The last rites at the grave were performed by Frs. Boland and Flanagan. Many friends deplored her untimely death, and extend heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband, children and relatives. May her soul rest in peace!

REQUIESCAT.

"Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew,
In quiet she reposes—
Ah, would that I did, too."
—*Matthew Arnold.*

Oh! weep not that she's gone from pain to Paradise,
But that we linger on in this dark vale of sighs.
A messenger of love, she came to cheer our way,
And sorrow's clouds remove by many a gladsome ray;
To soothe when grief appeared, to smile when 'twas no more,
To warn when danger neared, and aid till it was o'er;
Our wants each to forestall, each wish to satisfy,
Be to each all in all—in all herself deny—
This was her mission here—ah! well was it fulfilled;
And, parting those held dear, yet one thing more she willed:
One lesson more she'd give ere wafting towards the sky—
She long had taught us how to live, she'd teach us now to die;
For aught but pain in death we ne'er had hoped to see,
Till fluttered forth her breath in angel melody.
And now, whilst yet we aim at Sion's holy hill,
Thy memory and thy name, dear Jane, cheer us still.
Then weep not that she's gone from pain to paradise,
But that we linger on in this dark vale of sighs.

SINCE our last issue, Mrs. Catherine Reed, wife of Mr. John Reed, of Revere, has died after a very short illness. Deceased was born in County of Roscommon, Ireland, and was forty eight years of age. An exemplary Christian, a devoted wife and affectionate mother, her loss is deeply regretted. May she rest in peace.

THE Right Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, D. D., Bishop of Little Rock, Ark., has been appointed administrator of the Archdiocese of New Orleans. Since June he has confirmed over twelve thousand persons in that Archdiocese. The Bishops of the Province of New Orleans met on Nov. 3 to decide on names to be sent to Rome for the choice of a successor to Archbishop Leray. The wish of many is that Bishop Fitzgerald be the chosen one.

LOOK at the cover of your MAGAZINE (immediately after your name), and you will see to what time you have paid. If you owe for the present year, please send a money order or postal note for the amount. Don't forget.

OF the four bishops recently appointed to Sees at the West three of them were born in Ireland.

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